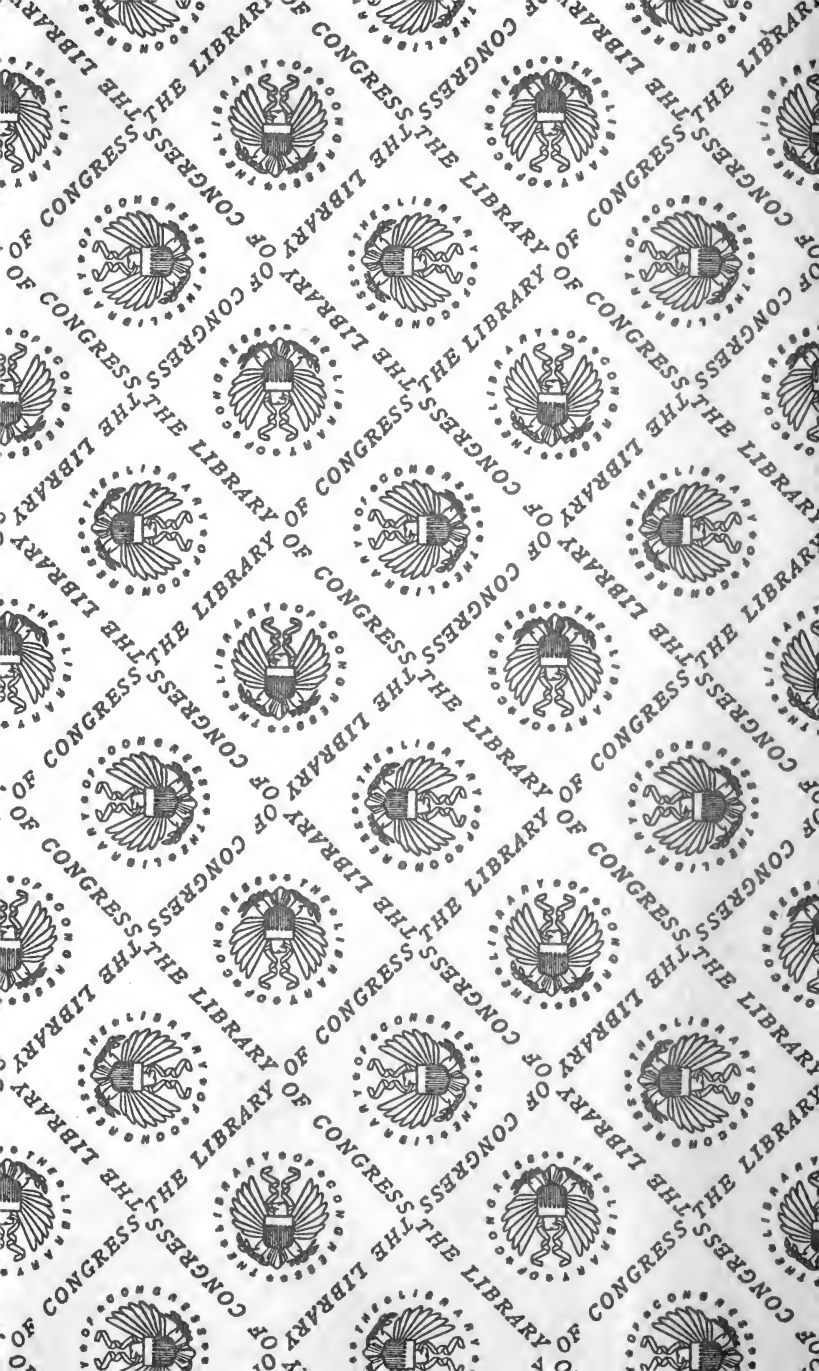
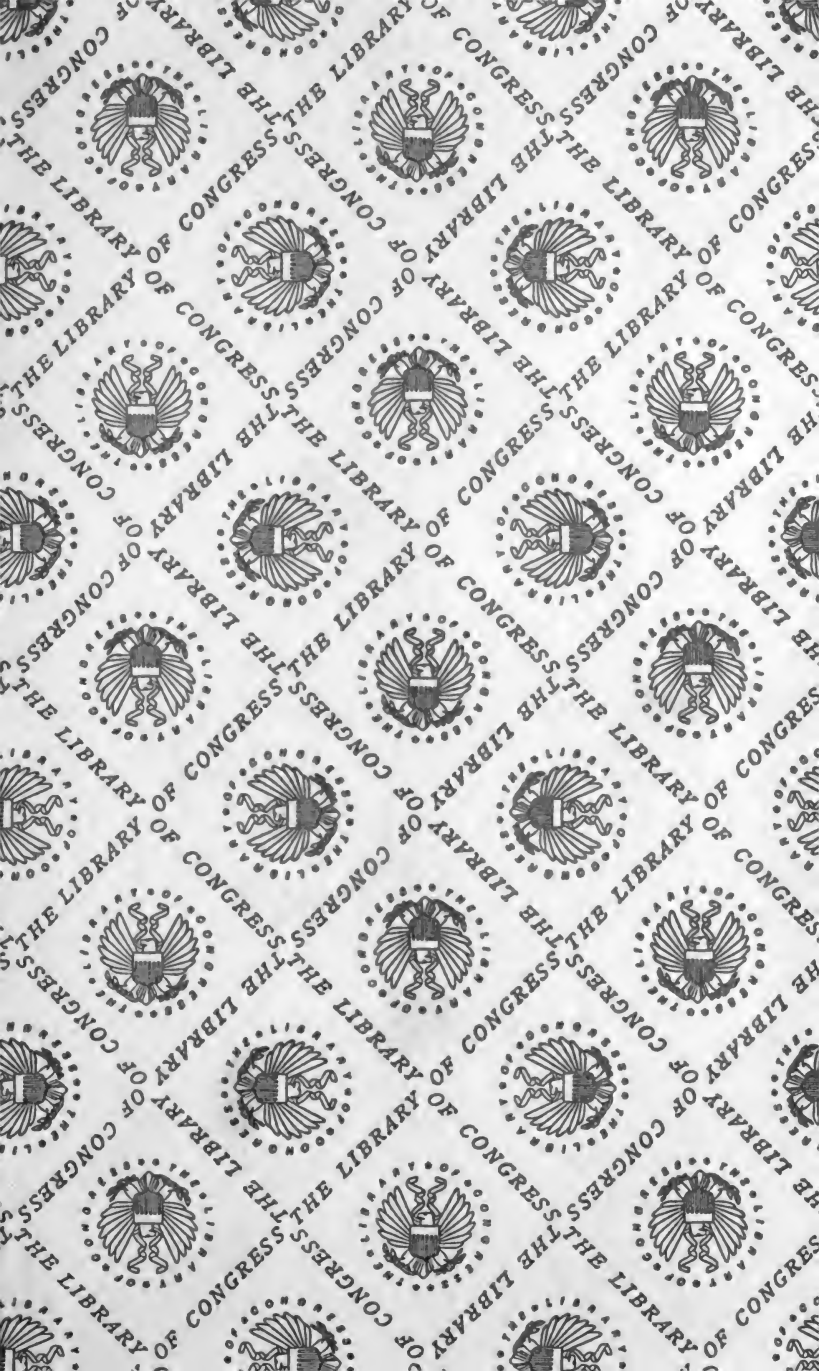


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POETICAL WORKS

OF

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER,
A.M., F.R.S.,

OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

AUTHORIZED EDITION.

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NOTE BY THE PUBLISHERS.

[The following sketch of Mr. Tupper's literary career, is from the pen of William Anderson, Author of "Landscape Lyrics;" and has never been printed in this country. It appeared originally in the "Church of England Journal," No. LIX. May 12, 1847.]

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, M.A., F.R.S.

THE name of Martin Farquhar Tupper has become popularly known, not only in this country, but in America, and on the Continent, as that of an author of great original genius, a highly cultivated intellect, extensive scholarship, and very superior poetic powers. He is the eldest son of the late eminent surgeon, Martin Tupper, Esq. F.R.S., who, after a prosperous and successful practice, of five and thirty years, died suddenly in his sleep, of *angina pectoris*, on the 8th December, 1844, at Southill Park, the residence of the Earl of Limerick, only a few hours after that nobleman had himself expired in his arms. The subject of the present sketch was born in London, in 1810. The family from which he is descended, an ancient and honourable one, belongs originally to Germany. In consequence of the persecution of the protestants by Charles V., they left Hesse Cassel, in 1551, and settled in Guernsey. They have never been below the rank of gentlemen, and the circumstances of the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" are affluent. With him literature is not a profession, but a recreation, and he has done high honour to it.

He received the first part of his education at the Charter House, and afterwards went to Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the

degrees of B.A. and M.A.* He subsequently entered at Lincoln's Inn, and in due time was called to the bar, but never practised as a barrister. At the age of twenty-six, he married, and has a fine young family of sons and daughters.

Mr. Tupper's first publication was a little work issued in 1832, entitled "Sacra Poesis," which we have not had the good fortune to see. The first series of "Proverbial Philosophy, a Book of Thoughts and Arguments Originally treated," was published in December, 1837, and the second series in 1842. This work at once excited attention, and called forth the most favourable criticisms. It was hailed as the production of one who, while he thought and reasoned like a true sage, wrote and illustrated like a true poet. The pages of "Proverbial Philosophy" are full of instruction and wisdom, and breathe throughout the finest spirit of genuine poetry. Well does the writer of this sketch remember the pleasure with which he first read that remarkable production. He was then connected editorially with the *Metropolitan Conservative Journal*, in which paper the first series was reviewed at length at the time of its appearance. In that review, the volume was described as "a work abounding in rich thoughts and delicate fancies,—in sound philosophy, and high moral resolutions, and which may be read over and over again, by the young philosopher, or poetical dreamer, with equal profit and delight." And, as if writing prophetically of the proud and enviable position to which Mr. Tupper was yet to attain in literature, the reviewer triumphantly asked,—“Have we now not done enough to show that a poet of power and promise,—a poet and philosopher both, is amongst us to delight and instruct—to elevate and guide? Do we err in saying that a fresh leaf is added to the laurel crown of poetry?” The praises of the other reviewers were no less enthusiastic, and no less just. “There is more novelty in the sentiments,” said the *Monthly Review*, “a greater sweep of subjects, and a finer sense

* Since the date of this sketch (1847), Mr. Tupper has had conferred upon him the degree of D. C. L. of the University of Oxford.—AMERICAN PUBLISHERS.

of moral beauty displayed by Mr. Tupper, than we remember to have seen in any work of its class, excepting of course the Proverbs of Solomon. We also discover in his Philosophy the stores of extensive reading, and the indisputable proofs of habitual and devout reflection, as well as the workings of an elegant mind." The work met with unprecedented success; and six large editions of it have been sold.* The author was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in consequence of it. He had already shown himself to be, in Shakspeare's phrase, "a Fellow of Infinite Wit," and, we may add, of Wisdom too. The King of Prussia, in token of his majesty's high approbation of "Proverbial Philosophy," sent him the gold medal for science and literature. The work became very popular in the United States. In New York alone, we are informed, ten thousand copies were sold during last year, and the work is known to be published in several other American cities. Its reputation is also great in the British colonies.

Mr. Tupper's next work was "Geraldine, a sequel to Coleridge's Christabel, with other poems," published in 1838; of which an opinion has been already expressed in this paper,—see No. 53, of *Church of England Journal*. The ideal plan of the Christabel has been well brought out by Mr. Tupper, in his *Sequel*; and it is no small praise to him to say, that the wild and original spirit that pervades it, is every way akin to the sublime and beautiful inspiration of the great but unfinished poem of Coleridge itself. The minor poems contained in the volume are singularly pleasing and graceful, and abound in touches of real beauty and genuine feeling. Besides "Ellen Grey," already quoted in these columns, the pieces entitled "The Alpine Elf;" "Children;" "A Cabinet of Fossils;" "The African Desert;" and some of the Sonnets, are our favourites, although all are good.

In 1839, he published, "A modern Pyramid; to Commemorate a Septuagint of Worthies;" designed to furnish illustrations and

* The tenth edition (of 6000 copies) is now selling in London; and in America nearly 200,000 have been sold.—AMERICAN PUBLISHERS.

descriptions of character of seventy of the most remarkable personages of sacred and profane history, ancient and modern. Among them are some of the patriarchs, some of the ancient sages of the East, some of the most noted men of Greece and Rome, chiefly philosophers and authors, some of the Apostles, and some of the most remarkable personages of the middle ages, and downwards, in the stream of time, to the present century. From the nature of the work, and its limits not admitting of more than seventy names, there are, of course, many omissions; but each of "the Worthies" introduced is the subject of a sonnet, and brief biographical sketch. The work exhibits all the peculiar qualities of Mr. Tupper's genius and style; high poetic feeling, fine taste, great fertility of imagination, and boldness of opinion and speculation; with profound practical thought, extensive and varied learning, a general knowledge of mankind and history, and great command of language. In this volume, too, the author appears to great advantage, as a zealous defender of the Faith, as held and taught by the Church of England.

In 1840, Mr. Tupper produced a pleasant volume of odds and ends, called, "An Author's Mind." Among the contents are pieces entitled, "The Author's Mind, a ramble;" "Nero, a tragedy;" "Opium, a history;" "Psychotherion, an argument;" "Heathenism, an Apology;" "Woman, a subject;" "Toilomatrix, a title;" "Appendix, an after-thought;" "Home, an Epic;" &c. Some poems of remarkable beauty are also introduced, with great effect, among the other pieces which compose this agreeable collection of "gaieties and gravities."

Mr. Tupper's next work, a rural novel, entitled "The Crock of Gold," designed to illustrate the commandment "Thou shalt not kill," as well as to show the curse and hardening effect of avarice, was published in 1844. It is a simple tale, very beautifully told; but nevertheless full of an extraordinary interest and attraction; one of those books indeed, which by its wit and pathos, its deep insight into human passions, and its powerful delineations

of virtue and crime, enchain the attention of the reader till he has finished its perusal, and leave behind a strong but wholesome and salutary impression on the mind. The plot purports to be the history of a poor labourer and his family, who from a life of peaceful and contented drudgery, became discontented and repining, and were gradually involved in sore trials and serious troubles. The principal characters of the story are honest Roger Acton, the luckless finder of "the Crock of Gold," his pure and simple-hearted daughter Grace, her lover Jonathan, Simon Jennings the murderer, his aunt Bridget Quarles, and Ben Burke, the poacher. The murder of Bridget by Jennings, is very graphically described; and the chapter headed "Next Morning," being that following the murder scene, is one of the finest pieces of writing in modern literature. The "Crock of Gold" is very popular in America; and it has been repeatedly dramatized and acted with success. In this country it has been extensively read.

The same year (1844) Mr. Tupper published two other works of fiction, in one volume each; namely, "Heart. A social novel;" and "The Twins. A Domestic Novel." The main design of these works appears to have been, upon something better than a mere sketchy foundation in each, to introduce some exciting scenes, and some episodial bursts of hearty religious writing; and they, more or less, illustrate, the one the commandment "thou shalt not commit adultery," and the other that of "thou shalt not covet." The twofold object of the author in the two stories—that is, the depicting of virtue and vice in their appropriate colours, and that as strongly as possible, and the pointing the moral, of each obtaining in due course its appropriate reward—is powerfully worked out in both; and as one of the most discriminating and competent critics who reviewed them said:—"In every page there is something which a reader would wish to bear in his memory for ever. For power of animated description, for eloquent reflection upon the events of every-day life, and for soft, touching, pathetic appeals to the best feelings of the heart, the

volumes are worthy of a place on every library table in the kingdom." The same reviewer says, very justly, of Mr. Tupper's style: "There is a genuine, hearty, straightforward, downright-ness about him that brings him right on the mark at once. His sentences are neither long, laboured, nor parenthetical, but they are animated by a fine racy idiomatic vigorousness of style that impresses their meaning on the mind and memory. He forms, as it were, a sort of half-way house between Dickens and Carlyle. Without the regularly sustained power of Boz, he has much of his *picturesqueness* in description and his pathos; and, without his eccentricity, he possesses no slight portion of the full-toned energy and characteristic raciness of the author of 'Sartor Resartus.'" Of such works as these three novels of Mr. Tupper, we hope yet to see many more specimens from his graphic pen.

His next work, published in 1845, is entitled "A Thousand Lines," a little tract of but sixty pages, containing poems on various subjects, written in his most captivating manner. Thought vigorous and fruitful, imagery vivid and beautiful, feeling warm and unaffected, clothed in language strong, hearty, and emphatic, or soft, pathetic, and musical, as the theme or the rhythm required, with an originality that cannot fail to be acknowledged in them all, are the characteristics of the verses of this little book. A new version of "Rule Britannia!" a stirring song for patriots in the year 1860, has in it a genuine fervent English spirit and tone, that make the very heart bound when perusing it. "The Emigrant Ship" is indeed an exquisite little lyric, full of delicate pathos, and instinct with gentle music; and a sound and high souled spirit of philosophy breathes in the noble and cheering stanzas entitled "Never Give Up!"

The last published work of Mr. Tupper is called "Probabilities, an Aid to Faith," issued in January last; resembling in idea the "Analogy" of Butler, but much simpler in detail, and altogether independent and original in argument and illustration. This small but valuable and instructive volume we have noticed to-day.

Besides the works mentioned, Mr. Tupper published in 1838, "A Coronation Ode, and Sonnets," which, like all his poetry, display much poetic genius and great power of versification.*

In appearance, Mr. Tupper is, we believe, about the middle size; young-looking, and well favoured; with black hair, cheerful aspect, and cordial manner. Both in his deportment and in his writings, he has all the elements of popularity. Of the former, however, the writer of this sketch cannot speak from personal knowledge, as he is altogether unacquainted with him. With the latter he is quite familiar. His usual residence is at Albury, Surrey; but he has also a seat at Furzehill, near Brighton.

* "Hactenus," and a quantity of other occasional lyrics and prose pieces, with "King Alfred's own poems," translated from the Anglo-Saxon, have appeared since the publication of this sketch.—AMERICAN PUBLISHERS.

THE
UNIVERSITY OF
CHICAGO
PRESS
CHICAGO
ILLINOIS
1962

Dedication.

TO ALL FRIENDS.

A book of many thoughts in mingled measures :

Songs of my Heart, attuned through many a year

From time to time a silent hour to cheer ;

Unguarded tell-tales of mine inner pleasures,

High hopes, and joys most deep, and loves most dear ;

What welcome shall we find ? — Neglect ? — Reproof ?

A sullen pride that coldly holds aloof ?

No, Friends ! not such will be my welcome here :

From heart to heart I speak, from love to love,

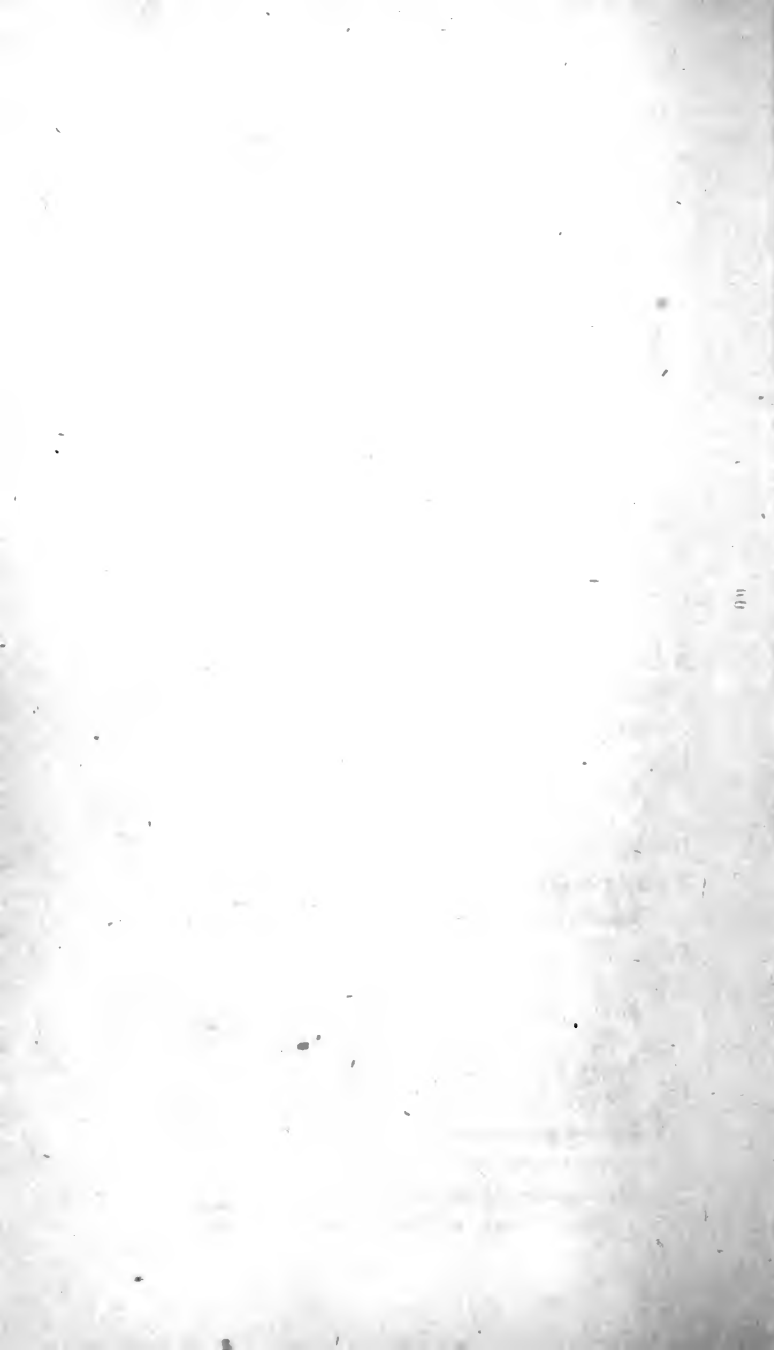
With kindly words that kindness inspire,

Frankly, confidingly ; no fear, no fear

But love 'shall be your greeting to my lyre ;

For, through the mercies lent me from above,

I warm your hearts, O Friends ! with holy fire.



TUPPER'S POETICAL WORKS.

Ballads.

&c. &c.

To the Union.

FROM A UNIT.

GIANT aggregate of nations,
Glorious Whole of glorious Parts,
Unto endless generations
Live United, hands and hearts!
Be it storm, or summer-weather,
Peaceful calm, or battle-jar,
Stand in beauteous strength together,
Sister States, as Now ye are!

Every petty class-dissension
Heal it up, as quick as thought,
Every paltry place-pretension,
Crush it, as a thing of nought;
Let no narrow private treason
Your great onward progress bar,
But remain, in right and reason,
Sister States, as Now ye are!

Fling away absurd ambition!
 People, leave that toy to kings;
 Envy, jealousy, suspicion,
 Be above such grovelling things!
 In each other's joys delighted,
 All your hate be — joys of war,
 And by all means keep United,
 Sister States, as Now ye are!

Were I but some scornful stranger,
 Still my counsel would be just;
 Break the band, and all is danger,
 Mutual fear, and dark distrust:
 But, you know me for a brother
 And a friend who speak from far;
 Be at one then with each other,
 Sister States, as Now ye are!

If it seems a thing unholy
 Freedom's soil by slaves to till,
 Yet be just! and sagely, slowly,
 Nobly, cure that ancient ill:
 Slowly,—haste is fatal ever;
 Nobly,—lest good faith ye mar;
 Sagely,—not in wrath to sever
 Sister States, as Now ye are!

Charm'd with your commingled beauty
 England sends the signal round,
 "Every man must do his duty"
 To redeem from bonds the bound!
 Then indeed your banner's brightness
 Shining clear from every star
 Shall proclaim your joint uprightness,
 Sister States, as Now ye are!

So, a peerless constellation
 May those stars for ever blaze!
 Three-and-ten-times-threefold nation,
 Go ahead in power and praise!
 Like the many-breasted goddess
 Throned on her Ephesian car
 Be—one heart in many bodies!
 Sister States, as Now ye are.



The Anglo-Saxon Race.

A RHYME FOR ENGLISHMEN.

STRETCH forth! stretch forth! from the south to the north!
 From the east to the west,—stretch forth! stretch forth!
 Strengthen thy stakes, and lengthen thy cords,—
 The world is a tent for the world's true lords!
 Break forth and spread over every place,
 The world is a world for the Saxon Race!

England sowed the glorious seed,
 In her wise old laws, and her pure old *crecā*,
 And her stout old heart, and her plain old tongue,
 And her resolute energies, ever young,
 And her free bold hand, and her frank fair face,
 And her faith in the rule of the Saxon Race!

Feebly dwindling day by day,
 All other races are fading away;
 The sensual South, and the servile East,
 And the tottering throne of the treacherous priest,
 And every land is in evil case
 But the wide-scatter'd realm of the Saxon Race!

Englishmen everywhere! brethren all!
 By one great name on your millions I call,—
 Norman, American, Gael, and Celt,
 Into this fine mixed mass ye melt,
 And all the best of your best I trace
 In the golden brass of the Saxon Race!

Englishmen everywhere! faithful and free!
 Lords of the land, and kings of the sea,—
 Anglo-Saxons! honest and true,
 By hundreds of millions my word is to you, —
 Love one another! as brothers embrace!
 That the world may be blest in the Saxon Race!

The Family Gathering.

1851.

A STAVE OF INVITATION.

FOR happiness, unity, plenty, and peace,
 And brotherhood over the world,
 For loves to increase, and dissensions to cease,
 And war's bloody flag to be furl'd,
 Come, gather together with hearty good will,
 In the warmth of a generous mind,
 And bring us the best of your strength and your skill,
 To bless and to better mankind!

Let quicken'd invention its secret impart
 The body to succour in need;
 Let taste and high breeding, and delicate art,
 The mind with their melodies feed:

Let just emulation and genius be glad
To join in the liberal strife
Which seals to the world all the wealth that it had,
And adds to the blessings of life.

So, gather together! your leader and Prince,
With many a true man beside,
Has set up this standard the world to convince
That commerce and love are allied:
For Man, of all nations and kindreds, is one,
And heartily well is it worth,
Thus kindly to cause in the sight of the sun
A Family Meeting of Earth!



England's Welcome to the World.

A BALLAD FOR 1851.

A VOICE of happy greeting to the Nations of the World!
A Flag of peace for every shore, on every sea, unfurl'd!
A Word of brotherhood and love to each who hears the call,—
A Welcome to the World of Men, a Welcome, one and all!

O children of a common stock, O brothers all around,
In kindness and sympathy receive the joyful sound;
Old England bids you welcome all, and wins you to her shore,
To see how men of every clime may help each other more.

Old England greets you lovingly, as friend should greet a friend,
And only prays that peaceful days may never have an end;
And only hopes, by doing good, the good of all to gain,
And 'sc Goodwill from brethren still, right gladly to attain!

Come on then to this Tournament, of Peace, and skilful Art,
 Come on, fair Europe's chivalry, and play the Bayard's part!
 For honour, Austria, spur away! for honour, gentle France!
 For honour, Russ, and Swede, and Turk,—come on with levell'd
 lance!

Come on amain, high-hearted Spain! industrious Holland, come!
 Italy, Persia, Greece, and Ind,—fill up the Nations' sum!
 And chiefly with us, heart to heart, come on, and tilt for fame,
 Columbia,—thou that England art in everything but name!

Not, as long since, for deeds of death,—but deeds to gladden life;
 Provoking each for others' good to join the generous strife!
 As in those games at Pytho, or in old Nemæa's grove,
 Where Græcia's best and worthiest for honour only strove.

Come, wrestle thus in peace with us, and vie for glory's prize,
 Bring out your wares of rarest work, and wealthiest merchandise,
 Let every Craft of every clime produce its brilliant best,
 The dazzling zone of Venus, and Minerva's starry crest!

Let Science add the miracles that human reason works
 When tracking out the Mind of GOD that in all Nature lurks,—
 The Wonderful, that HE hath made Beneficent to man,
 And gives us wit to fathom it, and use it as we can!

O there are secrets choice and strange, that men have not found out,
 Though up and down the earth we range, and forage round about,
 The hidden things of Mercy's heart, the Beautiful-Sublime,
 That GOD hath meant to cheer us on adown the stream of Time:

Adown the stream of Time, until—we reach that happier shore,
 Where sin and pain come not again, and grief is grief no more;
 For that, O nations, wisely strive to do all good you can,
 And, gratefully as unto God, live brotherly with Man!

A Hymn for all Nations. 1851.

TRANSLATED INTO THIRTY LANGUAGES.

GLORIOUS God! on Thee we call,
Father, Friend, and Judge of all;
Holy Saviour, heavenly King,
Homage to Thy throne we bring!

In the wonders all around
Ever is Thy Spirit found,
And of each good thing we see
All the good is born of Thee!

Thine the beauteous skill that lurks
Everywhere in Nature's works;
Thine is Art, with all its worth,
Thine each masterpiece on earth!

Yea, and foremost in the van
Springs from Thee the Mind of Man;
On its light, for this is thine,
Shed abroad the love divine!

Lo, our God! Thy children here
From all realms are gather'd near,
Wisely gather'd,—gathering still—
For peace on earth, towards men good-will!

May we, with fraternal mind,
Bless our brothers of mankind;
May we, through redeeming love,
Be the blest of God above!

A Word for the Oregon Mission.

PUSH on! to earth's extremest verge,—
And plant the Gospel there,
Till wide Pacific's angry surge
Is soothed by Christian prayer;
Advance the standard, conquering van,
And urge the triumph on,
In zeal for God and love of man,
To distant Oregon!

Faint not, O soldier of the cross,
Its standard-bearer thou!
All California's gold is dross
To what thou winnest now!
A vast new realm, wherein to search
For truest treasure won,
God's jewels,—in his infant church
Of new-born Oregon.

Thou shalt not fail, thou shalt not fall!
The gracious living Word
Hath said of every land, that all
Shall glorify the Lord:
He shall be served from East to West,
Yea—to the setting sun,—
And JESU'S name be loved and blest
In desert Oregon.

Then, Brothers! help in this good deed,
And side with God to-day!
Stand by His servant now, to speed
His apostolic way:
Bethlehem's ever-leading star
In mercy guides him on
To light with holy fire from far
The Star of Oregon.

Our Voyage.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE ASIA, BY REQUEST.

COUNT up with me our mercies manifest
 My brother voyagers; that God hath sped
 Our wandering steps, in safety hither led,
 Strong in His strength, and with His bounty blest.
 O, how can half the perils be exprest
 That He hath spared us on this prosperous way?
 No evil hath come near us, to deform
 One pleasant night, or one luxurious day,
 No traitor rock, no fierce tyrannic storm:
 But, as, at night, bell echoing answered bell
 Like neighbouring village clocks, the cheering word
 Ever was wafted in response, "All's well!"
 Thank God! that thus His ready grace hath heard
 Our pray'rs, though few and feeble, truth to tell!

And, meekly think how many better men
 Have gone this way in famine and in fear,
 Yet, after all their toils, had laboured then
 Vainly,—for Death hath feasted on them here!
 O think how gulph'd away from human ken
 Thousands have struggled in yon yeasty waves,
 As gloomily, around some staggering wreck,
 Yawn'd the black throats of those Atlantic graves!
 We the while, pacing this high-terraced deck,
 Like proud triumphant despots of the deep,
 Set our calm feet on Ocean's vassal neck;
 And day or night, in pastimes or in sleep,
 With ease and skill and mammoth-muscled force
 Speed to the goal of our victorious course!

The Old and the New.

SHALL it be with a tear or a smile, Old World,
That I bid you farewell for awhile, Old World,
 Shall you and I part
 With a pang at the heart,
Or in cold-blooded stoical style, Old World?

In truth, it must be with a tear, Old World,
For much that is near and is dear, Old World!
 The lingering mind
 Looks sadly behind
In doubt and reluctance and fear, Old World.

Yet ever, by land and by sea, Old World,
God helps us wherever we be, Old World;
 My babes He will keep
 Awake or asleep,
And happily travel with me, Old World!

So thus with a spirit at rest, New World,
I seek your bright shores of the West, New World
 With hearty good will
 My work to fulfil,
And do what I do for the best, New World!

Gratefully here for a space, New World,
Shall I bask in the sun of thy face, New World,
 Wherever I roam
 To feel always at home,
With brothers in every place, New World.

No dignified dulness to freeze, New World,
But cordial kindness and cheer, New World,
 Invite me to stand,
 With my heart in my hand,
To give it wherever I please, New World.

A Word on Arrival.

WRITTEN IN NEW YORK HARBOUR, ON BOARD THE ASIA.

Not with cold scorn, or ill-dissembled sneer,
 Ungraciously your kindly looks to greet,
 By God's good favour safely wafted here,
 After long hope and promise many a year,
 O friends and brothers, face to face we meet.
 Now, for a little space, my willing feet
 Shall tread your happy shores; my heart and voice
 Your kindred love shall quicken and shall cheer;
 While in your greatness shall my soul rejoice—
 For you are England's nearest and most dear!
 Suffer my simple fervours to do good,
 As one poor pilgrim haply may and can,
 Who, knit to heaven and earth by gratitude,
 Speaks from his heart, to touch his brother man.

New Zealand.

A SONG FOR THE ANTIPODES.

QUEEN of the South! which the mighty Pacific
 Claims for its Britain in ages to be,
 Bright with fair visions and hopes beatific,
 Glorious and happy thy future I see!
 Thither the children of England are thronging,
 There for true riches securely to search;
 Not for thy gold, California, longing,
 But for sweet home, with enough, and a Church!

There, a soft clime and a soil ever teeming,
 Summer's December, and Winter's July,
 The bright Southern Cross in the firmament gleaming.
 The Dove, and the Crown, and the Altar on high,—
 There, the broad prairies with forest and river,
 There, the safe harbours are bidding men search
 For Thy best blessings, O Heavenly Giver!
 Home, with enough, and an Englishman's Church!

Yes; for Britannia, the Mother of Nations,
 Sends out her children, as teeming old Greece,
 Good men and great men, to stand in their stations,
 Merchants of plenty, and heralds of peace:
 Stout Anglo-Saxons! Port Victory calls you;
 Take the glad omen, and speedily search
 Where you shall gather, whatever befalls you,
 Truest of treasures, a Home and a Church!

Fifty years hence—look forward and see it,
 Realm of New Zealand, what then shalt thou see?
 (If the world lives, at THE FATHER'S So be it,)
 All shall be greatness and glory with thee!
 Even should Britain's decay be down-written
 In the dread doom-book that no man may search,
 Still shall an Oxford, a London, a Britain,
 Gladden the South with a Home and a Church!

Canterbury Pilgrims.

A "GOD SPEED."

HEAVEN speed you, noble band!
 Link'd together, heart and hand,
 Sworn to seek that far-off land,

Canterbury pilgrims,—

Heaven speed you! brothers brave,
Waft you well by wind and wave;
Heaven shield you! Heaven save!
Canterbury pilgrims.

Like a Queen of swarming bees,
England, hived amid the seas,
Sends you by a favouring breeze,
Canterbury pilgrims,
With a mother's tender care,
To her Southern sister there,
Her young sister, fresh and fair,
Canterbury pilgrims!

Fresh the soil, and fair the clime,
Lightly touch'd by toil or time,
Scarcely tinged with care or crime,
Canterbury pilgrims,—
Go then, cheerfully go forth!
Hasten to replenish earth
With Old England's honest worth,
Canterbury pilgrims!

Aye—with industry—for gold,
Godliness—for wealth untold,
Go, in Christian duty bold,
Canterbury pilgrims,—
Glad New Zealand bids you share
Each man plenty, and to spare,—
God be with you then and there,
Canterbury pilgrims!

Sonnet.

BY WAY OF POSTSCRIPT.

Go forth, in faith and patience, hope and love!
 But think not, voyagers, to leave behind
 Ills of the flesh or passions of the mind,
 Nor to anticipate the bliss above
 In this new home: for evil must be there,
 Evil, that sails alike on every wind,
 In spite of all your caution, all your care:
 Then be ye tolerant; let no stern soul,
 However right his ethics or his life,
 Over the weaker brothers claim control,
 Stirring the flock to bitterness of strife:
 Honour man's conscience; from all shackles loose
 The honest mind with freedom's instinct rife:
 Take the Church with you, but no church-abuse.



The Canterbury Seal.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

TRIPLE blessings on the plough,
 Triple blessings on the fleece!
 Heaven's Angel send you now
 To be fruitful and increase:
 "So your country shall remain,"
 And all happiness be pour'd
 Upon Canterbury plain,
 From the LORD!

Triple blessings on the fleece,
Triple* blessings on the plough!
For beneath the Cross of Peace
All your toil is hallow'd now:
While the Church, in sacred robe,
Is your help on either hand,
As the pillars of the globe
Ye shall stand!

Britain, to Columbia.

A MESSAGE OF PEACE.

SISTER Empress, daughter dear,
Throned on yonder hemisphere,
With a grand career to run
Glorious as thy western sun,
Sister, Daughter—we are one!

One, in stories of the past,
One, in glories, still to last,
One in speech, and one in face,
One in honest pride of race,
One in faith, and hope, and grace!

Sister, we have sinn'd of old,
Both of us, through lust of gold;
We, for centuries, you, for years,
Undismay'd by judgment fears,
Throve on—human woes and tears!

Verily, our brothers' blood
Whelm'd us in its crimson flood!
Yet, at last we turn'd, and gave,
As a ransom from the grave,
Royal freedom to the slave!

Britain's penitential zeal
Let it work Columbia's weal;
Wisely hasten, as thou wilt,
Soon to wash away this guilt—
Man in chains, and life-blood spilt!

We are mute,—we may not chide;
Only pray thee, put aside
That which must be bane to thee,
If, as Christian, Strong, and Free,
Thou endure it still to be.

Yet, in frankness, we confess
We made too much haste, to bless;
Not at once, be well assured,
But with gradual health allured,
Can this chronic plague be cured.

Through the wisdom of to-day
We have learnt a better way;
Sister,—it is thine own plan!
Take the poor degraded man,
Teach him kindly all you can,—

Then, with liberal hand, restore
To his own Liberian shore
This poor son of wrong and night,
Newly blest with hope and light,
And the patriot freeman's Right!

So shall Africa blockade
Bloodlessly that dreadful trade:
And Liberia's "open door,"
School, and Church, and merchant-store,
Bless her children evermore.

Dieu, et mon Droit.

A LOYAL TEXT.

No fanciful hope, and no cowardly fear
Shall ever be lord of my breast,
An Englishman gathers his comfort and cheer
From Duty by Providence blest;
The good royal motto, from Normandy won,
Upholds him by day and by night,
Adversity's moon, and prosperity's sun,
Are shining in "God and my Right!"

My God! the great guard, the good ruler, and friend,
Who made me, and guides as He will;
My Right! which His government helps to defend,
And bids me stand up for it still:
The heart that has trusted Him well does He love,
And fills it with heavenly light,
Rejoiced upon earth with all peace from above,
And resting on "God and my Right!"

My Right—the right way, and my Right—the right arm,
And my Right—the true rights of the case,—
Strong, honest, deserving, the triple-tied charm
That keeps a man firm in his place;
With these well about us, and God overhead,
We fear not whatever we fight,
There never was mortal who fail'd or who fled,
Whose motto was, "God and my Right!"

The Great Exhibition of 1851.

A BALLAD FOR THE WORKMAN.

HURRAH! for honest Industry, hurrah! for handy skill,
Hurrah! for all the wondrous works achieved by Wit and Will!
The triumph of the Artizan has come about at length,
And Kings and Princes flock to praise his comeliness and strength.

Now is the time, the blessed time, for brethren to agree,
And rich and poor of every clime at unity to be;
When Labour honour'd openly, and not alone by stealth,
With horny hand and glowing heart may greet his brother Wealth.

Aye, wealth and rank are labour's kin, twin brethren all his own,
For every high estate on earth, of labour it hath grown;
By duty and by prudence, and by study's midnight oil,
The wealth of all the world is won by God-rewarded toil!

Then hail! thou goodly Gathering, thou brotherhood indeed!
Where all the sons of men can meet as honest Labour's seed;
The tribes of turban'd Asia, and Afric's ebon skin,
And Europe and America, with all their kith and kin!

From East and West, from North and South, to England's happy
coast

By tens of thousands, lo! they come, the great industrial host,—
By tens of thousands welcom'd for their handicraft and worth,
Behold they greet their brethren of *the Workshop of the Earth*.

Right gladly, brother workmen, will each English Artizan
Rejoice to make you welcome all, as honest man to man,
And teach, if aught he has to teach, and learn the much to learn,
And show to men in every land, how all the world may *earn*!

Whatever earth, man's heritage, of every sort can yield,
From mine and mountain, sea and air, from forest and from field;
Whatever reason, God's great gift, can add or take away,
To bring the worth of all the world beneath the human sway;

Whatever science hath found out, and industry hath earn'd,
And taste hath delicately touch'd, and high-bred art hath learn'd;
Whatever God's good handicraft, the man He made, hath made,
By man, God's earnest artizan, the best shall be display'd!

O think it not an idle show, for praise, or pride, or pelf,
No man on earth who gains a good can hide it for himself;
By any thought that any thing can any how improve,
We help along the cause of all, and give the world a move!

It is a great and glorious end to bless the sons of man,
And meet for peace and doing good, in kindness while we can;
It is a greater and more blest, the Human Heart to raise
Up to the God who giveth all, with gratitude and praise!



The Poet's Mission.

A PROTEST.

NOT to flatter kings,
Not to serve a Court,
Bent on nobler things
Than to make them sport;
Loyal, gentle, kind,
Yet honest, frank, and free,
Pure in life and mind,
Must the poet be!

Meekness at his heart,
 Though triumph on his brow,
 Well to do his part
 Is his daily vow;
 Zealous for the best
 His earnest spirit can,
 And, at GOD's behest,
 Swift to gladden Man!

Honour thou the GIFT,
 Count it no man's slave;
 To the LORD uplift
 What His bounty gave!
 Let thy spirit spring
 Up to Heaven's gate,
 There, on quivering wing,
 SONG to consecrate!

Song,—it soothes the heart,
 Song, it charms the world;
 Song, it is a dart
 By a giant hurl'd;
 Song,—a torrent's strength
 In its force is found
 When, aroused at length,
 Nations hear the sound!

Hark! they hear, and feel,
 And may sleep no more!
 Hark! the patriot peal
 Rings from shore to shore;
 And, in danger's hour,
 Stands the poet then,
 Girt about with power
 As a King of men!

At his burning spell
Quakes the solid shore,
And with yearning swell
Rises ocean's roar,
Till the PEOPLE'S will
Like a storm is heard,
Conjured by the skill
Of their poet's word!

At his gentle voice
All that storm is calm,
And the woods rejoice,
And the breeze is balm,
And Hosannas rise
From a Nation's heart,
Flaming to the skies
Through the Poet's art!

Art? it is his breath,
The sighing of his soul!
Art? it might be Death
The fervour to control!
Not by such a name
Call the glorious birth
Of this heavenly flame
Lit to kindle earth!

As his heart may glow,
Freely must his song,
Like an overflow,
Gush out fresh and strong!
No constraint be there
His energies to tire;
Zeal, and love, and prayer
String the Poet's lyre!

God bless the Queen.

{ *A loyal outburst, occasioned by the cowardly attack upon her Majesty.* }

JUNE 27, 1850.

GOD bless the Queen! that echo darts
 Electric through the land;
 God save the Queen! a million hearts
 Are with its fervour fann'd :
 And, God be thanked! He saves the Queen,
 He blesses her in love;
 HIS Providence is ever seen
 To guard her from above!

O dastard! thus to strike that brow
 Anointed, and so fair;
 O brave young Queen! that bruise is now
 The brightest jewel there!
 In gentlest majesty sublime,
 Courageous and serene,—
 How nobly does so mean a crime
 Add glories to the Queen!

Yes: evil men and evil deeds
 Are like some monster chain'd,—
 That, when its wickedness succeeds,
 Works only good constrain'd :
 O Queen! the deed a traitor dares
 Is but a kindled spark
 To set ablaze thy people's prayers
 For Thee, the nation's Ark!

The Moon and Moonshine.

AN ALLEGORY.

UPON a slumbering lake at night
 The moon looks down in love,
 And there, in chasten'd beauty bright,
 A sister sphere of silver light
 Seems bathing from above.

Anon, an evil man comes near,
 And a rude stone he flings,
 Half in hate and half in fear,
 To crush the calm accusing sphere
 That looks such lovely things.

He flung, and struck; and in swift race
 Round ran the startled waves;
 He triumph'd for a little space;
 But see! how soon that same calm face
 Again her beauty laves.

So, friend, if envy hits thy name,
 Be still, it passes soon;
 Thy lamp is burning all the same,
 And, even for that moonshine Fame,
 It must reflect its Moon.

“Nobody feels or cares!”

A LAMENTATION.

THE world is dying, its heart is cold,
 And well nigh frozen dead,—
 A sorrowful thing it is to grow old,
 With all the feelings fled,—

“NOBODY FEELS OR CARES.”

Dull are its eyes, and dismal its voice,
And a mourner's cloak it wears,
For all have forgotten to love or rejoice,—
Nobody feels or cares!

Time was, when zeal and honour and joy,
And charities cheering life,
Mix'd grains of gold with the mass of alloy,
And starr'd this night of strife;
But now, it is all for a man's own self,
And not how his neighbour fares;
(Except for pleasure, and pride, and pelf,
) Nobody feels or cares!

Be wise, or a fool,—be good or be bad,
To others it's much the same;
They heed not a whit if you're merry or sad,
Or worthy of praise or blame:
The world is reaping its broadcast seed
Of briers and thorns and tares,
And the only word in which all are agreed
Is — Nobody feels or cares!



The “Clameur de Haro.”

AN OLD NORMAN APPEAL TO THE SOVEREIGN;

which saved Castle Cornet from demolition, in August 1850, Guernsey.

HARO, HARO! à l'aide, mon Prince!
A loyal people calls;
Bring out Duke Rollo's Norman lance
To stay destruction's fell advance
Against the Castle walls;—

Haro, Haro! à l'aide, ma Reine!
Thy duteous children not in vain
Plead for old Cornet yet again
 To spare it, ere it falls!
What! shall Earl Rodolph's sturdy strength
After six hundred years at length
 Be recklessly laid low?
His grey machicolated tower
Torn down within one outraged hour
By worse than Vandal's ruthless power?
 Haro! à l'aide, Haro!

Nine years old Cornet, for the Throne,
Against rebellion stood alone,—
 And honour'd still shall stand
For heroism so sublime,
A relic of the olden time,
Renown'd in Guernsey prose and rhyme,
 The glory of her land!
Ay,—let your science scheme and plan
 With better skill than so:
Touch not this dear old barbican,
 Nor dare to lay it low!
On Vazon's ill-protected bay
Build and blow up, as best ye may,
And do your worst to scare away
 Some visionary foe,—
But, if in brute and blundering power
You tear down Rodolph's granite tower,
Defeat, and scorn, and shame, that hour
Shall whelm you like an arrowy shower,—
 Haro! à l'aide, Haro!

Mont Orgueil: Jersey.

AN HISTORICAL PICTURE.

MOUNT of Honour, Mount of Pride,
Throned above the stormy tide,—
Feudal eyrie, built on high,
As to flout the common sky,
Weather-beaten, ivied pile,
Glory of this Norman isle,—
Thee my song would praise to-day,
Dreaming of ages past away!

Woe! for those old evil times,
Foul with wrong, and full of crimes,
Woe! for those drear days of old,
Dark with horrors all untold!
Through the mist of centuries past,
Dimly cluster'd, thick and fast,
Shrouded in sepulchral gloom,
Shadowy forms of terror loom!
See! the Cromlech on this height,
Red with the Druid's bloody rite,—
The Beacon, blazing far away,
To beckon pirates to their prey,—
The Cairn, piled high above the wave
Some rude Berserkir's gory grave,—
The rocky Fort, aloft that stood
To guard some Sea-king's briny brood,
When off he flew, for blood to roam,
Leaving his vulture flock at home,—
All these, with Shame, and Sin, and Fear,
Dimly vision'd, cluster here!

Then, Rome's vengeful cohorts came
To cleanse the nest by sword and flame;

With foss and mound secured the post,
And mann'd it with her iron host:
So on, so on; till Rollo's power
Tore down amain the Roman's tower,
And proudly flung against the sky
Old Gouray's battlements on high!
This was thine hour of pride and fame;
When gentle knight, and high-born dame,
In hall, and bower, and warder'd gate
Kept their high chivalric state:
Nor soon was this thy glory set;—
De Barentin, De Carteret,
Stand forth! and tell us of your might
Against Du Guesclin in the fight;
How the Great Captain lost the day,
And rash Maulevrier slunk away,
And our fifth Henry's favouring smile
Changed Gouray Fort to Mont Orgueil,
For patriot praise, and truth well tried,
Mount of honour, Mount of Pride!

So on, so on: and years flew by
That times were changed, and words ran high.
And fanatics stood charged with sin,
And foolish zeal imprison'd Prynne:
Then Charles, in retribution's hour,
Felt here a despot people's power,
Hiding his wanderer head awhile,
Ere yet he left the loyal isle.
So, years flew on; by scores they past,
And kings and kingdoms perish'd fast;
Till a fair Queen, in happier days
Bless'd all her realm with peaceful praise,
And gilt, with Her benignant smile,
Her royal castle, Mount Orgueil!

O, God be thank'd, for quiet hours,
 When nought is known of feudal towers,
 But the fair picture that they fill,
 With sea, and sky, and wooded hill!
 O, God be thank'd for times like these,
 Of brother's love, and grateful ease,
 When war no fiercer sight affords
 Than ivied forts, and rusty swords!



Come as you are.

A RHYME FOR RAGGED SCHOOLS.

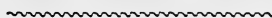
(*Widely circulated.*)

COME to the schools that your friends are preparing,
 Poor little brothers, come over to us!
 Just as you stand in the clothes you are wearing,
 Though they be ragged and scanty as thus;
 Come from the alley, the lane, and the passage,
 Come in your rags,—but as *clean as you can*;
 We have a mission to each, and a message,
 Happy and true, of his rights as a Man.

Don't be downhearted, if fools for an hour
 Laugh at your schooling and treat it with scorn;
 Answer them truly, that "Knowledge is Power,"
 And that a blockhead were better unborn;
 Laugh as they may, your laugh will be longest,
 Your's is for ever, their's but for once;
 Soon shall they own you both wisest and strongest;
 Scholars must govern the fool and the dunce!

Yes, my boys, come! without fear or suspicion,
 All that we wish is your gain and your good
 Body and soul to improve your condition,
 And we would better it more if we could;
 But where we cannot, yourselves may be able,
 Willingly coming to hear and to learn,
 How, for the soul to be happy and stable,
 And, for the body, your living to earn!

So then come over, young scholars, and listen,
 Helping yourselves, as in honour you ought!
 We'll tell you things that'll make your eyes glisten,
 Brighten the spirit, and heighten the thought:
 Come then, and welcome, in rags and in tatters,
 Anyhow come,—but as *clean as you can*;
 Come and learn gladly these glorious matters,
 All the best *rights* in the *duties* of Man!



Mont St. Michel.

A CONDOLENCE ON THE SPOT.

ALAS! for thy pollutions, wondrous pile,
 Rare pyramid of Nature and high Art,
 Desecrate, and befoul'd in every part
 By all that moderns add of mean and vile:
 Woe, for thine ancient glories gone to waste!
 These sculptured cloisters, and that lofty aisle,
 This arch'd chivalric hall of sumptuous taste,
 Those Norman turrets, (whose unconquer'd strength
 Enclose the steep old town of gables strange)—
 After a thousand years, all, all at length

Given up to filth and felons!—gaol-birds range
 Where erst devoted maids and holy men
 Peal'd their full anthem:—O the bitter change,
 Heaven's gorgeous house become corruption's den!

Thou sad Romance in stone among the seas,—
 Monstrous Chimæra, saint and fiend in one,
 Where the Archangel, soaring to the sun,
 Feels the brute serpent coil'd about his knees;
 O pinnacles, and flying buttresses
 Rear'd on a festering heap of foul and base;
 O hallowed Pharos, rank with oily lees;
 O censer, spoil'd of all thy fragrant grace,—
 Alas! how fair, how fearful is this place!
 Round it, the garden of Hesperides
 Once bloom'd,—with that “old dragon” for a guard
 The stone Kimmerian windings of Carnac;
 But now, the light that since blazed heavenward
 Is quench'd,—and all again is utter black!

St. Helier's Hermitage, Jersey.

A VINDICATION.

ANCHORITE, whose rugged nest,
 Swept by wind and wash'd by wave,
 Perch'd on yonder rocky crest
 Was thy dwelling, and thy grave,—
 Should I mock thee, holy man?
 Should I not revere thy name?
 Nor do honour, if I can,
 To St. Helier's martyr-fame?

Come, ye scoffers, and behold!
Here is the luxurious bed
Where your pamper'd monk of old
Nightly laid his aged head:
In this cave he wept, and pray'd,—
Till the Northman pirate came,
And achieved with bloody blade
Our poor hermit's martyr-fame!

True,—in venial error still
His devotion stood aloof
From the world and all its ill,
Under this low vaulted roof;
Yet, he wrestled in his cell
For high heav'n his soul to frame,—
O ye worldlings, it were well
Could ye win such martyr-fame!

St. Paul's, of St. Helena.

AN APPEAL, WRITTEN BY REQUEST.

BEAUTIFUL Isle! where the Exile of Glory
Sank to his rest, like the sun in the sea,—
Fair St. Helena,—*his* fate and *his* story
Are not the best that we boast of in thee;
No! nor is even the bloom of thy beauty
Finest and first in the glen or the height,
But—where thy children in love and in duty
Earnestly worship The Father aright!

Lo now! this fruit of their pious devotion
 Grows, like a cedar on Lebanon's side;
 Slowly, "St. Paul's," the Church of the Ocean,
 Rises to brighten Atlantic's dark tide!
 Thither, shall soon be gladly repairing
 Sons of the stranger, with sons of the soil,—
 Thither, poor Africa's children, preparing
 Thanks for their freedom from tyrannous toil.

Soon? but how soon?—Right heartily speed it,
 Ye that fear God, and are loving to man!
 Haste with your aid,—they ask it and need it;
 Help the good work with the best that you can:
 What St. Helena is nobly beginning
 Stand by her, England! to finish it all,
 And, by the souls that your zeal will be winning,
 Crown with its top-stone The Church of St. Paul!

Ærel.

STRUCK down at noon amid the startled throng,
 An eagle shot while soaring to the sun;
 A wounded gladiator dying strong
 As loth to leave the glories he had won;
 A life-long patriot, with his work half done,—
 Of thee, great Statesman, shall my mourning song
 Arise in due solemnity!—of thee,
 Whom the wide world, so lately and so long
 Thine acolyte, would crowd to hear and see
 Their intellectual Athlete, their high name
 For eloquence and prudence, gifts and powers:
 But lo! that starry mind, a heavenly flame,
 Is well enfranchised from this earth of ours,
 Translated in the zenith of its fame!

Wordsworth.

WE will not sorrow for the glorious dead,—
Death is The Life to glory's hallow'd sons!
Above this body, in its prison-bed,
Soar the free spirits of those blessed ones,
Waiting in hope, on heavenly manna fed:
To such rich feast in beauteous raiment led,
Why should we wail for him, as those who wept
Some Lycidas or Bion of old time,
Mourning as dead the soul that only slept?
No! rather, let the pæan rise sublime
For nature's poet-priest from nature's voice,—
Let sea and sky be glad, and field, and fen,
And pastoral vale, and thunder-riven glen,
And dewy Rydal in her bard rejoice!

For there, by hill or dale, in sun or shade,
He "communed with the universe" in love;
"The deep foundations of his mind" were laid,
Sphered in their midst, on all around, above:
He read God's heart, in all His hand hath made:
Then, in the majesty of simple truth,
To man's dim mind he show'd the mind of God
Lustrous and lovely, "full of pity and ruth,"
For high and low, the sunbeam—and the sod!
So did he teach in age, as erst in youth,—
To turn away from passion's lurid light,
And yearn on purer things of lowlier birth,
Pure because lowly,—which, in God's own sight,
As in his servants', are the pearls of earth.

Cambridge.

ANOTHER of thy chiefs, O Israel,
 Gone to a good man's rest, and high reward,
 As full of years as honours; it is well
 Thus timely to be called to meet the LORD!
 O death,—how oft Britannia tolls the knell
 For those she loves, a mother for her sons!
 Yet is it seldom that her tongue can tell
 More truly how she mourns her mighty ones,
 Than now in honest sorrow fills her breast;
 For *he* was worthy; full of kindness,
 A man of peace, and charity, and truth;
 For ever doing good, and feeling blest
 (Though nurtured as a warrior from his youth)
 In finding what a joy it is to bless!



President Taylor.

"I AM prepared to die; for I have tried
 To do my Duty!"—Was it Nelson's twin
 Who spake so like an hero when he died,
 A Christian hero, with forgiven sin?
 Yes!—it is one, Columbia's honest pride
 (And mother England's joy,—we claim him too,)
 Who now is gone far other spoils to win
 Than late of Palo-Alto,—higher meed,
 Trophies of nobler fame, and praise more true,
 Than those a grateful country well decreed
 To her Best Son; her best and bravest son,
 Rough for the fight, but Ready heart and hand
 To make it up again with victory won,
 In war—and peace—the Glory of his Land!

Rajah Brooke.

NOBLE heart, of purpose high,
Hasten on thy great career,
Heedless of the coward cry
Slander shouts in Envy's ear;
Even now the falsehoods die,
Half for shame and half for fear,
Even now the clouds go by,
And thy heaven again is clear!

Let them whisper what they can,
Lightly scoff, or loudly blame;
Still, O glorious friend of Man,
Such mean censure speeds thy fame:
Good men bless, where bad men ban;
Ever was it seen the same,
That the leader of the van
Won his way through foes and flame!

Rajah! throned on Indian seas,
Thou art there to bless Mankind,
Sent to sow by every breeze
Seeds of good for heart and mind;
Carrying out God's great decrees
To the Saxon race assign'd,
Which the Right all stoutly frees,
But is stern the Wrong to bind!

Africa's Self-Blockade.

SISTER, we are not slow to learn of thee
 How best to compass good; how best to pour
 Freedom and health, as on Liberia's shore,
 Along the skirt of Afric's Western sea;
 Sister Columbia, wiser than of yore
 We love in all things generous to agree!
 And, well content if blessing so may be
 To the poor darkling slave, a slave no more,
 Frankly we haste to fringe the sea-board thus
 With homes and fields of freemen: glad to win
 Around the standards reared by thee and us,
 Body and soul, the rescued sons of sin
 From both worlds' doom of wretchedest and worst,
 Through us no more benighted nor accurst!

Low Spirits.

It is not Time,—I joy to see
 My children growing up;
 It is not Sin,—remorse for me
 Holds out no bitter cup;
 Nor doth Mammon's dreary din
 Add its gloom to Time or Sin.

It is not that the Past was sweet,—
 Many griefs were there!
 It is not that the Future's feet
 Are shrouded up in care;
 Providence is wise and kind,
 And I am strong for heart and mind.

Why then be sad? why thus, my heart,
 Disquieted within?
 Great is the mercy that thou art
 Unseared by care and sin;
 That Time to Thee has small alloy,
 And memory's thoughts are thoughts of joy.

Why then so sad?—My friends of old
 Are dead and gone, or changed;
 My childhood's nest of home is cold,
 And each old haunt estranged;
 So that I walk a stranger there,
 With none to feel for how I fare!

True,—many new found friends may throng,
 And make a passing show;
 But always as they stream along
 Like dreams they come and go,—
 And,—however kind they be,
 They bring not back the Past to me!

Fortitude.

NEW WORDS TO THE FINE TUNE, "MYNHEER VAN DUNK."

MINE own stout heart!
 You and I must never part,
 But bravely get on together,—
 Through calm and strife,
 And the ups and downs of life,
 In winter, or summer weather!
 Singing, O! for a true bold heart shall be
 Ever found in its warm old place with me,
 Cheerful evermore, and frank, and free,
 Though the Mountains be drown'd in the rolling Sea!

Troubles, well season'd, as being well sent,
No honest man dreams of scorning;
But he mixes them up in his cup of content,
And fears no fogs
While he happily knows
That Night must end in Morning!
For a brave glad heart shall always be
Beating in its own warm nest with me,
Cheerful evermore, and frank, and free,
Though the Mountains be drown'd in the rolling Sea!

“How much worse it might have been!”

A TEXT FOR THE DISCONTENTED.

HONEST fellow, sore beset,
Vext by troubles quick and keen,
Thankfully consider yet
“How much worse it might have been!”
Worthily thy faults deserve
More than all thine eyes have seen,
Think thou then with sterner nerve,
“How much worse it might have been!”

Though the night be dark and long,
Morning soon shall break serene,
And the burden of thy song
“How much worse it might have been!”
God, the Good One, calls to us
On His Providence to lean,
Shout then out devoutly thus,
“How much worse it might have been!”

A Night-sail in the Race of Alderney.

SEPT. 6, 1850.

SPRINKLED thick with shining studs,
Stretches wide the tent of heaven,
Blue, begemm'd with golden buds,—
Calm, and bright, and deep, and clear
Glory's hollow hemisphere
Arch'd above these frothing floods,
Right and left asunder riven,
As our cutter madly scuds,
By the fitful breezes driven,
When exultingly she sweeps
Like a dolphin through the deeps,
And from wave to wave she leaps,
Rolling in this yeasty leaven,—
Ragingly that never sleeps,
Like the wicked unforgiven!

Midnight, soft and fair above,
Midnight, fierce and dark beneath,—
All on high the smile of love,
All below the frown of death:
Waves that whirl in angry spite
With a phosphorescent light
Gleaming ghastly on the night,—
Like the pallid sneer of Doom,
So malicious, cold, and white,
Luring to this watery tomb,
Where in fury and in fright
Winds and waves together fight

Hideously amid the gloom,—
As our cutter gladly scuds,
Dipping deep her sheeted boom
Madly to the boiling sea,
Lighted in these furious floods
By that blaze of brilliant studs,
Glistening down like glory-buds
On the Race of Alderney!

Genius and Friends.

WHEN the star of good fortune is rising,
And seems to the zenith to soar,
How tenderly friends will be prizing
The beauties forgotten before;
O! Genius will look very bright
In the blaze of Prosperity's light!

But let the dimm'd planet be setting
Below the horizon in cloud,
Right soon will your friends be forgetting
The gifts they so frankly allowed;
Ah! Genius will show very slight
In the gloom of Adversity's night!

Yet none the less glorious and holy
Is shining that sun of the soul,
Let Fortune be lofty or lowly,
And Friendship rejoice or condole;
For Genius can claim as his right
True homage by day and by night!

The Manchester Athenæum.

(*Stanzas, solicited, in aid of its Liabilities, Oct. 1850.*)

A TEMPLE of generous health,
To gladden the spirit of youth;
A mine of intelligent wealth,
A treasury teeming with truth,—
Come, help in so happy a work,
Such pleasure and gain to secure,
Gain, where little evil can lurk,
And pleasure can only be pure!

How wise it must be and how blest,
After the toils of the day,
That body and mind be at rest,
Whiling their sorrows away;
Consider how grateful a thing
Such rational solace to find,
And Ignorance gladly to bring
To feast upon food for the Mind!

Remember, how wise for the young
So purely their evenings to spend
The poets and sages among,
With every good book for a friend!
Remember, how well for the old
To rub the dull heart from its rust,
That earthly pollutions and gold
Drag it not down to the dust!

Then freely and frankly make haste
To help, where your help is so worth;
And let not this temple of taste,
So full of the treasures of earth,

Through negligence go to decay;
 But rather in truth and in deed,
 May Manchester glory to-day,
 That Britain has bid her God-speed!



The Kingston Coronation Stone.

(*A Stave, solicited at its Inauguration, Oct. 1850.*)

REJOICE! that Praise and Honour at length
 Return to their ancient rest,—
 As a wounded eagle gathers his strength
 To recover his rock-built nest;
 For of old, around yon rugged throne
 Tradition tenderly clings,
 To hail that stone, as its brother of Scone,
 The Throne of the Seven Kings!

EDWARD THE ELDER there was crown'd,
 GREAT ALFRED's glorious son,—
 And ATHELSTAN, thro' the wide world renown'd
 For merchant-trophies won,—
 EDMUND and ETHELRED, in high state,
 With ELDRED, and EDWY THE FAIR,
 And EDWARD, due to a MARTYR's fate,
 Were throned in honour there!

Thou then, such ancestry's Royal seed,
 Britannia's Heiress-Queen!
 In grace consider the loyal deed
 Thy Saxon children mean;
 To the time-hallowed Past its homage due
 The Present wisely brings,
 And thus would we pour our chrism anew
 On the Throne of the Seven Kings!

A Stave of Sympathy.

(Offered, in lieu of a solicited Lecture, to the Young Men's Christian Association, Nov. 1850.)

My blessing, young brother! an honest God-speed,
 A Christian and true British cheer!
 The best and wisest among us have need
 Of hearty encouragement here:
 And wholesome it is to be hail'd, as we go
 Along the dark rapids of life,
 By those who are weath'ring the perils, and know
 The way to be steer'd in the strife!

By diligence, brother, and quiet content;
 By purity, growing from prayer;
 By looking on all things as order'd and sent
 From God, in His fatherly care;
 By thrusting the cup of temptation aside,
 And tasting it—no! not a sip!
 By cleansing the head from the cobwebs of pride,
 And banishing scorn from the lip.

By reading, and working, and doing your best
 In all that is duty to do;
 By frankness, and fairness, and kindness express
 To all that have dealings with you;
 By cheerfulness, hopefulness, gratitude, truth;
 By shunning the thing that is mean;
 By looking to God as the guide of your youth,
 And loving your country and Queen!

Steer thus, O young brother! and you will indeed
 Ride safe, though the surges be vext;
 In this world I warrant you well to succeed,
 And better than well in the next:
 Go on, and be prosper'd! "Enough, and to spare,"
 To godliness ever is given;
 By pureness and diligence, patience and prayer,
 You conquer for Earth and for Heaven!



Encouragement.

A COMPANION BALLAD TO THE "STAVE OF SYMPATHY."

Yet one more cheer, one brotherly cheer,
 To speed the good youth on his way!
 There's plenty to hope, and little to fear
 For those who have chosen the good part here,
 While it is called to-day.

Ah! well do I wot the perils and snares
 Of this bad world and its lust;
 Temptations and sorrows, vexations and cares,
 Grow with the heart's young wheat like tares,
 And worry it down to the dust!

Yet, better I know, if the spirit will pray,
 When trouble is near at hand,—
 If the heart pleads hard for grace to obey,
 Brother! no sin shall lure thee astray,—
 By faith thou still shalt stand!

For Heaven bends over to help and to bless
 With all a Redeemer's power
 The spirit that strives, when evils oppress,
 Its God to serve, and its Lord to confess
 In dark temptation's hour.

Thou, then, fair brother, go cheerily forth,
 And manfully do your best!
 In all sincerity's warmth and worth
 Go forth,—be pure, be happy on earth,
 And so evermore be blest!



A Missionary Ballad.

Given, instead of a solicited Lecture, to the Church of England Young Men's Society, for aiding Missions at home and abroad.

A CALL to do good from the east to the west!
 A call to bless others, and so to be blest!
 A call from the Saviour, beside Him to stand
 And work for His glory, with heart and with hand!

Nurtured in knowledge, and favour'd and spared,
 The best of earth's banquet for us is prepared;
 Then well should we hasten, at home and abroad,
 To care for the poor in the name of the Lord!

For, always about us the poor shall be found,
 Poor for both worlds, ever crowding around;
 And always the battle of truth must be fought
 In sin to be conquer'd, and good to be taught!

Heathens abroad, and heathens at home;—
Not far is the need for your missions to roam;
Our highways and byeways, the streets and the lanes,
Claim the first care, and will yield the first gains:

Then,—(for the soldiers of Heaven's true host
Are marshall'd for conquest on every coast,)—
Britain's dear sons on each far-distant land
Ask the next blessing and help at your hand:

Then,—let the banner of grace be unfurl'd
Free as the winds, and wide as the world;—
And chiefly, help Zion, poor outcast of sin,
The mercies of God through your mercy to win!

Sure is your work of a blessed reward,—
Ye serve a good Master in serving the Lord;
Even were others unblest by your zeal,
It is well,—ye are water'd yourselves for your weal:

But,—it is better! yet more shall ye earn,—
Many to righteousness Now shall ye turn,
And like the stars Hereafter shall shine
For ever and ever in glory divine!



The Laurel Crown.

THE laurel crown! for duty done,
For good achieved, and honours won,
For all of natural gift, or art,
That thrills and fills an earnest heart

With generous thoughts and stirring words
Struck from its own electric chords,—
On these your modern muses frown,
Yet these deserve the laurel crown!

The laurel crown! for soaring song
Eagle-pinion'd, free, and strong,
That, as GOD gives grace and power,
Consecrates each hallow'd hour
Wisely, as a patriot ought,
By burning word and glowing thought,—
On this pour all your honours down,
To this belongs the laurel crown!

The laurel crown! in common eyes
A wreath of leaves, a paltry prize,
A silly, worthless, weed-like thing,
Fit coronet for folly's king:
The laurel crown! in wisdom's ken
A call from GOD to waken men,
Lest in these mammon depths they drown,—
This is thy glory, laurel crown!

Yes, laurel crown! if seen aright,
A majesty of moral might
To lead the masses on to good,
And rule the surging multitude
By nobler and more manly songs
Than to some troubadour belongs,
Who feebly warbles for renown,—
Not such be thou my laurel crown!

Home.

A BALLAD FOR EVERYBODY.

I FORAGED all over this joy-dotted earth,
 To pick its best nosegay of innocent mirth
 Tied up with the bands of its wisdom and worth,—
 And lo! its chief treasure,
 Its innermost pleasure,
 Was always at Home!

I went to the Palace, and there my fair Queen
 On the arm of Her Husband did lovingly lean,
 And all the dear babes in their beauty were seen,
 In spite of the splendour,
 So happy and tender,
 For they were at Home!

I turn'd to the cottage, and there my poor hind
 Lay sick of a fever,—all meekly resign'd,
 For O! the good wife was so cheerful and kind,
 In spite of all matters,
 An angel in tatters,
 And she was at Home!

I ask'd a glad mother, just come from the post
 With a letter she kiss'd from a far-away coast,
 What heart-thrilling news had rejoiced her the most—
 And—gladness for mourning!
 Her boy was returning
 To love her—at Home!

I spoke to the soldiers and sailors at sea,
 Where best in the world would they all of them be?
 And hark! how they earnestly shouted to me,

With iron hearts throbbing,
And choking and sobbing,
— O land us at Home!

I came to the desk where old Commerce grew grey,
And ask'd him what help'd him this many a day
In his old smoky room with his ledger to stay?
And it all was the beauty,
The comfort and duty,
That cheer'd him at Home!

I ran to the court, where the sages of law
Were wrangling and jangling at quibble and flaw,—
O wondrous to me was the strife that I saw!
But all that fierce riot
Was calm'd by the quiet
That blest them at Home!

I call'd on the school-boy, poor love-stricken lad,
Who yearn'd in his loneliness, silent and sad,
For the days when again he should laugh and be glad
With his father and mother,
And sister and brother,
All happy at Home!

I tapp'd at the door of the year-stricken Eld,
Where age, as I thought, had old memories quell'd,—
But still all his garrulous fancies outwell'd
Strange old-fashion'd stories
Of pleasures and glories
That once were at Home!

I whisper'd the prodigal, wanton and wild,
—How changed from the heart that you had when a child,
So teachable, noble, and modest, and mild!—

Though Sin had undone him,
 Thank GOD that I won him
 By looking at Home!

And then, when he wept and vowed better life,
 I hastened to snatch him from peril and strife,
 By finding him wisely a tender young Wife,—
 Whose love should allure him,
 And gently secure him
 A convert at Home!

So he that had raced after pleasure so fast,
 And still as he ran had its goal overpast,
 Found happiness, honour, and blessing at last
 In all the kind dealings,
 Affections and feelings,
 That ripen at Home!

Rich and Poor.

A BALLAD FOR UNION.

O LADIES, lords, and gentlemen,
 Attend to what I say,
 For well I wot you'll like it when
 You listen to my lay;
 And labourers and weavers too,
 Come near, whoever can,
 I want the best of all of you,
 To build a Noble Man.

The time is past for lofty looks,
 As well as vulgar deeds;
 Religion, common-sense, and books,
 O these are magic seeds!
 They kill whate'er in man was proud,
 And nourish what is wise,
 And feed the humblest of the crowd
 With manna from the skies.

Ay, dreary days of highbred scorn,
 You've somehow died away,—
 And better were the fool unborn,
 Who tries it on to-day:
 Ay, wintry nights of lowbred sin,
 You've stolen out of sight,
 And all things base, without, within,
 Are scatter'd by the light.

Take copy of the small, ye great!
 In all that's free and frank;
 Add cordial ways to courteous state,
 And heartiness to rank:
 Take copy of the great, ye small,
 In all that's soft and fair,
 Honourable to each and all,
 And gentle everywhere!

The Gracious Source of all our wealth
 In body, mind, or store,
 Pours life and light and hope and health
 Alike on rich and poor;
 And though so many covet ill
 Some neighbour's happier state,
 They little heed how kind a Will
 Has fixed them in their fate.

Think, justly think, what liberal aids
Invention gives to all,
While Truth shines out, and Error fades,
Alike for great and small;
How well the rail, the post, the press,
Help universal Man,
The highest peer, and hardly less
The humblest artizan.

Religion, like an angel, stands
To solace every mind;
And Science, with her hundred hands,
Is blessing all mankind;
All eyes may see a beauteous sight,
All ears may hear sweet sound,
And sage-desired seeds of light
Are broadcast all around.

Lo, the high places levelling down!
The valleys filling up!
Magnates, who ought to wear a crown,
Drain Charity's cold cup;
While Industry, of humblest birth,
With Prudence well allied,
O'ertops the topmost peaks of earth,
The palaces of pride.

Be humble then, ye mighty men!
Be humble, poor of earth!
Be GOD alone exalted, when
He speaks by plague and dearth!
Let each be grateful, friendly, true,—
And that will be the plan,
To make of peer, and peasant too,
A truly Noble Man!

The Sabbath.

A BALLAD FOR THE LABOURER.

SIX days in a week do I toil for my bread,
And surely should feel like a slave,
Except for a providence fix'd overhead
That hallowed the duties it gave;
I work for my mother, my babes, and my wife,
And starving and stern is my toil,—
For who can tell truly how hard is the life
Of a labouring son of the soil?

A debt to the doctor, a score at the shop,
And plenty of trouble and strife,—
While backbreaking toil makes me ready to drop,
Worn out and aweary of life!
O, were there no gaps in the month or the year,
No comfort, or peace, or repose,
How long should I battle with miseries here,
How soon be weighed down by my woes?

Six days in the week, then, I struggle and strive,
And O! but the seventh is blest;
Then only I seem to be free and alive,
My soul and my body at rest:
I need n't get up in the cold and the dark,
I need n't go work in the rain,
On that happy morning I wait till the lark
Has trill'd to the sunshine again!

Unhurried for once, well shaven and clean,
With babes and the mother at meals,
I gather what home and its happiness mean,
And feel as a gentleman feels;

Then drest in my best I go blithely to church,
And meet my old mates on the way,
To gossip awhile in the ivy'd old porch,
And hear all the news of the day.

And soon as the chimes of the merry bells cease,
—O rare is the bell-ringers' din!—
We calmly compose us to prayer and to peace,
As Jabez is tolling us in:
And then in the place where my fathers have pray'd,
I praise and I pray at my best,
And smile as their child when I hope to be laid
In the same bit of turf where they rest!

For wisely his Reverence tells of the dead
As living, and waiting indeed
A bright Resurrection,—'twas happily said,—
From earth and its misery freed!
And then do I know that though poor I am rich,
An heir of great glories above,
Till it seems like a throne,—my old seat in the niche
Of the wall of the church that I love!

So, praise the Good LORD for his sabbaths, I say,
So kindly reserved for the poor;
The wealthy can rest and be taught any day,
But we have but one and no more!
Ay,—what were the labouring man without these
His sabbaths of body and mind?
A workweary wretch without respite or ease,
The curse and reproach of his kind!

And don't you be telling me, sages of trade,
The seventh's a loss in my gain;
I pretty well guess of what stuff you are made,
And know what you mean in the main:

You mete out the work, and the wages you fix,
And care for the make, not the men;
For seven you'd pay us the same as for six,
And who would be day-winners then?

No, no, my shrewd masters, thank GOD that His law—
The Sabbath—is law of the land;
Thank GOD that his wisdom so truly foresaw
What mercy so lovingly plann'd:
My babes go to school; and my Bible is read;
And I walk in my holiday dress;
And I get better fed; and my bones lie abed,—
And my wages are nothing the less.

Then Praises to GOD,—and all health to the Queen,—
And thanks for the Sabbath, say I!
It is as it shall be, and ever has been,
The earthgrubber's glimpse at the sky;
The Sabbath is ours, my mates of the field,—
A holiday once in the seven;
The Sabbath to Mammon we never will yield,
It is Poverty's foretaste of Heaven!

“The Lamp upon the Railway Engine.”

A BALLAD OF COMPOSURE.

SHINING in its silver celi,
Like a Hermit calm and quiet,—
Though so near it, hot as hell,
Furious fires rave and riot,—

Posted as an eye in front,
 'Mid the smoke and steam and singeing,
Steadily bears all the brunt,
 The Lamp upon the railway engine.

So, thou traveller of life,
 In the battle round thee crashing
Heed no more the stormy strife
 Than a rock the billows dashing:
Through this dark and dreary night,
 Vexing fears, and cares unhingeing,
Shine, O Mind, aloft, alight,
 The Lamp upon the railway engine.

By the oil of Grace well fed,
 Ever on the Future gazing,
Let the star within thy head
 Steadily and calmly blazing
Hold upon its duteous way
 Through each ordeal unflinching,
Trimm'd to burn till dawn of Day,
 The Lamp upon the railway engine.

Safe behind a crystal shield,
 Though the outer deluge drench us,
Faith forbids a soul to yield,
 And no hurricane can quench us:
No! though forced along by fate
 At a pace so swift and swingeing,
Calmly shine in silver state,
 Ye Lamps on every railway engine.

Labour!

A BALLAD FOR OUR MINES AND MANUFACTORIES.

FAIR work for fair wages!—it's all that we ask,
An Englishman loves what is fair,—
We'll never complain of the toil or the task,
If livelihood comes with the care;
Fair work for fair wages!—we hope nothing else
Of the mill, or the forge, or the soil,
For the rich man who buys, and the poor man who sells,
Must pay and be paid for his toil!

Fair work for fair wages!—we know that the claim
Is just between master and man;
If the tables were turn'd, we would serve him the same,
And promise we will when we can!
We give to him industry, muscle, and thew,
And heartily work for his wealth;
So he will as honestly give what is due,
Fair wages for labour in health!

Enough for the day, and a bit to put by
Against illness, and slackness, and age;
For change and misfortune are ever too nigh
Alike to the fool and the sage;
But the fool in his harvest will wanton and waste,
Forgetting the winter once more,
While true British wisdom will timely make haste
And save for the "basket and store!"

Ay; wantonness freezes to want, be assured,
And drinking makes nothing to eat,
And penury's wasting by waste is secured,
And luxury starves in the street!

And many a father with little ones pale,
So rack'd by his cares and his pains,
Might now be all right if, when hearty and hale,
He never had squander'd his gains!

We know that prosperity's glittering sun
Can shine but a little, and then,
The harvest is over, the summer is done,
Alike for the master and men:
If the factory ship with its Captain on board
Must beat in adversity's waves,
One lot is for all! for the great cotton lord
And the poorest of Commerce's slaves;

One lot! if extravagance reign'd in the home,
Then poverty's wormwood and gall;
If rational foresight of evils to come,
A cheerful complacence in all;
For sweet is the morsel that diligence earn'd,
And sweeter, that prudence put by;
And lessons of peace in affliction are learn'd,
And wisdom that comes from on high!

For God, in His providence ruling above,
And piloting all things below,
Is ever unchangeable justice and love,
In ordering welfare or woe:
He blesses the prudent for heaven and earth,
And gladdens the good at all times,—
But frowns on the sinner, and darkens his mirth,
And lashes his follies and crimes!

Alas! for the babes, and the poor pallid wife
Hurl'd down with the sot to despair,—
Yet,—God shall reward in a happier life
Their punishment, patience, and pray'r!

But woe to the caitiff, who, starved by his drinks,
 Was starving his children as well,—
 O Man, break away from the treacherous links
 Of a chain that will drag you to Hell!

Come along, come along, man! it's never too late,
 Though drowning, we throw you a rope!
 Be quick and be quit of so fearful a fate,
 For while there is life there is hope!
 So wisely come with us, and work like the rest,
 And save of your pay while you can;
 And Heaven will bless you for doing your best,
 And helping yourself like a man!

For Labour is money, and Labour is health,
 And Labour is duty on earth;
 And never was honour, or wisdom, or wealth,
 But Labour has been at its birth!
 The rich,—in his father, his friend, or himself,
 By head or by hand must have toil'd,
 And the brow, that is canopied over with pelf,
 By Labour's own sweat has been soil'd!

The New Bome.

A RHYME FOR THE MILLION.

PENT in wynds and closes narrow,
 Breathing pestilential air,
 Crush'd beneath oppression's harrow,
 Faint with famine, bow'd with care,—
 Gaunt Affliction's sons and daughters!
 Why so slow to hear the call
 Which The Voice upon the waters
 Preaches solemnly to all?

Hark! Old Ocean's tongue of thunder
Hoarsely calling bids you speed
To the shores he held asunder
Only for these times of need;
Now, upon his friendly surges
Ever ever roaring Come,
All the sons of hope he urges
To a new, a richer home!

England and her sea-girt sisters
Pine for want in seeming wealth;
Though the gaudy surface glisters,
This is not the hue of health;
O! the honest labour trying
Vainly here to earn its bread,—
O! the willing workers dying,
Unemploy'd, untaught, unfed!

Thousand sights that melt to pity,—
Move to fear, or—tempt to scorn!
Wretched swarms in field and city,
Wherefore are these paupers born!—
Shall I tell you, heirs of pleasure?
Shall I teach you, sons of pain?
Unto both, each in his measure,
Stir I now this earnest strain.

Lo! to every human creature
Born upon this bounteous earth,
Speaks the GOD of grace and nature,
Speaks for plenty or for dearth;
Till the ground; if not, thou starvest;
Fear shall drive to duteous toil;
Till the ground; a golden harvest
Then shall wave on every soil!

And behold! the KING All-glorious
Unto Britain tythes the world,—
Everywhere her crown victorious,
Everywhere her cross unfurl'd!
God hath giv'n her distant regions,
Broad and rich; and store of ships;
God hath added homeborn legions,
Steep'd in trouble to the lips!

Join then in one holy tether
Those whom Man hath put aside,
Those whom God would link together,
Earth and labour well-applied:
Ho! thou vast and wealthy nation,
Wing thy fleets to every place,
Fertilizing all creation
With the Anglo-Saxon race!

England's frank and sturdy bearing,
Scotland's judgment, true and tried,
Erin's headlong headstrong daring,
And the Welchman's honest pride;—
Send these forth, and tame the savage,
Sow his realms with British homes,
Where till now wild monsters ravage,
Or the wilder Bushman roams!

Let, as erst in Magna Græcia,
Nobles, sages, join the ranks;
And for vacant Austral-Asia
Leave for good these swarming banks;
Not as exiled,—but with honour!
Told in tale, and sung in song;
With the Queen,—GOD's blessing on her!—
Speeding this good work along!

Then the wilderness shall blossom,
And the desert, as the rose;
While dear Earth's maternal bosom
With abundance overflows:
Then shall Britain gladly number
Crowds of children, now her dread,
That her onward march encumber
With the living and — the dead!

Ay, for bitter is the contest
As a struggle, life for life,
Where the very meal thou wantest
Was for little ones and wife,—
Where they slowly pine and perish
That the father may be strong,
Some taskmaster's wealth to cherish,
By his labour, right or wrong!

Haste, then, all ye better natures,
Help in what must bless the World:
See, those cellar-crowded creatures
To despair's own dungeon hurl'd;—
Send—or lead them o'er the waters
To the genial shores, that give
Britain's sacred sons and daughters
Man's great privilege—to Live!

There,—instead of scanty wages,
Grinding rent and parish tax,—
In the wood, unheard for ages,
Rings the cheerful freeman's axe;
Whilst in yonder cozy clearing,
Home, sweet Home, rejoices life,
Full of thoughts and things endearing,
Merry babes and rosy wife!

There,—instead of festering alleys,
 Noisome dirt, and gnawing dearth,—
 Sunny hills and smiling valleys
 Wait to yield the wealth of Earth!
 All She asks is—human labour,
 Healthy in the open air;
 All she gives is—every neighbour
 Wealthy, hale, and happy There!

Calumny.

A BALLAD FOR THE UNLUCKY.

I CAME into trouble; and comforting friends
 For charity hasten'd to find
 The very just cause for such righteous amends
 Rewarding a reprobate mind.

Some hinted, He lives upon victuals—and drink;
 And so, to be honest, I do;
 Some others,—No wonder, we cannot but think,
 The false is unfortunate too:

One said, like a Solomon, Pride has a fall;
 Another condemn'd me for Sloth;
 Another thought neither accounted for all;
 Another felt sure it was both.

Meanwhile was I diligent, humble, and pure,
 And patiently kissing the rod,
 And took it all well, for my spirit was sure
 It came from a covenant God.

Then I look'd in His Bible, and found there a man,
 Like me, with afflictions and friends;
 And learnt that, let Satan do all that he can,
 The Lord will make ample amends.

So, trouble went from me; and Job was made whole;
 And friends slunk away in their shame:
 For Heaven's rich mercy gave body and soul
 Health, honour, good-fortune, and fame.



Mercy to Animals.

A BALLAD OF HUMANITY.

O BOYS and men of British mould,
 With mother's milk within you!
 A simple word for young and old,
 A word to warm and win you;
 You've each and all got human hearts
 As well as human features,
 So hear me, while I take the parts
 Of all the poor dumb creatures.

I wot your lot is sometimes rough;
 But theirs is something rougher,—
 No hopes, no loves,—but pain enough,
 And only sense to suffer:
 You, men and boys, have friends and joys,
 And homes, and hopes in measure,—
 But these poor brutes are only mutes,
 And never knew a pleasure!

A little water, chaff and hay,
 And sleep, the boon of Heaven,
 How great returns for these have they
 To your advantage given :
 And yet the worn-out horse, or ass,
 Who makes your daily gaining,
 Is paid with goad and thong, alas !
 Though nobly uncomplaining.

Stop, cruel boy ! you mean no ill,
 But never thought about it,—
 Why beat that patient donkey still ?
 He goes as well without it :
 Here, taste and try a cut or two,—
 Ha ! you can shout and feel it ;
 Boy—that was Mercy's hint to you,—
 In shorter measure deal it.

Stop, sullen man ! 'tis true to tell
 How ill the world has used you ;
 The farmers did'nt treat you well,
 The squire's self refused you :
 But is that any reason why
 A bad revenge you're wreaking
 On that poor lame old horse,—whose eye
 Rebukes you without speaking ?

O think not thou that this dumb brute
 Has no strong Friend to aid him ;
 Nor hope, because his wrongs are mute,
 They rouse not GOD who made him !
 A little while, and you are — dead,
 With all your bitter feelings ;
 How will the Judge, so just and dread,
 Reward your cruel dealings ?

Go, do some good before you die
To those who make your living;
They will not ask you reasons why,
Nor tax you for forgiving:
Their mouths are mute; but most acute
The woes whereby you wear them;
Then come with me, and only see
How easy 'tis to spare them!

Load for'ard; neither goad, nor flog;
For *rest* your beast is flagging:
And do not let that willing dog
Tear out his heart with dragging:
Wait, wait awhile; those axles grease,
And shift this buckle's fretting;
And give that galling collar ease;—
How grateful is he getting!

So poor yourselves, and short of joys,
Unkindly used, unfairly,
I sometimes wonder, men and boys,
You're merciful so rarely:
If you have felt how hunger gripes,
Why famish and ill use 'em?
If you've been weal'd by sores and stripes,
How can you beat and bruise 'em?

O, fear! lest GOD has taught in vain,
And so your hearts you harden;
Oh, hope! for lo! He calls again,
And *now's* the time for pardon:
Yes, haste to-day to put away
Your cruelties and curses,—
And man at least, if not his beast,
Shall bless me for my verses.

The Dog's Petition:

AGAINST "THE TRUCK SYSTEM."

HAVE pity, Master, on me ! I scarce can drag the load,—
I all but pull my heartstrings out upon this stony road ;
Yet, with a cudgel and a curse my willing toil you pay,
And leap upon the truck behind, to help me on my way !

Half-starved, and weal'd, and bruised, and gall'd, in every bone I
ache,

And strain beneath the crushing load, as if my back would break,
The while athirst I struggle on among these dusty ruts,
And dread the mended places where the flint so sharply cuts !

O Man, O Master ! Nature's hand — (it is the hand of GOD !)
For roads like this made stubborn hoofs,—my soft foot for the sod ;
Built the strong frame of beasts of draught to pull your cart or van,
But gave me nobler sense and wish to be *the friend of Man* !

With faithful zeal to watch the flock or homestead night and day,
To chase your game, or bravely hunt the prowling beasts of prey ;
With joyous love to welcome you, with courage to defend ;—
O Man, art *thou* "the friend of GOD?" — then let me be *thy* friend.

Yes,—learned lords and sporting men, who make or mar the laws,
Why hesitate such ills to cure,—for is there not a cause ?
The town is quit of dor-truck-scamps and cruelties like these,
But in our lonely country lanes they torture as they please.

No eye to see, no hand to help,—(but His, long-suffering still,
 Who yet shall bless good's bruised heel, and crush the head of ill!)
 No pity in the cruel heart to stay the hand that flogs,—
 O senators, consider well the case of country-dogs.

And for your clients, dog-truck-men,—ask all the country through
 In every village, who is worst of all their roughest crew?
 They'll tell you, one and all alike, as honestly they can,
 Our model rogue and thief and sot is — yonder dog-truck-man.

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### “England's Heart!”

#### A WORD OF COMFORT TO THE LOYAL.

ENGLAND'S heart! O never fear  
 The sturdy good old stock;  
 Nothing's false or hollow here,  
 But solid as a rock:  
 England's heart is sound enough,  
 And safe in its old place,  
 Honest, loyal, blithe, and bluff,  
 And open as her face!

England's heart! With beating nerves  
 It rallies for the throne,—  
 And, with Luther, well preserves  
 The knee for GOD alone!  
 England's heart is sound enough,  
 Unshaken and serene,  
 Like her oak-trees true and tough  
 And old,—but glad and green!

England’s heart! All Europe hurld  
 To ruin, strife, and dearth,  
 Sees yet one Zoar in the world,  
 The Goshen of the earth!  
 England’s heart is sound enough,—  
 And—though the skies be dark,  
 Though winds be loud, and waves be rough—  
 Safe, as Noah’s ark!

England’s heart,—Ay, God be praised,  
 That thus, in patriot pride,  
 An English cheer can yet be raised  
 Above the stormy tide:  
 Safe enough, and sound enough,  
 It thrills the heart to feel  
 A man’s a bit of English stuff,  
 True from head to heel!

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### My Own Place.

A RHYME FOR ALL GOOD MEN AND TRUE.

WHOEVER I am, wherever my lot,  
 Whatever I happen to be,  
 Contentment and Duty shall hallow the spot  
 That Providence orders for me;  
 No covetous straining and striving to gain  
 One feverish step in advance,—  
 I know my own place, and you tempt me in vain  
 To hazard a change and a chance!

I care for no riches that are not my right,  
 No honour that is not my due;  
 But stand in my station by day, or by night,  
 The will of my Master to do;

He lent me my lot, be it humble or high,  
And set me my business here;  
And whether I live in His service, or die,  
My heart shall be found in my sphere!

If wealthy, I stand as the steward of my King;  
If poor, as the friend of my Lord;  
If feeble, my prayers and my praises I bring;  
If stalwarth, my pen or my sword:  
If wisdom be mine, I will cherish His gift;  
If simpleness, bask in His love;  
If sorrow, His hope shall my spirit uplift;  
If joy, I will throne it above!

The good that it pleases my GOD to bestow,  
I gratefully gather and prize;  
The evil,—it can be no evil, I know,  
But only a good in disguise;  
And whether my station be lowly or great,  
No *duty* can ever be mean,  
The factory-cripple is fix'd in his fate  
As well as a King or a Queen!

For duty's bright livery glorifies all  
With brotherhood, equal and free,  
Obeying, as children, the heavenly call,  
That places us where we should be;  
A servant,—the badge of my servitude shines  
As a jewel invested by Heaven;  
A monarch,—remember that justice assigns  
Much service, where so much is given!

Away then with "helpings" that humble and harm  
Though "bettering" trips from your tongue,  
Away! for your folly would scatter the charm  
That round my proud poverty hung:

I felt that I stood like a man at my post,  
 Though peril and hardship were there,—  
 And all that your wisdom would counsel me most  
 Is — “Leave it; — do better elsewhere.”

If “better” were better indeed, and not “worse,”  
 I might go ahead with the rest;  
 But many a gain and a joy is a curse,  
 And many a grief for the best:  
 No! — duties are all the “advantage” I use;  
 I pine not for praise or for pelf;  
 And as for ambition, I care not to choose  
 My better or worse for myself!

I will not, I dare not, I cannot! — I stand  
 Where GOD has ordain'd me to be,  
 An honest mechanic — or lord in the land, —  
 HE fitted my calling for me:  
 Whatever my state, be it weak, be it strong,  
 With honour, or sweat, on my face,  
 This, this is my glory, my strength, and my song,  
 I stand, like a star, in MY PLACE.



### “What is a Poet?”

A RHYME FOR THE RHYMESTERS.

No jingler of rhymes, and no mingler of phrases,  
 No tuner of times, and no pruner of daisies,  
 No lullaby lyrist, with nothing to say,  
 No small sentimentalist, fainting away,  
 No Ardert of albums, no trifling Tyrtæus,  
 No bilious misanthrope loathing to see us,

No gradus-and-prosody maker of verses,  
 No Hector of tragedy vapouring curses,—  
 In a word — though a long one — no mere *poetaster*  
 The monkey that follows some troubadour master,  
 And filching from Byron, or Shelley, or Keats,  
 With cunning mosaic his coterie cheats  
 Into voting the poor petty-larceny fool  
 A charming disciple of Wordsworth's own school.

Not a bit of it! — Pilferers, duncy and dreary,—  
 Human society's utterly weary  
 Of gilt insincerities, hopping in verse,  
 And stately hexameters plumed like a hearse,  
 And second-hand sentiment, sugar'd with ice,  
 And a third course of passion, warm'd up very nice,  
 And peaches of wax, and your sham wooden pine,  
 The fitting dessert of a feast so divine!  
 With musical lies and mechanical stuff  
 The verse-ridden world has been pester'd enough:  
 But yet in its heart, if unsmother'd by words,  
 It thrills and it throbs from its innermost chords  
 To generous, truthful, melodious Sense,  
 To beautiful language and feelings intense,  
 To human affection sincerely pour'd out,  
 To eloquence,—tagg'd with a rhyme, or without;  
 To anything tasteful, and hearty, and true,  
 Delicate, graceful, and noble, and new!

Ay; find me the man — or the woman — or child,  
 Though modest, yet bold; and though spirited, mild;  
 With a mind that can think, and a heart that can feel,  
 And the tongue and the pen that are skill'd to reveal,  
 And the eye that hath wept, and the hand that will aid,  
 And the brow that in peril was never afraid;  
 With courage to dare, and with keenness to plan,  
 And tact to declare what is pleasant to man

While guiding and teaching and training his mind,  
 While spurring the lazy, and leading the blind;  
 With pureness in youth, and religion in age,  
 And cordial affections at every stage,—  
 The harp of this woman, this man, or this youth,  
 By genius well strung, and made tuneful by truth,  
 Shall charm and shall ravish the world at its will,  
 And make its old heart yet tremble and thrill,  
 While all men shall own it and feel it and know it  
 Gladly and gratefully,—Here is the Poet!

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### Envy.

#### A WORD TO THE FEW.

WHITELIPP'D sneerer, well I wot  
 How you loathe the great and wise,—  
 How his brightness is a blot  
 On your thunder-mantled skies;  
 How his fame and good men's love  
 Make him hateful in your eyes,  
 And when thus he soars above,  
 How you ache to see him rise!

O you seeming friend, found out,  
 In detraction is your bliss,—  
 Whispering petty blame about,  
 With a subtle serpent's hiss:  
 Lo, the great man scorns it all;  
 Lo, the wise man makes it miss;  
 Lo, the good man greets your gall  
 With a kind forgiving kiss!

Brothers! who have nobly earn'd  
 Thanks and praise at least from *man*,  
 If your good with scorn is spurn'd,  
 And your blessing met by ban,  
 Brothers! heed we not their hate  
 Who would harm but never can,—  
 With the wise, the good, the great,  
 Let us conquer in the van!

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## Welcome!

### A WORD TO THE MANY.

YES! welcome, right welcome—and give us your hand,—  
 I like not to stand in the cold!  
 If new friends are true friends, I can't understand  
 Why hearts should hold back till they're old:  
 For life is so short, and there's so much to do,  
 And so many pleasures and cares—  
 And somewhere I've read that, though angels *are* few,  
 They're frequently met unawares!

The eye of sincerity shines like a star  
 Through the clouds of suspicion and doubt;  
 I love its fair lustre, and lure it from far,  
 And wouldn't for worlds put it out:  
 Away with such wisdom, as risking the chance  
 Of killing young love with old fears—  
 The face that is honest is known at a glance,  
 And needn't be studied for years!

And when petty Prudence would put me to school  
 About caution, and care, and all that,  
 I trust that, like some folks, I yield to the rule  
 Of wearing a head in my hat;

But more that remains is better than brains,  
 And I know not that some folks *are* blest  
 Like me, with a share in a custom more rare,  
 Of wearing a heart in the breast!

Then come with all welcome! I fear not to fling  
 Reserve to the winds and the waves,  
 And never can cling to the cold-blooded thing  
 Society makes of its slaves:  
 Thou dignified dullard, so cloudy and cold,  
 Get out of the sunshine for me;  
 But, hearty good friend! whether new one or old,  
 A Welcome for Ever to thee!

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### Balm.

#### A FEW CONSOLATORY STANZAS.

PATIENCE yet one little hour,  
 Pale, unloved, uncourted flower,  
                   Seeing not the sun;  
 Patience,—heart of depth and duty,  
 Yearning for the smiles of beauty,  
                   Never catching one:

Patience,—martyr following faintly,  
 Gentle nun, serene and saintly,  
                   Kneeling in the dust;  
 Oh not vain thy long-enduring!  
 Still with meekest might securing  
                   Triumph to thy trust!

Hushing every mutter'd murmur,  
Tranquil Fortitude the firmer  
          Girdeth thee with strength;  
While, no treason near her lurking,  
Patience, in her perfect working,  
          Shall be Queen at length.

And, behold! thy pious daring  
Is a glorious crown preparing  
          For thine own sweet brow;  
Precious pearls of softest lustre  
Shall with brightest jewels cluster  
          Where the thorns are now!

Faith and Patience! sister, brother,—  
Lean in love on one another,  
          Calm for good or ill:  
Comforted by surely knowing  
That the Ruler is bestowing  
          Strength in sitting still!

O ye virgin spirits wasting,  
O ye hearts of thousands, hasting  
          Darkly to decay,  
Through the blight of disappointment,—  
Tenderly, with precious ointment,  
          Lull those cares away.

Tenderly, with wise beguilings,  
Court sweet Patience for her smilings  
          On that ruin drear;  
Soon, with other sister graces,  
Shall she make your hearts and faces  
          Laugh away their fear:

Soft Contentment, bright-eyed Duty,  
Faith in his archangel beauty,  
Joy, and Love sublime,  
Follow,—Patience, where thy finger  
Gently beckons Hope to linger  
On the wrecks of time!

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### Selfishness.

#### A BALLAD FOR THE WORLDLY.

How little and how lightly  
We care for one another!  
How seldom and how slightly  
Consider each a brother!  
For all the world is every man  
To his own self alone,  
And all beside no better than  
A thing he does n't own.

And O, the shame and sadness,  
To see how insincerely  
The heart, that in its gladness,  
Went forth to love men dearly,  
Is chill'd, and all its warmth repell'd  
As just a low mistake,  
And half the cordial yearnings quell'd  
It felt for others' sake.

The service it would render  
Is call'd intrusive boldness,  
And thus, that heart so tender,  
Now hardening to coldness,

Returns, returns,—a blighted thing!  
 To scorn those early days,  
 The freshness of its green young spring,  
 Its beauty and its praise.



### Self-Possession.

A BALLAD FOR A MAN'S OWN INNER WORLD.

WHIRLING, eddying, ebbing Present,  
 Foamy tide of strife and noise,  
 Mingled-bitter, mingled-pleasant,  
 Loves and worries, cares and joys,—  
 O ye changing, chancing surges!  
 Calmly doth my Mind forecast  
 How your restless spirit merges  
 In the Future and the Past!

Lo, I stand your master-pilot;  
 Though the cataracts be near,  
 Safe I swing round rock or islet,  
 Strong, and still, and godlike Here!  
 Stout I stand, and sway the tiller  
 Through these rapids glancing down,  
 While the very flood flows stiller,  
 Frozen by my monarch-frown!

O'er the rock-entangled shallows  
 Staunch I steer, adown the stream;  
 And the Past the Present hallows  
 With its melancholy dream,—

And the Future, nearing surely  
 Like Niagara's cliff ahead  
 Steadily I reach, securely  
 As a child that feels no dread!

Yea, though earth be torn asunder,—  
 Or the secret heart be vexed,—  
 Though with elemental thunder  
 Or by petty cares perplexed,  
 Still I stand, and rule the riot;  
 Still my deep calm soul is blest  
 With its own imperial quiet,  
 The sublimity of Rest!

For, a staunch and stalwart true man,  
 Fearing GOD, and none beside,—  
 Nothing more, nor less, than human,  
 Nothing human can betide  
 That may disenthroned a spirit  
 Doom'd to reign in Time's decay,  
 Grandly fated to inherit  
 Endless peace in endless Day!



## §lander.

### A BALLAD OF COMFORT.

NEVER you fear; but go ahead  
 In self-relying strength:  
 What matters it, that malice said,  
 "We've found it out at length!"  
 Found out? found what?—An honest man  
 Is open as the light,  
 So, search as keenly as you can,  
 You'll only find—all right.

Yes, blot him black with slander's ink,  
He stands as white as snow!  
You serve him better than you think,  
And kinder than you know:  
What? is it not some credit, then,  
That he provokes your blame?  
This merely, with all better men,  
Is quite a kind of fame!

Through good report, and ill report,  
The good man goes his way,  
Nor condescends to pay his court  
To what the vile may say:—  
Ay, be the scandal what you will  
And whisper what you please,  
You do but fan his glory still  
By whistling up a breeze.

The little spark becomes a flame  
If you won't hold your tongue;  
Nobody pays you for your blame,  
Nor cares to prove it wrong;  
But if you will so kindly aid  
And prop a good man's peace,  
Why, really one is half afraid  
Your ill report should cease!

Look you! two children playing there  
With battledores in hand  
To keep the shuttle in the air  
Must strike it as they stand;  
It flags and falls, if both should stop,  
To look admiring on,—  
And so Fame's shuttlecock would drop  
Without a Pro and Con!

## Sonnet.

Lo! ye shall take up serpents without fear,  
 And walk on scorpions, scatheless of their sting,  
 And, if ye drink of any deadly thing,  
 It shall not hurt you! What a power is here!  
 A sevenfold buckler to our calm strong hearts  
 Against the feeble, blunted, broken darts  
 Of Hate's fierce frown, or Envy's subtle sneer.  
 O Christian, go straight on,—though Slander rear  
 (To freeze thy warmth) her cold Medusa head;  
 Go on in faith and love, at duty's call:  
 With naked feet on adders shalt thou tread,  
 Meet perils only to surmount them all,  
 And, out of bad men's blame, as good men's praise,  
 Build up God's blessing on thy words and ways!

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The Golden Mean.

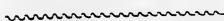
A BALLAD OF WISDOM.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches."

PAGEANTS rare of splendid waste
 Hurried on with glittering haste;
 Honours high, and fashions gay,—
 Teasing pomp by night and day;
 Luxuries that never cease
 Rich in every zest but — peace;
 Flattering homage, sickly sweet,
 Pleasures — pleasures? false and fleet,—
 Who shall swear that rank and wealth
 Have one bliss except by stealth,
 When the great, the rich, the proud
 Stoop to imitate the crowd?

Aching toil, or starving rest;
 Disappointment's bleeding breast;
 Hopes of better, never here;
 Luck a laggard in the rear;
 Cellar, children, curses, cries,
 Furious crime, or fawning lies,—
 Food? the foulest, scantily dealt;
 Pain? ay, pain, for ever felt;
 Who, with Francis, who can praise,
 Poverty, thy works and ways,
 Till they rise above despair,
 Till content hath smother'd care?

Give me, Blessed Father! give
 Just enough in love to live;
 Give me what is truly good—
 Grace, and food, and gratitude;
 Kindly give me patience, health,
 Anything but wasteful Wealth;
 Wisely in Thy mercy grant
 Anything but wasting Want;
 That I may not through excess
 Sin from want or wantonness,—
 That I may be clear and clean,
 Lucid in the Golden Mean.



Time.

A BALLAD FOR THE AGED.

LIGHT as flakes of falling snow
 Drop the silent-footed hours;
 And the days,—they come and go,
 And the years—we scarcely know
 How their frosts, and fruits, and flowers,

Transient crops of weal and woe,
Change, and pass, and perish so!
While we muse upon To-day
Lo! the dream has died away;
And there lives what was To-morrow,
With its present joy or sorrow,
Pains and pleasures, fear and hope,
A variable kaleidoscope:
So on, so on; till years have sped
By tens and twenties over head,
And those flakes that fell unfelt
Have grown to snows—that never melt!

“God preserve the Queen!”

A LOYAL BALLAD, *April*, 1848.

How glorious is thy calling,
My happy Fatherland,
While all the thrones are falling
In righteousness to stand,
Amid the earthquakes heaving thus
To rest in pastures green,—
Then, GOD be praised who helpeth us,
And—GOD preserve the Queen!

How glorious is thy calling!
In sun and moon and stars
To see the signs appalling
Of prodigies and wars,—
Yet by thy grand example still
From lies the world to wean,
Then, GOD be praised who guards from ill,
And—GOD preserve the Queen!

"GOD PRESERVE THE QUEEN!"

Within thy sacred border
Amid the sounding seas,
Religion, Right, and Order
Securely dwell at ease;
And if we lift this beacon bright,
Among the nations seen,
We bless the LORD who loves the right,
And — GOD preserve the Queen!

Fair pastures and still waters
Are ours withal to bless
The thronging sons and daughters
Of exile and distress;
For who so free, as English hearts
Are, shall be, and have been?
Then, GOD be thank'd on our parts,
And — GOD preserve the Queen!

Though strife and fear and madness
Are raging all around,
There still is peace and gladness
On Britain's holy ground;
But not to us the praise,—to us
Our glory is to lean
On Him who giveth freely thus,
And — GOD preserve the Queen!

O nation greatly favour'd,
If ever thou shouldst bring
A sacrifice well savour'd
Of praise to GOD THE KING,
Now, now, let all thy children raise
In faith and love serene,
The loyal patriot hymn of praise
Of — GOD preserve the Queen!

A Ballad for the Prince Alfred;

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, *August 6, 1849.*

A THOUSAND years ago,
A mighty spirit came
To earn himself through weal and woe
An everlasting name!

The Great, the Wise, the Good,
Was Alfred in his time,
And then before his God he stood
An heir of bliss sublime!

And many changes since
And wondrous things have been,
Till in another English prince,
Again is Alfred seen.

Though never call'd to rule,
Nor ever forced to fight,
May he grow up in Alfred's school
A child of love and light:

In Learning and in Grace
Exceeding great and wise,
With goodness run his happy race,
And reign beyond the skies!

A National Anthem for Liberia in Africa.

PRAISE ye the LORD! for this new-born Star,
On the blue firmament blazing afar,
Bless ye the LORD!—our souls to cheer
“The love of liberty brought us here!”

Hail to Liberia's beacon bright,
Luring us home with its silver light,
Where we may sing without peril or fear
“The love of liberty brought us here!”

Hail! new home on the dear old shore
Where Ham's dark sons dwelt ever of yore,
Thou shalt be unto us doubly dear,
For “love of liberty brought us here!”

Come, ye children of Africa, come,
Bring hither the viol, the pipe, and the drum,
To herald this Star on its bright career,
For “love of liberty brought us here!”

Come,—with peace and to all good-will;
Yet ready to combat for insult or ill,—
Come, with the trumpet, the sword, and the spear,
For “love of liberty brought us here!”

Thanks unto GOD! who hath broken the chain
That bound us as slaves on the Western main;
Thanks, white brothers! Oh, thanks sincere,
Whose “love of liberty brought us here!”

Yes,—ye have rescued us as from the grave,
And a freeman made of the desperate slave,
That ye may call him both brother and peer,
For “love of liberty brought us here!”

Thanks! O raise that shout once more,—
Thanks! let it thrill Liberia's shore,—
Thanks! while we our standard rear,
“The love of liberty brought us here!”

Thine, Columbia, thine was the hand
That set us again on our own dear land,
We will remember thee far or near,
For “love of liberty brought us here!”

Yes, Liberia! freemen gave
Freedom and Thee to the ransom'd slave;
Then out with a shout both loud and clear,
“Love of liberty brought us here!”

The Liberian Beacon.

A THOUSAND miles of rugged shore,
And not a lighthouse seen?
Alas, the thousand years of yore
That such a shame hath been!
Alas, that Afric's darkling race,
The savages and slaves,
Never have known the gleam of grace
On their Atlantic waves!

Never — till Now ! O glorious light,
The beacon is ablaze !
And half the terrors of the night
Are scattered by its rays !
Forth from the starry heaven'd West
Was lit this glowing torch,
For, dear Columbia's sons have blest
Liberia with — a Church !

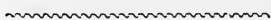
Yes,—young Columbia leads the way,
And shows our hard old world
How slavery in the sight of day
Can wisest be downhurl'd ;
Not by the bloody hand of power
That mangles while it frees,
But by Religion's calmer hour,
And Freedom of the seas !

Yes, brothers ! Patience is the word,—
And Prudence in your zeal :
Where these sweet angels well are heard
They work the common weal :
The North must *wait* ; the South *be wise* ;
And both unite in love
To help the slave beneath the skies
Who is no slave above !

The Liberian Church.

A SONNET.

NOT freedom only be Liberia's boast,—
 Nor chiefly, Africa, thy sons return'd
 To those dear palmy plains and tropic coast
 For which so long in alien climes they yearned:
 No!—but a blessing, to be sought the most
 Wherever men for truest treasure search,
 Shall be thy praise, Liberia!—lo, at length,
 As in St. Cyprian's day, a Christian Church
 With its Apostle stands in holy strength,
 A newlit beacon on poor Afric's shore;
 And round it now the darkling heathen throng,
 And Ethiopia's outstretch'd hands implore
 Of thee, Salvation's hallow'd gospel song,
 Of thee, Liberia, blest for evermore.



A National Prayer against the Cholera.

O GOD! the Good, the Gracious, and the Just,
 Consider Thou, and hear Thy people's prayer;
 In thee alone Thy trembling creatures trust,
 And leave their sorrows to a Father's care.

Through CHRIST who died, we live again to Thee;
 Through CHRIST who lives, we come before Thy throne;
 Though all beside in us corruption be,
 The good He gives we gladly claim and own.

Now, for His sake, (Thy gift to us, our God,)
In mercy look on us, in mercy save;
Take, take away this sharp and chast'ning rod,
And leave us humbly to the good it gave.

We would be kind to Thine own flock, the poor;
We would be wise, and temperate, and clean;
By alms be peaceful, and by prayer secure,
Trust to Thy help, and on Thy promise lean.

Grateful, courageous, penitent, and kind,
O thus let us Thy holy lesson learn;
Win through the body mercies on the mind,
And from this baneful plague Thy blessings earn

Yea, Father, let thy wrath be overpast,
Now bid the sunshine of Thy love appear;
Sweep from the land that pestilential blast,
And haste to save us from the foe we fear!
Who, who shall combat his mysterious might?
Who, but the "stronger than the strong man armed?"—
Help the poor captives in that hideous flight,
And be their terror by Thy mercy charm'd!

Heal thou the sick; deliver Thou the whole;
Bid the fierce Angel spare, and not destroy;
With Thy salvation greet each parting soul,
And turn our sorrows into songs of joy.

Courage.

A BALLAD FOR TROUBLOUS TIMES.

DANGERS do but dare me,
 Terrors cannot scare me,
 GOD my guide, I'll bear me
 Manfully for ever,—
 Trouble's darkest hour
 Shall not make me cower
 To the Spectre's power,—
 Never, never, never!

Up, my heart, and brace thee,
 While the perils face thee,
 In thyself encase thee
 Manfully for ever,—
 Foes may howl around me,
 Fears may hunt and hound me,—
 Shall their yells confound me?
 Never, never, never!

Constant, calm, unfearing,
 Boldly persevering,
 In good conscience steering
 Manfully for ever,—
 Winds and waves defying,
 And on GOD relying,
 Shall HE find me flying?
 Never, never, NEVER!

A Hymn and a Chant.

FOR THE HARVEST-HOME OF 1847

A HYMN.

O NATION, Christian nation,
Lift high the hymn of praise!
The GOD of our salvation
Is love in all his ways;
He blesseth us, and feedeth
Every creature of His hand,
To succour him that needeth
And to gladden all the land!

Rejoice, ye happy people,
And peal the changing chime
From every belfried steeple
In symphony sublime;
Let cottage and let palace
Be thankful and rejoice,
And woods, and hills, and valleys,
Re-echo the glad voice!

From glen, and plain, and city
Let gracious incense rise,
The LORD of life in pity
Hath heard his creatures' cries;
And where in fierce oppressing
Stalk'd fever, fear, and dearth,
He pours a triple blessing
To fill and fatten earth!

Gaze round in deep emotion :
The rich and ripen'd grain
Is like a golden ocean
Becalm'd upon the plain ;
And we, who late were weepers
Lest judgment should destroy,
Now sing because the reapers
Are come again with joy !

O praise the hand that giveth
—And giveth evermore,—
To every soul that liveth
Abundance flowing o'er !
For every soul He filleth
With manna from above,
And over all distilleth
The unction of His love.

Then gather, Christians, gather
To praise with heart and voice
The good Almighty Father,
Who biddeth you rejoice :
For He hath turn'd the sadness
Of His children into mirth,
And we will sing with gladness
The harvest-home of earth !

A CHANT.

O BLESS the GOD of harvest, praise Him through the land,
Thank Him for His precious gifts, His help, and liberal love :
Praise Him for the fields, that have render'd up their riches,
And, dress'd in sunny stubbles, take their sabbath after toil ;
Praise Him for the close-shorn plains, and uplands lying bare,

And meadows, where the sweet-breath'd hay was stack'd in early summer ;

Praise Him for the wheat-sheaves, gather'd safely into barn,
And scattering now their golden drops beneath the sounding flail ;
Praise Him for the barley-mow, a little hill of sweetness,
Praise Him for the clustering hop, to add its fragrant bitter ;
Praise Him for the wholesome root, that fatten'd in the furrow,
Praise him for the mellow fruits, that bend the groaning bough :
For blessings on thy basket, and for blessings on thy store,
For skill and labour prosper'd well, by gracious suns and showers,
For mercies on the home, and for comforts on the hearth,
O happy heart of this broad land, praise the GOD of harvest !

All ye that have no tongue to praise, we will praise Him for you,
And offer on our kindling souls the tribute of your thanks :
Trees, and shrubs, and the multitude of herbs, gladdening the eyes with verdure,

For all your leaves and flowers and fruits, we praise the GOD of harvest !

Birds, and beetles in the dust, and insects flitting on the air,
And ye that swim the waters in your scaly coats of mail,
And steers, resting after labour, and timorous flocks afold,
And generous horses, yoked in teams to draw the creaking wains,
For all your lives, and every pleasure solacing that lot,
Your sleep, and food, and animal peace, we praise the GOD of harvest !

And ye, O some who never pray'd, and therefore cannot praise ;
Poor darkling sons of care and toil and unillumined night,
Who rose betimes, but did not ask a blessing on your work,
Who lay down late, but render'd no thank-offering for that blessing
Which all unsought He sent, and all unknown ye gather'd,—
Alas, for you and in your stead, we praise the GOD of harvest !

O ye famine-stricken glens, whose children shriek'd for bread,
And noisome alleys of the town, where fever fed on hunger,—

O ye children of despair, bitterly bewailing Erin,
 Come and join my cheerful praise, for GOD hath answer'd prayer :
 Praise Him for the better hopes, and signs of better times,
 Unity, gratitude, contentment; industry, peace, and plenty;
 Bless Him that His chastening rod is now the sceptre of forgiveness,
 And in your joy remember well to praise the GOD of harvest!

Come, come along with me, and swell this grateful song,
 Ye nobler hearts, old England's own, her children of the soil:
 All ye that sow'd the seed in faith, with those who reap'd in joy,
 And he that drove the plough afield, with all the scatter'd gleaners,
 And maids who milk the lowing kine, and boys that tend the
 sheep,
 And men that load the sluggish wain or neatly thatch the rick,—
 Shout and sing for happiness of heart, nor stint your thrilling
 cheers,
 But make the merry farmer's hall resound with glad rejoicings,
 And let him spread the hearty feast for joy at harvest-home,
 And join this cheerful song of praise,—to bless the GOD of harvest!

Harvest Hymn

FOR 1849.

AGAIN, through every county
 Of Britain's happy shores
 The Great Creator's bounty
 Unstinted plenty pours;
 Again to Him returning
 In thankfulness we raise,
 Our hearts within us burning,
 The sacrifice of praise.

O great as is Thy glory,
Thy goodness doth excel!
What harp can hymn the story?
What tongue the tale can tell?
The boundless breadth of Nature
Is spread beneath Thy throne,
And every living creature
Is fed by Thee alone!

Rejoice! for overflowing
Is each abundant field;
The Lord has blest the sowing,
The Lord has blest the yield:
The mower has mown double,
The reaper doubly reap'd,
And from the shining stubble
Her head the gleaner heap'd!

Rejoice! for mercy blesses,
And judgment smites no more;
The God of grace possesses
Araunah's threshing-floor:
The gains of honest labour
Are shower'd from above,
And neighbour looks on neighbour
In happiness and love.

O men of all conditions,
The high, or humbly-born,—
Away with low seditions!
Away with lofty scorn!
Mix kindly with each other,—
For God has given to all
The common name of brother,
And gladdens great and small.

And Erin! thou that starvest
 So patient on thy sod,—
 To thee, to thee, this harvest
 Is come, the gift of GOD!
 Cheer up, though woes oppress thee;
 Be diligent and true;
 And, with thy Queen to bless thee,
 HER KING SHALL BLESS THEE TOO!

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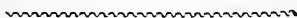
### A Harvest Hymn

FOR 1850.

PRAISE ye the Lord for his bountiful favour,—  
 O let the people be glad and rejoice!  
 High shall the hymn, an acceptable savour,  
 Rise to His throne from the heart and the voice:  
 For the Great King in His royal redundance  
 Fills us with blessings enough and to spare,  
 Fruits in full plenty, and bread in abundance,—  
 Glory to GOD for His fatherly care!

O all ye nations! from season to season  
 Kindly commands He the earth that it yield  
 Then let us render in right and in reason  
 Gratitude due for the gifts of the field;  
 Diligence, faith, and contentment are Duty,  
 And if He blesses them all with increase,  
 Thank Him, that earth in its bounty and beauty  
 Pours on us wealth, and abundance, and peace

We are His children, and God our Father;  
 Then will we love one another the more;—  
 While He is generous, let us the rather  
 Thank him for blessing the basket and store!  
 Earth is Man's heritage, granted by heaven;  
 If the Great Master has made us His heirs  
 Here and hereafter redeem'd and forgiven,—  
 O let us greet Him with praises and pray'rs!



### Hop-Picking.

A THYRSUS grove it seem'd, of standing spears  
 Wildly festoon'd with gadding wreaths of green;  
 Yet, not as if old Bacchus and his peers  
 In tipsy rout and frolic there had been  
 To hurl them up on end with all their sheen,—  
 But orderly set forth in warrior rank  
 Giants array'd, with fighting-room at flank,  
 Caparison'd, and heavily plumed a-top  
 With clustering bells:—and, are these Dryad bands,  
 Or groups of Oreades, so blythely seen  
 To gather in with songs that golden crop,  
 Crushing its fragrance in their sportive hands?  
 No! dreamer:—let Arcadian fancies drop;  
 These are but hop-pickers,—and that the Hop.

## A Short Reply.

TO ONE WHO "DISLIKED POETRY."

LADY, thou lovest high and holy Thought  
 And noble Deeds, and Hopes sublime or beauteous,  
 Thou lovest charities in secret wrought,  
 And all things pure, and generous, and duteous;  
 What then if these be drest in robes of power,  
 Triumphant WORDS, that thrill the heart of man,  
 Conquering for good beyond the flitting hour,  
 With stately march, and music in the van?



## Charity !

A WORD TO THE RICH.

*Written for the Liverpool Hospitals, Aug. 1849.*

FOR Charity's sake! to the poor of the land  
 Your generous blessing extend,—  
 While Need and Affliction with suppliant hand  
 Solicit your help as a friend;  
 Remember, the Master of these, as of us,  
 On earth was a brother in need,  
 And all that ye give to the desolate thus,  
 To Him do ye give it indeed!

To Him!—in his Judgment, a fiery sword  
 Hath smitten, and scatter'd, and slain:  
 To Him!—in His Mercy, the sword of the LORD  
 Returns to its scabbard again:

To Him!—for the GOD who was pleased to be Man,  
In reason expects of His kin  
To strive against evil, and do what we can  
To chase away sorrow and sin.

O Britain! dear home of the good and the great,  
The kind, and the fair, and the free,—  
The nations applaud thee for strength and for state,  
And marvel thy glory to see:  
Because—through the length and the breadth of thy land  
True Charity scatters her seed;  
And Heaven still strengthens the heart and the hand  
That blesses a brother in need!

Ay, Britain! the destitute's refuge and rest,  
O'ershadow'd with olives and palms,  
In war thou art prosper'd, in peace thou art blest  
Because of thy prayers and thine alms:  
The soft rain of heaven makes fertile thy fields,  
And so in sweet incense again  
It rises like dew o'er the harvest it yields,  
To solace the children of pain.

Then hasten, ye wealthy! to bless and be blest,  
By giving to GOD of His own:  
He asks you to help the diseased and distrest,  
He pleads in the pang and the moan!  
In vain?—can it be?—shall the Saviour in vain  
Petition His pensioners thus?  
Oh no! with all gladness we give Him again  
What He giveth gladly to us!

## The Man about Town.

EVIL-EYED loiterer, pilgrim of fashion,  
Sunless and hard is thy frost-bitten heart;  
Scoffing at nature's affection and passion,  
Till thou hast made the sad angels depart:  
Sinner and fool! to be searing and sealing  
All the sweet fountains of spirit and truth—  
Quick to be free from the freshness of feeling,  
Swift to escape from the fervours of youth.  
Woe to thee—woe! for thy criminal coldness;  
Oh, I could pity thee, desolate man,  
But that those eyes, in their insolent boldness,  
Tempt me to scorn such a state, if I can:  
Wearied of hunting the shadows of pleasures,  
Thou art half dead in the prime of thy days,  
Emptied of Heaven's and Earth's better treasures,  
Victim and slave to the world and its ways!  
Early and late at thy dull dissipation,  
Listlessly indolent even in sin,  
What is thy soul but a pool of stagnation,  
Calmness without, and corruption within?  
Happiness, honour, and peace, and affection—  
These were thy heritage every one,—  
But as thou meetest them all with rejection,  
They have rejected thee, Prodigal Son!  
O that humility, gracious as duteous,  
Lighten'd those eyelids so heavy with scorn!  
O that sincerity, blessed as beauteous,  
Gilded thy night with the promise of morn!  
Frankness of mind is the best of high breeding—  
Kindness of soul the true Gentleman's part;  
And the first fashion all fashions exceeding,  
Is the warm gush of a generous heart!

## A Prayer for the Land.

*August 6, 1848.*

ALMIGHTY FATHER! hearken,—  
    Forgive, and help, and bless,  
Nor let thine anger darken  
    The night of our distress;  
As sin and shame and weakness  
    Are all we call our own,  
We turn to Thee in meekness,  
    And trust on Thee alone.

O GOD, remember Zion,—  
    And pardon all her sin!  
Thy mercy we rely on  
    To rein Thy vengeance in:  
Though dark pollution staineth  
    The temple Thou hast built,  
Thy faithfulness remaineth,—  
    And that shall cleanse the guilt!

To Thee, then, Friend All-seeing,  
    Great source of grace and love,  
In whom we have our being,  
    In whom we live and move,—  
Jerusalem, obeying  
    Thy tender word, "Draw near,"  
Would come securely, praying  
    In penitence and fear.

Thou knowest, LORD, the peril  
    Our ill deserts have wrought,  
If earth for us is sterile  
    And all our labour nought!

Alas,—our righteous wages  
Are famine, plague, and sword,  
Unless Thy wrath assuages  
In mercy, gracious LORD!

For lo! we know Thy terrors  
Throughout the world are rife,  
Seditions, frenzies, errors,  
Perplexities and strife!  
Thy woes are on the nations,  
And Thou dost scatter them,—  
Yet heed the supplications  
Of Thy Jerusalem!

Truth, LORD, we are unworthy,  
Unwise, untrue, unjust,  
Our souls and minds are earthy,  
And cleaving to the dust:  
But pour Thy graces o'er us,  
And quicken us at heart,—  
Make straight Thy way before us,  
And let us not depart!

Turn us, that we may fear Thee,  
And worship day by day,—  
Draw us, that we draw near Thee,  
To honour and obey;  
Be with us all in trouble,  
And, as our SAVIOUR still,  
Lord, recompense us double  
With good for all our ill!

Though we deserve not pity,  
Yet, LORD, all bounty yield,—  
All blessings in the city,  
And blessings in the field,

## A PRAYER FOR THE LAND.

On folded flocks and cattle,  
 On basket and on store,  
 In peace, and in the battle,  
 All blessings evermore!

All good for earth and heaven!—  
 For we are bold to plead  
 As through thy SON forgiven,  
 And in Him sons indeed!  
 Yea, FATHER! as possessing  
 In Thee our FATHER-GOD,  
 Give, give us every blessing,  
 And take away Thy rod!

~~~~~  
 Praise!

A RESPONSE TO "THE PRAYER FOR THE LAND."

September 18, 1848.

WE thank Thee, King of Heaven!
 We bless Thee, glorious LORD!
 Because Thy grace hath given
 The mercies we implored;
 Because Thy love rejoices
 To smile Thy wrath away,
 We come with hearts and voices
 To praise as well as pray!

O now regard with favour
 The sacrifice we bring,
 As incense of sweet savour,
 As Abel's offering;
 As Noah's, when he raised Thee
 An altar near the ark;
 As Jonah's, when he praised Thee
 Beneath the waters dark!

For lo! Thy bounteous promise
Is sure to those who pray,
Averting evil from us
And helping us alway;
And though we all have wander'd
In sinfulness and shame,—
Yet once again our standard
We set up in thy name!

Thy constant mercy deigneth
A covenant of peace;
So long as earth remaineth,
Its plenty shall not cease;
Still in Thy holy keeping
Our grateful eyes behold
The sowing and the reaping,
As in the days of old!

Yea,—though in righteous reason
Thy judgments might have frown'd,
The harvest in its season
Hath joyfully come round;
And while our sins are grievous
And make us fear the rod,
Thy pity doth relieve us
Because we hope in GOD!

Thee, Thee alone for ever
Thy children still shall praise,
And duteously endeavour
To walk in all Thy ways;
Still hoping and still asking
Thy pardon and Thy love,
And in the sunshine basking
Of blessings from above!

Liberty — Equality — Fraternity.

LIBERTY.

LIBERTY! — Who shall be free? —

The winds of the air, and the waves of the sea,
 And the beast in his lair, and the bird on its tree,
 And the savage who battles with boars and with bears
 For the root that he grubs, or the flesh that he tears,—
 Liberty, these are for thee!

Liberty? — How can it be

That reason, and duty, and science, and skill,
 And order, and beauty, are lawgivers still,
 And yet that responsible Man can be found
 Untrammell'd by rules, and by harness unbound? —
 Liberty, No man is free.

Liberty? — sadness to see

Were the heart without love, or the mind without fear
 For The Father above, and His Family here;
 And faith and affection, constraining or fond,
 What are they but chains, an invincible bond,
 Liberty, manacling Thee?

Liberty, look not on me

With a Siren's smile on thy beautiful face,
 And a treacherous wile in thy warm embrace:
 No! let me feel fetter'd,—a martyr, a slave
 To honour and duty from cradle to grave!
 Liberty, I'll none of Thee.

Liberty! — “fetter’d,” yet free :

For the chain that we wear is of roses and balm,
 And the badge that we bear is The Conqueror’s palm,
 And the licence we loathe is a freedom to Sin,
 And the thralldom we love is Obedience within,
 Liberty, leading to Thee !

Liberty! — for thou shalt be

My glorious reward in a happier clime,
 From the hand of my LORD, who hath bound me to Time
 As a bondsman here for a year and a day
 To reign as a King for ever and aye,
 Holy, and happy, and Free !

EQUALITY.

PINING Envy’s feeble hope,
 Shipwreck’s last despairing rope,
 Idle wish from Satan sent,
 Ruffian prize of Discontent,
 Dull debasing sordid thing
 Crushing down each generous spring,
 Stern Procrustes’ iron bed
 To rack the feet or lop the head,—
 Where in all life’s social book
 Shall your purblind statesman look,
 Where,—Equality, to find
 A sillier lie to cheat mankind ?

Tell the truth, yea tell it out,
 Nature, without fear or doubt;
 Tell it out that never yet
 Have two utter equals met:
 Leaves and fruits on every tree,
 Fowls and fish of air and sea,

Stars on high with all their host,
Pebbles from a kingdom's coast;
Search them all, some difference still
Clings to each for good or ill;
Search the world—all worlds—around,
Perfect twins were never found;
Babes of various realm and race,
Men of every age and place,
Gifts of GOD, or wise denials,
Pleasures, sorrows, triumphs, trials,
All things differ everywhere,—
Never two can start quite fair,—
Never two could keep the start
In soul or body, mind or heart,
While the shortest winter's day
To its morrow gloom'd away!

Would then Vanity, and Sloth,
And Disappointment, scorning both,
And Pride and Meanness, hand in hand
With Crime and low Ambition stand
To scheme and plot a wholesome plan
Utterly to ruin Man,—
Then should they level love and hate,
And grind to atoms all things great,
Corrupt all good, befoul all fair,
Make gladness weep, and hope despair,
And, impotent to raise the dead,
Kill the living in their stead,
By working out the poison'd lie
Your sages call Equality.

No! thou phantom false and fair,
Rainbow-castle in the air,

Fit enough for fays or elves,
But not for mortals like ourselves,
In this hive of human kind,
Where some can see, and some are blind,
Where some will work though others play,
And many swear while many pray,
Where disease and age at length
Must bend and bow to manhood's strength,
Where every one of GOD's good gifts
The favour'd from his fellow lifts,—
Equal!—equal?—tush: the word
In truer letters spells absurd.

Equal? there is One alone
Reigns Coequal on His throne;
Nor can any creature dare
With such Essence to compare.
All things else through change and chance,
And time and place and circumstance,
And partial Providence most just,
And man's 'I will,' and GOD's 'you must,'—
All things, differing each from each,
Vainly still their lesson teach,
If Equality be thus
Possible or wise for us,
Where with various means and powers
In a trial-world like ours
We must work as best we may,
And leave it to The Judgment Day
To declare how ill or well
Earth's advantages may tell:
Then, shall equal meed be given
By the justice of High Heaven:
Then shall compensation true
Set us all in places new;

And,—how many counted first
 There shall stand the worst accurst!
 And,—how many here so poor,
 Lazarus laid at Dives' door,
 There, instead of last and least,
 First shall sit at Life's great feast!

FRATERNITY.

AWAY, away, Suspicion!
 And hail, thou generous heat;
 With tears of just contrition
 Let me wash my brother's feet:
 For I have sinn'd,—how often!
 While Charity stood by
 This stony heart to soften,
 And to melt this frozen eye!

Yes,—I have err'd, like others,
 By coldness and constraint,
 Forgetting we are brothers,
 The sinner as the saint,—
 All children of one Father,
 All guilty and all weak,
 And bound by these the rather
 Every wanderer to seek!

Awake then! holy yearning
 The hearts of men to thrill,—
 Ascend! sweet incense burning
 To warm the human will;
 O let us dare with boldness
 To burst this girdling chain
 Of common social coldness,
 And to love as babes again!

In frankness, and in fairness,
 Go forth and reap the earth,—
 Its richness and its rareness,
 Its more than money's-worth;
 Go forth, and win from others
 Their honour and their love,
 By treating them as brothers
 And the sons of GOD above!

For in that brighter Sequel
 To which our beings tend
 At last we shall be equal
 In One Redeeming Friend!
 And He, who made us brothers,
 Our LORD, and brother too,
 Hath gone before the others
 To prepare for them and you!

Thus then shall heirs of heaven,
 But not the slaves of sin,—
 Forgiving and forgiven
 This holy triad win;
 Free,—equal,—and fraternal,
 In GOD's own way and time,
 To live the life eternal,
 And to love the love sublime!

Martin Luther.

LUTHER Eleutheros! thou lion-heart,
 Call'd by a name predestined to be Free,
 Nobly thou didst the Christian warrior's part,—
 Paul and Ignatius fought again in thee:
 My glorious namesake, what a praise to me,
 By nation, name, and nature too, thou art,

Martin Eleutheros! my Saxon chief!

I, too, would scorn to bend a slavish knee,
Or bate one tittle of my firm belief,

Or seem some other than I boast to be—

No human master's servant: in thy strength,
The ROCK OF AGES, is my spirit strong;
And resolutely will I lead along,

Like thee, for truth, and good, and GOD at length.

Soho!

COOL and sweet is the breath of the morn,
And dew-beads glitter on thistle and thorn;
And linnets and larks are beginning to trill
Their psalm to the sun just over the hill,
And all things pleasant, and pure, and fair
Bathe in the balmy morning air.

Hist! the turf is under thy feet,
Over it steadily,—sure and fleet!
Steadily, Wonder!—quietly now;
Why, what a hot little fool art thou!
Wild and wanton!—it's very unkind
To leave poor Gael so panting behind;—

Ho! my greyhound! Soho!—a hare!
Good dog: after her!—soft and fair;
Off does she fly, and away does he bound,—
Glorious! how we are skimming the ground!
Heels above head,—over she goes!
And pussy squeals at my greyhound's nose

Home : hark back ! — the games are done,
 Though Cæsar's self has barely begun :
 Look ! let him change the spur for the pen,
 To hunt and to harry the hearts of men,—
 Possibles do, and impossibles dare,
 And gallop in spirit everywhere !



Revisiting Charterhouse,

"AFTER LONG YEARS."

Dec. 12, 1848.

A SHADOW, a vapour, a tale that is told,—
 Ah ! where is the figure so true
 As justly to picture my bygones of old
 Uprising in dreamy review ?
 Those dim recollections, sepulchral and cold,
 The ancient obscured by the new,
 As over these hill-tops are mistily roll'd
 Those ghost-looking columns of dew !

I went to the place that had known me of yore,
 To see its familiar face ;
 And mournfully stood,—for it knew me no more ;
 All strange did I stand in that place !
 And it seem'd as if Hadēs had render'd its dead
 When, less by the sight than the sound,
 At the hint of a voice, in a snow-sprinkled head
 Some school-fellow's features I found.

O changes in feeling, O chances of life!
O mercies, and perils, and fears!
What ages of trial, and travail, and strife
Have sped since those holiday years!
In half-drowning vision, as seen in a glass,
On a sudden the sorrows and joys
Of twenty long winters all hurriedly pass,
And, look for once more we are boys!

Yet here, like the remnant of some gallant crew
Just snatch'd from the deep in the dark,
We gaze on each other, a storm-batter'd few
Adrift on a perilous bark!
And mournful as Life, and mysterious as Death,
Our commonplace converse is heard,
For we feel as we speak that we live in a breath,
And haply might die in a word!

And feelings are fickle,—and riches have wings,
And nothing is steady or sure,
And even affections are changeable things,
And—where can a heart be secure?
Ah! clouded and dreary and solemn and still,
And as by some nightmare oppress,—
Come, heart! break away from this choke and this chill,
In God and thyself ever blest!

The Sisters.

A ROMAUNT, FOR MUSIC.

ALL-BEAUTEIOUS Lady Arabell
Glanced scornfully aside,—
Alas! for he hath loved her well,
In spite of all her pride;
Yet coldly to that noble heart
In all its glowing youth,
Away! she cried,—and spurn'd aside
Its tenderness and truth.

Away!—and at her feet he fell
As cold and white as stone!
And heartless Lady Arabell
Has left him all alone;
Alone, to live? alone, to die?
Alone?—Yet who art thou,—
Some guardian angel from the sky
To bless and aid him now?

Ah! Florence loves young Cecil well,
And pines this many a day,—
For star-eyed sister Arabell
Hath won his heart away,—
Hath won it all by treacherous arts
To fling it all aside,
And break a pair of loving hearts
For triumph and for pride!

Fair Florence with her eyes of blue
And locks of golden light;
Dark Arabell's of raven hue
With flashing orbs of night;

And has young Cecil chosen well
Between that sister pair,
The proud and brilliant Arabell
Or gentle Florence fair?

O bitter morn! O blessed morn!
For lo, he turns to love
No more that raven queen of scorn,
But this sweet sister dove:
In spite of lustrous Arabell
And all her envious pride,
Young Cecil loves his Florence well,
And — Florence is his bride.



Energy.

INDOMITABLE merit
Of the Anglo-Saxon mind!
That makes a man inherit
The glories of his kind,
That scatters all around him
Until he stands sublime
With nothing to confound him,
The Conqueror of Time,—
O mighty Perseverance!
O Courage stern and stout!
That wills and works a clearance
Of every rabble rout,—
That cannot brook denial
And scarce allows delay,
But wins from every trial
More strength for every day,—

Antagonistic Power!

I praise,—for praise I can,—
The GOD, the place, the hour
That makes a man a Man,—
The GOD—from whom all greatness,
The place, Old England's shore,
The hour, an hour of lateness
(For Time shall soon be o'er)
The Man,—ay, every brother
Of Anglo-Saxon race
Who owns an English mother
And Freedom's dwelling-place!

I feel, I feel within me
That courage self-possess'd,—
The force, that yet shall win me
The brightest and the best,—
The stalwarth English daring
That steadily steps on,
Unswerving and unsparing,
Until the world is won,—
The boldness and the quiet
That calmly go ahead,
In spite of wrath and riot,
In spite of quick and dead,—
Hot Energy to spur me,
Keen Enterprise to guide,
And Conscience to upstir me,
And Duty by my side,
And Hope before me singing
Assurance of success,
And rapid Action springing
At once to nothing less,
And all the mighty movings
That wrestle in my breast,

The longings and the lovings,
The Spirit's glad unrest,
That scorns excuse to tender
Or Fortune's favour ask,
And never will surrender
Whatever be the task!

I cannot wait for chances,
For luck I will not look;
In faith my spirit glances
At Providence, God's book;
And there discerning truly
That right is might at length,
I dare go forward duly
In quietness and strength,
Unflinching and unfearing,
The flatterer of none,
And in good courage wearing
The honours I have won!
Let circumstance oppose me,
I beat it to my will;
And if the flood o'erflows me,
I dive and stem it still;
No hindering dull Material
Shall conquer or control
My energies ethereal
My gladiator Soul!
I will contrive occasion,
Not tamely bide my time;
No Capture, but Creation
Shall make my sport sublime;
Let lower spirits linger
For hint and beck and nod,
I always see the finger
Of an onward-urging God!

Not selfish, not hard-hearted,
Not vain, nor deaf, nor blind,
From wisdom not departed,
But in humbleness of mind,
Still shall mine independence
Stand manfully alone,
Nor dance a dull attendance
At any mortal throne ;
Disciple of no teacher
Except the ONE in Heaven,
And yielding to no creature
The Reason He hath given !
O thus, while contemplation
In faith beholds above
My glorious hope, Salvation,
Eternity of Love,
And while a Saxon spirit
Is bubbling from my heart
To strengthen and upstir it
To play a giant's part,
No hindrance, nor misfortune,
No man's neglect, nor ill,
Shall bend me to importune
One weak indulgence still,
But with my God to nerve me
My soul shall overwhelm
All circumstance to serve me
In my Spiritual Realm !

"Non Angli sed Angeli."

In Illustration of the Anglo-Saxon Map.

Ho! ye swift messengers out of the North,
 Mercy's ambassadors,—haste to go forth!
 Speedily let your broad sails be unfurl'd,
 Winging your errand all over the world,
 Wafting your message of peace and goodwill,
 Brotherhood, godliness, science, and skill!

Ye are the salt of the earth, and its health,—
 Ye are its gladness, its wisdom, and wealth,—
 Ye are its glory! O Britain, thy sons,
 Thy stout Anglo-Saxons, thy resolute ones,
 Ever triumphant on every shore,
 Are only triumphant for Good evermore!

Ministers bright of the bounties of God,
 Where is the land by these angels untrod?
 Tell it out, Africa, China, and Scinde,
 And Isles of the Sea, and the uttermost Inde,
 Tell out their zeal, and their grandeur of soul,
 From the sands of the Line, to the snows of the Pole!

Tell out the goodness, the greatness, the grace,
 That follow their footsteps in every place!
 Tell it out, thou, the first cradle of Man,
 Teeming with millions, serene Hindostan,—
 Tell how fair commerce, and just-dealing might,
 Have blest thee with peace, and adorn'd thee with light!

Boundless Australia, help of the age,
 And heirloom of hope on Futurity's page,
 Lo! thy vast continent, silent and sad,
 With the song of the Saxon has learnt to be glad;

Rejoicing to change the wild waste and the fen
Into wide-waving harvests and cities of men!

Mighty Columbia, Star of the West,
See, 'tis a world by the Saxon possest!
Glorious and glad, from the North to the South,
Your millions praise GOD with an Englishman's mouth!
And all love a land where at home they would be,
England, old England, the Home of the Free!

Dotted about on the width of the world,
Her beacon is blazing, her flag is unfurl'd;
Not a shore, not a sea, not a deep desert wild,
But pays its mute homage to Energy's child,—
Not a realm, not a people, or kingdom, or clan,
But owns him the chief of the children of Man!

The foaming Atlantic hath render'd its isles,
And the dark Caribbean its tropical smiles,
And Southern Pacific those many-hued flowers,
And Europe's Mid-Ocean these temples and towers,—
Their tribute the seas of Old India bring,
And Borneo is proud of her new British King!

Yes! for dear Britain, the Mother of Men,
Rules all, under GOD, by the sword and the pen:
She is the Delphi, the heart of the earth,
The rock-rushing spring of humanity's worth;
And, if two hemispheres prosper, the cause
Lies in old England's Religion and Laws!

Yes! for her realm is the Goshen of light;
The wings of these Angels have scatter'd the night!
Duteous and daring, as beauteous and strong,
They are helpers of Right, and avengers of Wrong,
Fair in their souls as their eyes and their locks,
Stout in their hearts as their oaks and their rocks!

Country Life. I.

THINK not thou that fields and flowers,
Copses and Arcadian bowers,
 Grow the crop of Peace:—
In this model life of ours
 Worries seldom cease!

Think not Envy, Hatred, Malice
Seethe alone in town and palace;
 For on Eden first,
Pour'd from evil's caldron-chalice,
 Those hot geysers burst!

Though the scene be sweet and smiling,
And the silence most beguiling,
 And so pure the air,—
Man, his paradise defiling,
 Pours a poison there!

Look at yonder simple village,
With its church and peaceful tillage,
 Seemingly so blest;—
Mutual hate and mutual pillage
 Truly tell the rest!

With the tongue's destroying sabre,
Neighbour battles against neighbour,
 Whilst each other's glance
Tyranny and servile Labour
 Scowling watch askance!

Wealth, well fawn'd on, and — well-hated;
 Want,—with brutal malice mated;
 And, to teach the twain,
 Shallow priestcraft, self-inflated,
 Dreary, dull, and vain!

Ay, Charles Lamb, the wise and witty,
 Gentle lover of the city,
 Sensibly he spoke,
 When he dealt his pungent pity
 To us country folk:

All for arson insecurely,
 All for slander little purely,
 Vext with petty strife,—
 Let no silly mortal surely
 Covet country life.

II.

Stop!—malign not country pleasure;
 For there is unminted treasure
 In its quiet calm;
 In its garden-loving leisure
 Gilead's very balm!

In its duties, peace-bestowing,
 In its beauties, overflowing
 All the dewy ground,
 In its mute religion, glowing
 Everywhere around:

In its unobtrusive sweetness,
 In its purity, and meetness
 For contented minds,
 And the beautiful completeness
 Man in Nature finds.

Yes,—it is no fault of Nature's,
If the vice of fallen creatures
 Spots her with a curse;
Man in towns hath viler features,
 And his guilt is worse.

Troubles, cares, and self-denials,
These are no such special vials
 Pour'd on fields and flowers;
But there always must be trials
 In this world of ours.

Country life,—let us confess it,—
Man will little help to bless it,
 Yet, for gladness there,
We may readily possess it
 In its native air.

Rides and rambles, sports and farming,
Home, the heart for ever warming,
 Books, and friends, and ease,—
Life must after all be charming,
 Full of joys like these.

Yes, however little gaily,
And—for man, however frailly
 Check'd with sin and strife,—
Wisdom rests contented daily
 With a country life.

Fons Parnassi.

THE SOLACE OF SONG.

EVER babbling, ever bubbling,
 Bright as light, and calmly clear,
 Cure for every trial troubling,
 Solace ever new and near,
 Fons Parnassi! free and flowing,
 Fons Parnassi! glad and glowing,
 Rarefied creative pleasure!

O they lie who say that Song
 Is a merely graceful measure,
 Just a luxury of leisure,

Not an anthem sweet and strong
 Rich in spiritual treasure
 That to Seraphs might belong,—
 Not a tender consolation

All the cares of life among,
 Not the balm of broad creation

In this maze of right and wrong,—
 Not the secret soul's distilling,
 Every nerve and fibre filling
 With intense ecstatic thrilling,—

 Evoe! Fons Parnassi,
 Fons ebie Parnassi!

Ah! thou fairy fount of sweetness,

Well I wot how dear thou art
 In thy purity and meetness

To my hot and thirsty heart,
 When, with sympathetic fleetness,
 I have raced from thought to thought,
 And, array'd in maiden neatness,
 By her natural taste well taught,

Thy young Naiad, thy Pieria,
 My melodious Egeria,
 Winsomely finds out my fancies
 Frank as Sappho, as unsought,—
 And with innocent wife-like glances
 Close beside my spirit dances,
 As a sister Ariel ought,—
 Tripping at her wanton will,
 With unpremeditated skill,
 Like a gushing mountain rill,
 Or a bright Bacchante reeling
 Through the flights of thought and feeling,
 Half concealing, half revealing
 Whatso'er of Spirit's fire,
 Beauty kindling with desire,
 Can be caught in Word's attire!
 Evoe! Fons Parnassi!
 Fons ebrie Parnassi!

St. Martha's.

NEAR GUILDFORD, SURREY, 1838.

HOLY precinct, mount of GOD,
 Where saints have bled, and pilgrims trod,
 Martyr's hill — thy nobler name,
 Martyr's hill — thy fairer fame
 Than as call'd of her, whose heart
 Chose but late the better part,—
 Unto thee my praise I bring,
 Thee my soul delights to sing.

Lo, the glorious landscape round!
Tread we not enchanted ground?
From this bold and breezy height
The charm'd eye sends its eagle flight
O'er the panoramic scene,
Undulating, rich, and green;
And with various pleasure roves
From hill and dale, to fields and groves,
Till the prospect mingling grey
With the horizon fades away,
Shutting in the distant view
By fainter lines of glimmering blue.

Start we from the warm South-East;
Spread the fine pictorial feast:
There the landmark tower of Leith
Sentinels its purple heath;
Nearer, Holmbury's moated hill,
Highden-ball, and Ewhurst mill,
Dewy Hascomb's fir-fringed knoll,
Hind-head, and the Devil's-Bowl,
With peeps of far South-downs between
Seaward closing up the scene.

Like a thunder-cloud, beneath
Stretches drear the broad Blackheath:
Scatter'd coins have seal'd the sod.
A classic site that Rome has trod,
Field of many a desperate strife
For conquest, liberty, or life,
When the legion's sullen tramp
Echoed oft from Farley-camp,
And some Cæsar's ruthless sword
Reap'd the rude barbarian horde,
Britons, patriots, free brave men,
But unskill'd to conquer — then.

Turn we to this woodland shade,
Beyond the Hanger's hazel glade :
Ah ! 'tis sad, though little strange,
That times, and things, and men should change ;
Sad, though little strange to see
Albury, such sad change in thee.
Thou wert in my infant dreams,
My childish pranks, my school-day schemes ;
My heart's young home, my pride and praise ;
Playground of my boyish days ;
Link'd with learning, goodness, truth,
To the story of my youth ;
Mixt with hope's romantic plan,
And loved,—now years have made me man.
But, the brightness of thy praise
Perish'd with those early days,—
Thy sweet prime, too fair to last,
Spring-like came, and smiled, and past ;
And I note, adown the Vale,
Thy good-angel wandering pale,
With folded wing and tearful eye
Mourning for the days gone by ;
Now, like some white wounded deer
Hiding in the greenwood here ;
Now, beside that old church, faint
Leaning, like a dying saint.

Away : regard we yet again
Nature's beauty,—and her bane :
Alas ! that man should e'er intrude
Where all but he are glad and good,—
Alas, for yonder fairy glen,
Nature's Eden, vext with men !
Mammon, from those long white mills
With foggy steam the prospect fills ;

Chimneys red with sulphurous smoke
Blight these hanging groves of oak;
And sylvan Quiet's gentle scenes
List — to the clatter of machines.
Yet more, in yonder rural dell,
Where sylphs and fauns might love to dwell,
Among those alders, by the stream
Stealing on with silver gleam,
Blacken'd huts, set wide apart,
Grind their dark grain for murder's mart,
Or, bursting with explosive might,
Rage, and roar, and blast, and blight.

Enough, enough of toilsome Art;
Fresh sweet Nature woos thy heart:
Gaze then on this western plain,
A woody, various, rich champaign;
Each in its hollow nestling down,
The farm, the village, or the town;
Field on field, and grove on grove,
Wavelike, far as eye can rove,
Till intersecting lines of hill
The blue horizon faintly fill.

And, while thy spirit praises Earth,
Its precious gifts, its wealth and worth,
Forget not thou this glorious Sky,
Oh! lift thine eyes, thy heart on high;
Forget not Him, whose mercy gave
All the good we hope, or have;
Him, whose Presence, far and near,
Man's best wisdom learns to fear
Where above the green glad world
Heaven's banners float unfurl'd,
Gorgeous in each mighty fold
Bathed in black, or fringed with gold;

Or, as clouds of fleecy white
Sail in seas of azure light;
Or, as streamers hurrying by
Tell of tempests in the Sky;
Or, like snow-clad mountains, stand
Giant wardens of the Land.

Earthward once again; the North!
Draw its good, its evil forth:
Mile beyond mile of waving field,
Rare to see, and rich to yield;
The frequent village round its spire;
The snug domain of rural squire;
Yon dusky track of Waste and Moss;
That iron road-way drawn across;
Windsor, throned o'er half the land;
And gambling Epsom's far-famed stand;
While the dim distance in a shroud
Is wrapp'd by London's smoky cloud.

Near us, Guildford's ancient town
Between the hills is hiding down;
Decent Guildford, clean and steep,
Ranged about its castle-keep,
Relic of departed power,
Grey and crumbling square old tower.
Like some warder at his post
Honest Booker's lofty boast,
Fine and feudal, shames outright
Puny's telegraphic height,
While it overtops with pride
All the vassal scene beside,
And, above that verdant swell,
Sainted Catherine's Gothic cell.

Westward thence, a narrow track,
Stretches far the bare Hog's-back :
Ridging up, with hilly sides,
Lo, the bristling Boar divides
Right and left a kindred scene,
Purple moors and meadows green,
Or those seeming-vineyards wide,
Farnham's wealth, and Surrey's pride.

Forth from Merroe's happy plain
And noble Clandon's rich domain,
Newland's heights, and Coombe beyond,
And nutty Sherbourne's crystal pond,
Eastward to the landscape's end
The sloping chalky Downs extend,
Primal still, by man untamed,
Fresh, unbounded, unreclaim'd :
Now a lawn of herbage sweet
Smooth as velvet to the feet,
Now a jungle, matted dense,
A wilderness of briar-fence ;
Here, an earthwork, fosse and mound ;
There, a race-course curving round ;
Hollow'd pits, where in old times
Bad marauders hid their crimes :
Sad sepulchral groves of yew
Solemn ranged in order due,
Seeming of primeval birth,
Solid as the ribs of earth,
Where white Druids, years of yore,
Roam'd those mystic circles o'er,
Or calmly kneeling on the sod
Wisely worshipped Nature's God.

Yes, modern; would thy pride condemn,
 Or shall thy wisdom pity them?
 They built no prisons for—the poor,
 Freely fed from door to door;
 Their foolish mercy did not strive
 To give the least that keeps alive,
 Their charity sought not to know
 How little poor men need below.
 But thou,—what means yon human pound,
 Brick'd and barr'd, and well wall'd round?
 But that to thy shame and scorn
 Penal poverty may mourn
 How ill-christen'd liberals prove
 Words by deeds, and faith by love:
 For here, unpitied, spurn'd, alone,
 The British slave must grind and groan,
 Torn from children, friends, and wife,
 And buried in the midst of life.

O Man, thy love is chill and small;
 O Nature, thou art kind to all:
 This full wide theatre of views
 Bathed in Autumn's rainbow hues
 Recreates my freshen'd sight
 Soft with shade, and rich with light,
 And, saved from thoughts of pride and pelf,
 Restores me to my cheerful self.

Let then a lateborn son of Time
 Shadow forth the Past sublime,
 And while, the greensward laid along,
 He weaves his meditative song,
 Tell what various tribes have trod
 With various hopes this ancient sod.

The painted Briton, long of yore,
Hunting down the wolf or boar;
The Roman watcher, posted here
Leaning on his iron spear;
The fair-hair'd Angle, piling high
Beacon-fires against the sky;
With vulture-eyes the hungry Dane
Gloating o'er the fertile plain;
Patriot Saxons, who withstood
The Norman, conquering for good;
Monks, to bless with book and bell;
Crusaders, bidding all farewell;
Footsore Pilgrims, hither come
Midway from St. Becket's tomb;
Round-heads, chaunting rebel prayers;
Gay devoted Cavaliers;
Rustics, on the Sabbath-day
Duly toiling up to pray;
Mourners, weeping round the bier
Brought for humble burial here;
And thousands, more, in dresses quaint,
Than tongue can tell, or pencil paint,
Have laugh'd, or wept, or fought their fill,
Or lived, or died, on Martyrs' Hill.

Martyrs' Hill! — before my mind
Rise the triumphs of Mankind;
Martyrs' hill! — and to my thought
Back the crimes of men are brought:
Yea; — for on this sacred sod
Doubtless perish'd saints of God,
And Elijah's chariot came
Mingling with the martyrs' flame,
To bear them from that awestruck crowd
In robes of light, on thrones of cloud.

Then, the seed of holy blood
Gave its hundredfold of good ;
Barbarians heard, and thought, and felt,
Glow'd, admired, and mourn'd, and knelt ;
Their very murderers came in fear
To bless the sainted victims here ;
Penitent, with zealous haste
Aloft the rustic temple placed,
Keyless arches, rough and round,
Spanning high the blood-stain'd ground,
Of iron-sandstone rudely built,
Memorial of their grief — and guilt.

Thereafter, Newark's princely priest
Added all this Gothic East,—
The modest choir and transepts twain,
Fitting well the Christian fane,
Windows, deck'd in colours rich,
The pointed arch and florid niche,—
Contrast to yon Saxon nave
That simply mark'd the martyr's grave.

Swept along fate's rolling tide,
Generations lived, and died,
Thronging in succession there
With the sacrifice of prayer :
And a Martha's dubious name
• Half eclipsed that better fame,
Symbol of degenerate years
When earth usurps our hopes and fears.
Ages came, and ages past ;
Till the flood of Time at last
Wafted on the modern race
Loving gain, and hating grace :
So we draw to thy decay
Silent ruin of to-day,

An evil day of evil deeds,
Selfish sects and wrangling creeds,
When faith is dead, and zeal grown cold,
And churches can be bought and sold,
Or left a prey to rot and rain,
For lack of grace, and lust of gain.

Ruin, I have loved thee long,
And owed for years this humble song;
While I pay the grateful debt,
Hear me one petition yet.
When in GOD'S good time and way
I wake upon my dying day,
Should I still beneath thee dwell,
As my spirit sighs farewell,
Let the shadows from thy wall
Be my hallow'd funeral pall;
Let no city's close church-yard
Steal from thee thy native bard;
But where now I careless lie
Make me welcome when I die:
On this thyme-enamell'd height
Let me bid the world good-night;
Sacred to my memory be
All the scene that circles thee;
And plant o'er me, in goodwill,
A plain stone cross on Martyrs' Hill.

Appeal.

1840.

SHAME on thee, Christian, cold and covetous one!

The laws (I praise them not for this) declare
That ancient, loved, deserted house of prayer
As money's worth a layman landlord's own.

Then use it as thine own; thy mansion there
Beneath the shadow of this ruinous church
Stands new and decorate; thine every shed
And barn is neat and proper; I might search

Thy comfortable farms, and well despair
Of finding dangerous ruin overhead,
And damp unwholesome mildew on the walls;

Arouse thy better self,—restore it; see,
Through thy neglect the holy fabric falls!

Fear, lest that crushing guilt should fall on thee.



Rebuilt.

A. D. 1849.

RUIN!—Ruin now no more,
To the LORD we thus restore
Thine old glories, holy place,
Consecrate again to grace:
Thine old glories shine again,
Sculptured stone, and jewell'd pane;
As a cross upon the hill,
Nave, quire, and aisles are mapp'd out still,
And thy Norman tower on high
Boldly stands against the sky.

Thanks to Him who blesseth us
 That the Body riseth thus,—
 Thanks to Him!—yet more we need
 A resurrection rare indeed,
 In this, and us, the Spirit-part
 Flaming with a martyr's heart;
 In old St. Martha's, thus made new,
 Religion's fervour, pure and true:
 Send, O send that quickening might,
 GOD of love, and life, and light!

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### Reconsecrated.

MAY 15, 1850.

THE dews of Hermon rest upon thee now,  
 Fair saint and martyr! and yet once again  
 Faith, hope and charity, like gracious rain,  
 Fall on thy consecrated virgin brow:  
 For lo! the LORD is with thee, as of yore,  
 And dwelleth in these hallow'd walls once more,—  
 Rather,—hath never left them; for He heard  
 When in thy desolate gates our earnest vow  
 Rose from this ruin'd altar to His throne,—  
 And resolutely were thy children stirr'd  
 Not in thy sad estate, forlorn and lone,  
 To leave thee prayerless,—but to win The Word,  
 The living word and sacraments of grace  
 Back to the echoes of this Holy Place.

## Sonnet, for St. Ann's, Alderney,

CONSECRATED, AUGUST 21, 1850.

ARISE, O LORD, into thy resting-place,  
 Thou, and thy strength! Be with thy servants here,—  
 To bless their work in faithfulness come near,—  
 For thine is all the glory, all the grace:  
 Add then Thy Presence, and in spirit appear  
 To consecrate this House! Not unto us,  
 But thanks be giv'n to Thee, that, (as a bride,  
 Apparell'd well to meet her coming LORD  
 In virgin garments meekly purified,)  
 Waiteth for heavenly benediction thus  
 "St. Ann's of Alderney," to heav'n restored;  
 O may that blessing on her sacred brow  
 Like Aaron's holy oil of joy be pour'd  
 Down to her beauteous feet in fulness Now!

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 A Consecration.

SHALFORD, OCTOBER 29, 1847.

LIKE some fair Nun, the pious and the chaste,  
 Shalford, thy new-born temple stands serene,  
 Modestly deck'd in pure old English taste,  
 The village beauty of thy tranquil scene;  
 And we to-day have made religious haste

To see thee wedded to thy heavenly Spouse,  
Kneeling in unison of praise and pray'r  
To help the offering of thy maiden vows:

Hark! what a thrilling utterance is there,  
"Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,"—

As GOD's high priest with apostolic care  
To HIM this tent of glory consecrates:  
Good work! to be remember'd for all time,  
The seed of mercies endless and sublime.

"Come in, thou King of Glory," yea, come in,  
Rest here awhile, great Conqueror for good!  
Bless thou this font to cleanse from Adam's sin,  
Spread thou this table with celestial food!

And, kindled by Thy grace to gratitude,  
May thousands here eternal treasures win,  
As, hither led, from time to time with joy  
They seek their Father: lo! before mine eyes  
Visions and promises of good arise,—

The tender babe baptized, the stripling boy  
Confirm'd for godliness, the maid and youth  
Wedded in love, the man mature made wise,

The elder taught in righteousness and truth,  
And each an heir of life before he dies!



## A Thousand Lines, etc.

1845.

### Sloth.

"A LITTLE more sleep, a little more slumber,  
A little more folding the hands to sleep,"  
For quick-footed dreams, without order or number,  
Over my mind are beginning to creep,—  
Rare is the happiness thus to be raptured  
By your wild whispers, my Fanciful train,  
And, like a linnet, be carelessly captured  
In the soft nets of my beautiful brain!

Touch not these curtains!—your hand will be tearing  
Delicate tissues of thoughts and of things;—  
Call me not!—your cruel voice will be scaring  
Flocks of young visions on gossamer wings:  
Leave me, O leave me,—for in your rude presence  
Nothing of all my bright world can remain,—  
Thou art a blight to this garden of pleasance,  
Thou art a blot on my beautiful brain!

Cease your dull lecture on cares and employment,  
Let me forget awhile trouble and strife,  
Leave me to peace,—let me husband enjoyment,—  
This is the heart and the marrow of life!

For to my feeling the choicest of pleasures  
Is to lie thus, without peril or pain,  
Lazily listening the musical measures  
Of the sweet voice in my beautiful brain !

Hush,—for the halo of calmness is spreading  
Over my spirit as mild as a dove ;  
Hush,—for the angel of comfort is shedding  
Over my body his vial of love ;  
Hush,—for new slumbers are over me stealing,  
Thus would I court them again and again,  
Hush,—for my heart is intoxicate,—reeling  
In the swift waltz of my beautiful brain !

---

### Activity.

OPEN the casement, and up with the Sun !  
His gallant journey is just begun ;  
Over the hills his chariot is roll'd,  
Banner'd with glory, and burnish'd with gold,—  
Over the hills he comes sublime,  
Bridegroom of Earth, and brother of Time !

Day hath broken, joyous and fair ;  
Fragrant and fresh is the morning air,—  
Beauteous and bright those orient hues,  
Balmy and sweet these early dews ;  
O, there is health, and wealth, and bliss  
In dawning Nature's motherly kiss !

Lo, the wondering world awakes,  
With its rosy-tipp'd mountains and gleaming lakes,

With its fields and cities, deserts and trees,  
 Its calm old cliffs, and its sounding seas,  
 In all their gratitude blessing HIM  
 Who dwelleth between the Cherubim!

Break away boldly from Sleep's leaden chain;  
 Seek not to forge that fetter again;  
 Rather with vigour and resolute nerve,  
 Up, up, to bless man, and thy Master to serve,  
 Thankful, and hopeful, and happy to raise  
 The offering of prayer, and the incense of praise!

Gird thee, and do thy watching well,  
 Duty's Christian sentinel!  
 Sloth and Slumber never had part  
 In the warrior's will, or the patriot's heart;  
 Soldier of GOD on an enemy's shore!  
 Slumber and sloth thrall *thee* no more.

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### Adventure.

How gladly would I wander through some strange and savage land,  
 The lasso at my saddle-bow, the rifle in my hand,  
 A leash of gallant mastiffs bounding by my side,  
 And, for a friend to love, the noble horse on which I ride!

Alone, alone—yet not alone, for GOD is with me there,  
 The tender hand of Providence shall guide me everywhere,  
 While happy thoughts and holy hopes, as spirits calm and mild,  
 Shall fan with their sweet wings the hermit-hunter of the wild!

Without a guide,—yet guided well,—young, buoyant, fresh, and  
 free,  
 Without a road,—yet all the land a highway unto me,  
 Without a care, without a fear, without a grief or pain,  
 Exultingly I thread the woods, or gallop o'er the plain!

Or, brushing through the copse, from his leafy home I start  
The stately elk, or tusky boar, the bison, or the hart,  
And then,—with eager spur, to scour, away, away,  
Nor stop,—until my dogs have brought the glorious brute to bay!

Or, if the gang of hungry wolves come yelling on my track,  
I make my ready rifle speak, and scare the cowards back;  
Or, if the lurking leopard's eyes among the branches shine,  
A touch upon the trigger—and his spotted skin is mine!

And then the hunter's savoury fare at tranquil eventide,—  
The dappled deer I shot to-day upon the green hill-side;  
My feasted hounds are slumbering round beside the watercourse,  
And plenty of sweet prairie-grass for thee, my noble horse.

Hist! hist! I heard some prowler snarling in the wood;  
I seized my knife and trusty gun, and face to face we stood!  
The Grizzly Bear came rushing on,—and, as he rush'd, he fell!  
Hie at him, dogs! my rifle has done its duty well!

Hie at him, dogs! one bullet cannot kill a foe so grim;  
The GOD of battles nerve a Man to grapple now with him,—  
And straight between his hugging arms I plunge my whetted knife,  
Ha—ha! it splits his iron heart, and drinks the ruddy life!

Frantic struggles—welling blood—the strife is almost o'er,—  
The shaggy monster, feebly panting, wallows in his gore,—  
Here, lap it hot, my gallant hounds,—the blood of foes is sweet;  
Here, gild withal your dewlapp'd throats, and wash your brawny  
feet!

So, shall we beard those tyrants in their dens another day,  
Nor tamely wait, with slavish fear, their coming in the way;  
And pleasant thoughts of peace and home shall fill our dreams  
to-night,  
For lo, the GOD of battles has help'd us in the fight!

### The Song of Sixteen.

Who shall guess what I may be?  
Who can tell my fortune to me?  
For, bravest and brightest that ever was sung  
May be — and shall be — the lot of the young!

Hope, with her prizes and victories won,  
Shines in the blaze of my morning sun,  
Conquering Hope, with golden ray,  
Blessing my landscape far away;

All my meadows and hills are green,  
And rippling waters glance between,—  
All my skies are rosy bright,  
Laughing in triumph at yester-night:

My heart, my heart within me swells,  
Panting, and stirring its hundred wells;—  
For youth is a noble seed, that springs  
Into the flower of heroes and kings!

Rich in the present, though poor in the past,  
I yearn for the future, vague and vast;  
And lo! what treasure of glorious things  
Giant Futurity sheds from his wings;

Pleasures are there, like dropping balms,  
And glory and honour with chaplets and palms,  
And mind well at ease, and gladness, and health,  
A river of peace, and a mine of wealth!

Away with your counsels, and hinder me not,—  
On, on let me press to my brilliant lot;  
Young and strong, and sanguine and free,  
How knowest thou what I may be?

---

Forty.

AH, poor youth! in pitiful truth,  
Thy pride must feel a fall, poor youth:  
What thou shalt be well have I seen,—  
Thou shalt be only what others have been.

Haply, within a few swift years,  
A mind bow'd down by troubles and fears,  
The commonest drudge of men and things,  
Instead of your—conquering heroes and kings;

Haply, to follies an early wreck,—  
For the cloud of presumption is now like a speck,  
And with a whelming, sudden sweep  
The storm of temptation roars over the deep;

Lower the sails of pride, rash youth,—  
Stand to the lowly tiller of truth;  
Quick, or your limber bark shall be  
The sport of the winds on a stormy sea.

Care and peril in lieu of joy,—  
Guilt and dread may be thine, proud boy:  
Lo, thy mantling chalice of life  
Is foaming with sorrow, and sickness, and strife;

Cheated by pleasure, and sated with pain,—  
 Watching for honour, and watching in vain,—  
 Aching in heart, and ailing in head,  
 Wearily earning daily bread.

—It is well. I discern a tear on thy cheek :  
 It is well,—thou art humbled, and silent, and meek :  
 Now,—courage again ! and, with peril to cope,  
 Gird thee with vigour, and helm thee with hope !

For life, good youth, hath never an ill  
 Which hope cannot scatter, and faith cannot kill ;  
 And stubborn realities never shall bind  
 The free-spreading wings of a cheerful mind.

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### The Song of Seventy.

I AM not old,—I cannot be old,  
 Though threescore years and ten  
 Have wasted away, like a tale that is told,  
 The lives of other men :

I am not old ; though friends and foes  
 Alike have gone down to their graves,  
 And left me alone to my joys or my woes,  
 As a rock in the midst of the waves :

I am not old,—I cannot be old,  
 Though tottering, wrinkled, and grey ;  
 Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold,  
 Call me not old to-day.

For, early memories round me throng,  
Old times, and manners, and men,  
As I look behind on my journey so long  
Of threescore miles and ten;

I look behind, and am once more young,  
Buoyant, and brave, and bold,  
And my heart can sing, as of yore it sung,  
Before they call'd me old.

I do not see her—the old wife there—  
Shrivell'd, and haggard, and grey,  
But I look on her blooming, and soft, and fair,  
As she was on her wedding-day:

I do not see you, daughters and sons,  
In the likeness of women and men,  
But I kiss you now as I kissed you once,  
My fond little children then:

And, as my own grandson rides on my knee,  
Or plays with his hoop or kite,  
I can well recollect I was merry as he—  
The bright-eyed little wight!

'Tis not long since,—it cannot be long,—  
My years so soon were spent,  
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong,  
Yet now am I feeble and bent.

A dream, a dream,—it is all a dream!  
A strange, sad dream, good sooth;  
For old as I am, and old as I seem,  
My heart is full of youth:

Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,  
And ear hath not heard it sung,  
How buoyant and bold, though it seem to grow old,  
Is the heart, for ever young;

For ever young,—though life's old age  
Hath every nerve unstrung;  
The heart, the heart is a heritage  
That keeps the old man young!

---

### *Nature's Nobleman.*

AWAY with false Fashion, so calm and so chill,  
Where pleasure itself cannot please;  
Away with cold breeding, that faithlessly still  
Affects to be quite at its ease;  
For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,  
The freest is first of the band,  
And nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,  
Is a man with his heart in his hand!

Fearless in honesty, gentle yet just,  
He warmly can love,—and can hate,  
Nor will he bow down with his face in the dust  
To Fashion's intolerant state:  
For best in good breeding, and highest in rank,  
Though lowly or poor in the land,  
Is Nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,  
The man with his heart in his hand!

*His* fashion is passion, sincere and intense,  
*His* impulses, simple and true,  
Yet temper'd by judgment, and taught by good sense,  
And cordial with me, and with you:

For the finest in manners, as highest in rank,  
It is *you*, man! or *you*, man! who stand  
Nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,—  
A man with his heart in his hand!

---

### Never give up!

NEVER give up! it is wiser and better  
Always to hope, than once to despair;  
Fling off the load of Doubt's heavy fetter,  
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care:  
Never give up! or the burthen may sink you,—  
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,  
And in all trials or troubles, bethink you,  
The watchword of life must be, Never give up!

Never give up! there are chances and changes  
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,  
And through the chaos High Wisdom arranges  
Ever success,—if you'll only hope on:  
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,  
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,  
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,  
Is the true watchword of Never give up!

Never give up!—though the grape-shot may rattle,  
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst,  
Stand like a rock,—and the storm or the battle  
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst:  
Never give up!—if adversity presses,  
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,  
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,  
Is the stout watchword of Never give up!

### The Sun.

BLAME not, ye million worshippers of gold —  
 Modern idolators — their works and ways,  
 When Asia's children, in the times of old,  
     Knelt to the sun, outpouring prayer and praise  
     As to GOD's central throne; for when the blaz-  
 Of that grand eye is on me, and I stand  
     Watching its majesty with painful gaze,  
 I too could kneel among that Persian band,  
     Had not the Architect of yon bright sphere  
 Taught me Himself; bidding me look above,  
     Beneath, around, and still to find Him — here!  
     King of the heart, dwelling in no fixt globe,  
 But gladly throned within the spirit of love,  
     Wearing that light ethereal as a robe.

---

### The Moon.

I KNOW thee not, O Moon,—thou cavern'd realm,  
 Sad satellite, a giant ash of death,  
 Where cold, alternate, and the sulphurous breath  
 Of ravaging volcanoes, overwhelm  
 All chance of life like ours,—art thou not  
     Some fallow world, after a reaping time  
 Of creatures' judgment, resting in thy lot?  
 Or haplier must I take thee for the blot  
     On GOD's fair firmament, the home of crime,  
 The prison-house of sin, where damnèd souls  
     Feed upon punishment? — O thought sublime,  
 That, amid Night's black deeds, when evil prowls  
     Through the broad world, then, watching sinners well,  
     Glares over all the wakeful eye of — Hell!

### The Stars.

FAR-FLAMING stars, ye sentinels of Space,  
 Patient and silent ministers around  
 Your Queen, the Moon, whose melancholy face  
 Seems ever pale with pity and grief profound  
 For sinful Earth,—I, a poor groveller here,  
 A captive Eagle chain'd to this dull ground,  
 Look up and love your light in hope and fear;  
 Hope, that among your myriad host is one,  
 A kingdom for my spirit, a bright place  
 Where I shall reign when this short race is run,  
 An heir of joy, and glory's mighty son!  
 Yet, while I hope, the fear will freeze my brain—  
 What if indeed for worthless me remain  
 No waiting sceptre, no predestined throne?

---

### Our Kingdom.

HENCE, doubts of darkness! I am not mine own,  
 But ransom'd by the King of that bright host:  
 In him my just humility shall boast,  
 And claim through him that sceptre and that throne.  
 Yes, world of light,—when by the booming sea  
 At eve I loiter on this shingly coast,  
 In seeming idleness,—I gaze on thee,  
 (I know not which—but one,) fated to be  
 My glorious heritage, my heavenly home,  
 A temple and a paradise for me,  
 Whence my celestial form at will may roam  
 To other worlds, unthought and unexplored,  
 Whose atmosphere is bliss and liberty,  
 The palaces and gardens of the LORD!

*Forgive and Forget.*

WHEN streams of unkindness, as bitter as gall,  
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,  
And Meekness is writhing in torment and thrall,  
By the hands of Ingratitude wrung,—  
In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair,  
While the anguish is festering yet,  
None, none but an angel or God can declare  
“I now can forgive and forget.”

But, if the bad spirit is chased from the heart,  
And the lips are in penitence steep'd,  
With the wrong so repented the wrath will depart,  
Though scorn on injustice were heap'd;  
For the best compensation is paid for all ill,  
When the cheek with contrition is wet,  
And every one feels it is possible still  
At once to forgive and forget.

To forget? It is hard for a man with a mind,  
However his heart may forgive,  
To blot out all insults and evils behind,  
And but for the future to live:  
Then how shall it be? for at every turn  
Recollection the spirit will fret,  
And the ashes of injury smoulder and burn,  
Though we strive to forgive and forget.

Oh, hearken! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,  
And mind shall be partner with heart,  
While thee to thyself I bid conscience reveal,  
And show thee how evil thou art:

Remember thy follies, thy sins, and — thy crimes,  
 How vast is that infinite debt!  
 Yet Mercy hath seven by seventy times  
 Been swift to forgive and forget!

Brood not on insults or injuries old,  
 For thou art injurious too,—  
 Count not their sum till the total is told,  
 For thou art unkind and untrue:  
 And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,  
 Now mercy with justice is met,  
 Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of heaven,  
 Nor learn to forgive and forget?

Yes, yes; let a man, when his enemy weeps,  
 Be quick to receive him a friend;  
 For thus on his head in kindness he heaps  
 Hot coals,—to refine and amend;  
 And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn,  
 As a nurse on her innocent pet,  
 Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn  
 And whisper, Forgive and forget.

---

“My Mind to me a Kingdom is.”

EUREKA! this is truth sublime,  
 Defying change, outwrestling time —  
 Eureka! well that truth is told,  
 Wisely spake the bard of old —  
 Eureka! there is peace and praise  
 In this short and simple phrase,  
 A sea of comforts, wide and deep,  
 Wherein my conscious soul to steep,

A hoard of happy-making wealth  
To doat on, miserly, by stealth,  
Through Time my reason's ripest fruit,  
For all eternity its root,  
Earth's harvest, and the seed of heaven,  
To me, to me, by mercy given!

Yes, Eureka,—I have found it,  
And before the world will sound it;  
This remains, and still shall stay  
When life's gauds have past away,  
This of old my treasure-truth,  
The bosom joy that warm'd my youth,  
My happiness in manhood's prime,  
My triumph down the stream of time,  
Till death shall lull this heart in age,  
And deathless glory crown my page,  
My grace-born truth and treasure this,—  
“My mind to me a kingdom is.”

Noble solace, true and strong,  
Great reward for human wrong,  
With an inward blessing still  
To compensate all earthly ill,  
To recompense for adverse fates,  
Woes, or wants, or scorns, or hates,  
To cherish, after man's neglect,  
When foes deride, and friends suspect,  
To soothe and bless the spirit bow'd  
Down by the selfish and the proud,  
To lift the soul above this scene  
Of petty troubles trite and mean,  
O there is moral might in this,—  
“My mind to me a kingdom is.”

Carve it deep, with letters bold,  
 In the imperishable gold,  
 Grave it on some primal rock  
 That hath stood the earthquake shock,  
 Make that word a citizen  
 Dwelling in the hearts of men,  
 Stamp it on the printed page,  
 Sound it in the ears of age,  
 Gladden sympathising youth  
 With the soft music of this truth,  
 This echo'd note of heavenly bliss,  
 "My mind to me a kingdom is."

Ay, chide or scorn,—I will be proud,—  
 I am not of the common crowd;  
 No serf is here to outward things,—  
 He rules with chiefs! he reigns with kings!  
 Tell out thy secret joys, my mind,  
 Free and fearless as the wind,  
 And pour the triumphs of the soul  
 In words that like a river roll,  
 Foaming on with vital force  
 From their ever-gushing source,  
 Fountains of truth, that overwhelm  
 With swollen streams this royal realm,  
 And in Nilotic richness steep  
 My heart's Thebaid, rank and deep!  
 Or bolder, as my thoughts inspire,  
 Change that water into fire!  
 From the vext bowels of my soul  
 Lava currents roar and roll,  
 Bursting out in torrent wide  
 Through my crater's ragged side,  
 Rushing on from field to field  
 Till all with boiling stone is seal'd,  
 And my hot thoughts, in language pent,  
 Stand their own granite monument!

Yes! all the elements are mine,  
 To crush, create, dissolve, combine,—  
 All mine,—the confidence is just,  
 On GOD I ground my high-born trust  
 To stand, when pole is rent from pole,  
 Calm in my majesty of soul,  
 Watching the throes of this wreck'd world,  
 When from their thrones the Alps are hurl'd,  
 When fire consumes earth, sea and air,  
 To stand, unharm'd, undaunted there,  
 And grateful still to boast in this,  
 "My mind to me a kingdom is."

Brother poet, dead so long,  
 Heed these echoes to thy song,  
 And love me now, where'er thou art,  
 Yearning with magnetic heart  
 From thy throne in some bright sphere  
 On this poor brother, grovelling here:  
 For I too, I, can stoutly sing  
 I am every inch a king!  
 A king of Thought, a Potentate  
 Of glorious spiritual state,  
 A king of Thought, a king of Mind,  
 Realms unmapp'd and undefined,—  
 A King! beneath no Man's control,  
 Invested with a royal soul,  
 Crown'd by GOD's imperial hand  
 Before Him as a King to stand,  
 And by His wisdom train'd and taught  
 To rule my realms as King of Thought.

O thoughts,—how ill my fellow-men,  
 O thoughts,—how scanty my poor pen  
 Can guess or tell the myriad host  
 Wherewith you crowd my kingdom's coast!

For I am hemm'd and throng'd about  
With your triumphant rabble-rout,  
Hurried along by that mad flood,  
The joy-excited multitude,  
A conqueror, borne upon the foam  
Of his great people's gladness home,  
A monarch in his grandest state,  
On whom a thousand thousand wait!  
Lo, they come—my Tribes of Thought,  
Fierce and flush'd and fever-fraught!  
From the horizon all around  
I hear with pride their coming sound;  
See! their banners circling near,—  
Glittering groves of shield and spear.  
Flying clouds of troopers gay,  
Serried lines in dark array,  
Veterans calm with temper'd sword,  
And a dishevell'd frantic horde,—  
On they come with furious force,  
Trampling foot, and thundering horse,  
On they come, converging loud,  
With clanging arms, a glorious crowd,  
Shouting impatient, fierce and free,  
For me, their Monarch, yea, for me!

Then, in my majesty and power,  
I quell the madness of the hour,  
Bid that tumultuous turmoil cease,  
And frown my multitudes to peace.  
Each to his peril and his post!  
All hush'd throughout my mighty host:  
Courage clear and duty stern,—  
Heads that freeze and hearts that burn;  
Marshall'd straight in order due,  
Legions! pass in swift review,

Bending to my blazon'd Will,  
Loyal to that standard still,  
And hailing me with homage then  
King of Thoughts—and thus, of Men!

What? am I powerless to control  
Nations, by my single soul?  
What? have I not made thousands thrill  
By the mere impulse of my will,  
When the strong Thought goes forth, and binds  
Captive a wondering herd of minds?  
And is not this to reign alone  
More than the ermine and the throne,  
The jewell'd state, the gilded rooms,  
The mindless jay in peacock plumes?  
Yes,—if the inmate soul outweighs  
Its dull clay house in power and praise,  
Yes,—if Eternity be true,  
And Time both false and fleeting too,  
Then, humbler kings, my boast be this,  
“My mind to me a kingdom is.”

And what, though weak and slow of speech,  
Ill to comfort, dull to teach?  
What, though hiding from the ken  
Of my small prying fellow-men,—  
Still within my musing mind  
Wisdom's secret stores I find,  
And, little noticed, sweetly feed  
On hidden manna, meat indeed,  
Blessed thoughts I never told  
Unconsider'd, uncontroll'd,  
Rushing by as thick and fast  
As autumn leaves upon the blast,  
Or better like the gracious rain  
Dropping on some thirsty plain.

And is not this to be a king,  
To carry in my heart a spring  
Of ceaseless pleasures, deep and pure,  
Wealth cannot buy, nor power procure?  
Yea,—by the poet's artless art,  
And the sweet searchings of his heart,  
By his unknown unheeded bliss,  
"My mind to me a kingdom is."

Place me on some desert shore  
Foot of man ne'er wander'd o'er;  
Lock me in a lonely cell  
Beneath some prison citadel;  
Still, here or there, within I find  
My quiet kingdom of the Mind:  
Nay,—mid the tempest fierce and dark,  
Float me on peril's frailest bark,  
My quenchless soul could sit and think  
And smile at danger's dizziest brink:  
And wherefore?—God, my God, is still  
King of kings in good and ill,  
And where He dwelleth — everywhere —  
Safety supreme and peace are there;  
And where He reigneth — all around —  
Wisdom, and love, and power are found,  
And reconciled to Him and bliss,  
"My mind to me a kingdom is."

Thus for my days; each waking hour  
Grand with majesty and power,  
Every minute rich in treasure,  
Gems of peace and pearls of pleasure.  
And for my nights — those wondrous nights!  
How manifold my Mind's delights,  
When the young truant, gladly caught  
In its own labyrinths of thought,

Finds there another realm to range,  
The dynasties of Chance and Change.  
O dreams,—what know I not of dreams?  
Their name, their very essence, seems  
A tender light, not dark nor clear,  
A sad sweet mystery wild and dear,  
A dull soft feeling unexplain'd,  
A lie half true, a truth half feign'd;  
O dreams,—what know I not of dreams?  
When Reason, with inebriate gleams,  
Looses from his wise control  
The prancing Fancies of the soul,  
And sober Judgment, slumbering still,  
Sets free Caprice to guide the Will.  
Within one night have I not spent  
Years of adventurous banishment,  
Strangely groping like the blind  
In the dark caverns of my mind?  
Have I not dwelt, from eve till morn,  
Lifetimes in length for praise or scorn,  
With fancied joys, ideal woes,  
And all sensation's warmest glows,  
Wondrously thus expanding Life  
Through seeming scenes of peace or strife,  
Until I verily reign sublime,  
A great creative king of Time?  
And there are people, things, and places,  
Usual themes, familiar faces,  
A second life, that looks as real  
As this dull world's own unideal,  
Another life of dreams by night,  
That, still forgotten, wanes in light,  
Yet seems itself to wake and sleep,  
And in that sleep dreams doubly deep,  
While those same dreams may dream anon,  
Tangled mazes wandering on!

Yes, I have often, weak and worn,  
Feebly waked at earliest morn,  
As a shipwreck'd sailor, tost  
By the wild waves on some rough coast,  
Of perils past remembering nought  
But some dim cataracts of thought,  
And only roused betimes to know  
That yesterday seems years ago!  
And I can apprehend full well  
What old Pythagoras could tell  
Of other scenes, and other climes,  
And other Selves in other times;  
For, oft my consciousness has reel'd  
With scores of "Richmonds in the field,"  
As, multiform, with no surprise,  
I see myself in other guise,  
And wonderless walk side by side  
With mine own soul, self-multiplied!  
If it be royal then to reign  
Over an infinite domain,  
If it be more than monarch can  
To lengthen out the life of man,  
Yea, if a godlike thing it be  
To revel in ubiquity,  
Is there but empty boast in this,  
"My mind to me a kingdom is?"

—Peace, rash fool; be proud no more,  
Count thy faults and follies o'er,  
Turn aside, and note within  
Thy secret charnel-house of Sin,  
Thy bitter heart, thy covetous mind,  
Evil thoughts, and words unkind:  
Can so foul and mean a thing  
Reign a spiritual King?

Art thou not—yea thou, myself,  
In hope a slave to pride and pelf?  
Art thou not,—yea thou, my mind,  
Weak and naked, poor and blind?  
Yea, be humble; yea, be still;  
Meekly bow that rebel Will;  
Seek not selfishly for praise;  
Go more softly all thy days;  
For to thee belongs no power,  
Wretched insect of an hour,—  
And if GOD, in bounteous dole,  
Hath grafted life upon thy soul,  
Know thou, there is out of Him  
Nor light in mind, nor might in limb;  
And, but for One, who from the grave  
Of sin and death stood forth to save,  
Thy mind, that royal mind of thine,  
So great, ambitious, and divine,  
Would but a root of anguish be,  
A madness and a misery,  
A bitter fear, a hideous care  
All too terrible to bear,  
Kingly,—but king of pains and woes,  
The sceptred slave to throbs and throes!

Justly then, my GOD, to Thee,  
My royal soul shall bend the knee,  
My royal soul, Thy glorious breath,  
By Thee set free from guilt and death,  
Before Thy majesty bows down,  
Offering the homage of her crown,  
Well pleased to sing in better bliss,  
“My GOD to me a kingdom is.”

## Tarring Church.

1844.

MOTHER,—beneath fair Tarring's heavenward spire,  
 Where in old years thy youthful vows were paid,  
 When God had granted thee thy heart's desire,  
 And she went forth a wife, who came a maid,  
 With mindful steps thus wisely have we stray'd,  
 Full of deep thoughts: for where that sacred fire  
 Of Love was kindled, in the self-same spot,  
 Thou, and the dear companion of thy lot,  
 Thy helpmate all those years, mine honour'd sire,  
 To-day have found fulfill'd before your eyes  
 The promise of old time;—look round and see  
 Your children's children! lo, these babes arise,  
 And call you blessed: Blessed both be ye!  
 And in your blessing bless ye these, and me.

## The same.

June 29, 1848.

FOR memories, and prayer, and pious thought  
 Of days departed, and the dear ones dead,  
 Tarring, once more thy sacred walls I sought:  
 So, to some native spot, some genial bed,  
 The botanist goes forth to seek and find  
 His curious fern or lichen; so, my mind  
 In melancholy pleasure wisely taught  
 Culls here its rarest weed: with tender care  
 Gather it up and store it. Years ago  
 From this old choir a young and loving pair  
 Went out just wedded; and the glittering show  
 Of pleasure, wealth, and promise glad and gay,  
 Pass'd through these portals;—God was with you there,  
 My Father and my Mother!—these were They.

### The same Place and Day.

MOTHER! this day, one little year ago,  
 Thy spirit pass'd from pain to peacefulness;  
 Look down then in thy love, and smile upon  
 My duteous pilgrimage; look down and bless  
 In thine own tender love of old, thy son.

For in this spot, where on thy bridal-dress  
 The villagers threw flowers, now my heart,  
 To honour thee, where'er in bliss thou art,  
 Pours forth its deep libation. Many years  
 Have sped away, and thou, the blushing bride,  
 After long sojourn down this vale of tears  
 With *him* thy lover ever at thy side,  
 Didst reap the promise of that word to thee  
 Fulfill'd,—“Thy children's children thou shalt see.”

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### Sonnet, on a Birth.

At length, a dreary length of many years,  
 God's favour hath shone forth! and blest thee well,  
 O handmaid of the Lord, for all thy tears,  
 For all thy prayers, and hope, and faith—and fears,  
 With that best treasure of consummate joy  
 A childless wife alone can fully tell  
 How sorely long withheld—her first-born boy:  
 This blessing is from heav'n; to heav'n once more,  
 Another Hannah with her Samuel,  
 Render thou back the talent yielding ten,  
 A spirit, train'd right early to adore,  
 A heart, to yearn upon its fellow-men,  
 A being, meant and made for endless heaven,  
 This, give to GOD: this, GOD to thee hath given.

## Duty.

PEARLS before swine: this is an old complaint;  
 In very humbleness, and not in pride  
 The spirit feels it true; yet makes a feint  
 To rest with man's neglect well satisfied,  
 And have its wealth of words, its stores of thought,  
 Despised or unregarded: woe betide  
 The heart that lives on praise! considering nought  
 Of Duty's royal edicts, that command  
 Thy talents to be lent, thy lamp to shine:  
 Soul, be not faint; nor, body, stay thy hand;  
 Heed only this,—not whether those be swine,  
 But whether these be pearls, precious and pure;  
 That so, whatever fate the world make thine,  
 With God for Judge, thy guerdon be secure.



## Counsel.

FOR MUSIC.

THERE is a time for praising,  
 And a better time for pray'r,—  
 The heart its anthem raising,  
 Or uttering its care:  
 One minute is for smiling,  
 Another for the tear,—  
 Hope, by turns, beguiling,  
 Or her haggard brother, Fear.

But, if in joy thou praisest  
The generous Hand that gave,—  
And if in woe thou raisest  
The pray'r that He may save;  
Thy griefs shall seem all pleasure  
As the chidings of a Friend,  
And thy joy's ecstatic measure  
A beginning without end!



### Home.

FOR MUSIC.

I NEVER left the place that knew me,  
And may never know me more,  
Where the cords of kindness drew me,  
And have gladden'd me of yore,  
But my secret soul has smarted  
With a feeling full of gloom  
For the days that are departed  
And the place I call'd my Home.

I am not of those who wander  
Unaffection'd here and there,  
But my heart must still be fonder  
Of my sites of joy or care;  
And I point sad memory's finger  
(Though my faithless foot may roam)  
Where I've most been made to linger  
In the place I call'd my Home.

## Byegones.

FOR MUSIC.

“LET byegones be byegones,”—they foolishly say,  
And bid me be wise and forget them;  
But old recollections are active to-day,  
And I can do nought but regret them:  
Though the present be pleasant, all joyous and gay,  
And promising well for the morrow,  
I love to look back on the years past away,  
Embalming my byegones in sorrow.

If the morning of life has a mantle of grey,  
Its noon will be blyther and brighter;  
If March has its storm, there is sunshine in May,  
And light out of darkness is lighter:  
Thus the present is pleasant, a cheerful to-day,  
With a wiser, a soberer gladness,  
Because it is tinged with the mellowing ray  
Of a yesterday's sunset of sadness.



## Rule, Britannia!

A STIRRING SONG FOR PATRIOTS, IN THE YEAR 1860.

*To the tune of “Wha wouldna fight for Charlie?”*

RISE! ye gallant youth of Britain,  
Gather to your country's call,  
On your hearts her name is written,  
Rise to help her, one and all!

Cast away each feud and faction,  
Brood not over wrong nor ill,—  
Rouse your virtues into action,  
For we love our country still,—  
Hail, Britannia! hail, Britannia!  
Raise that thrilling shout once more,  
Rule, Britannia! Rule, Britannia,  
Conqueror over sea and shore!

France is coming, full of bluster,  
Hot to wipe away her stain,  
Therefore, brothers, here we muster  
Just to give it her again!  
And if foeman, blind with fury,  
Dare to cross our ocean-gulf,  
Wait not then for judge nor jury,—  
Shoot them as you would a wolf!  
For Britannia, just Britannia,  
Claims our chorus as before,  
Rule, Britannia! Rule, Britannia,  
Conqueror over sea and shore.

They may writhe, for we have gall'd them  
With our guns in every clime,—  
They may hate us, for we called them  
Serfs and subjects in old time!  
Boasting Gaul, we calmly scorn you  
As old Æsop's bull the frogs,  
Come and welcome! for, we warn you,  
We shall fling you to our dogs!  
For Britannia, our Britannia,  
Thunders with a lion's roar,  
Rule, Britannia! Rule, Britannia!  
Conqueror over sea and shore.

See, uprear'd our holy standard!  
 Crowd around it, gallant hearts!  
 What? should Britain's fame be slander'd  
 As by fault on *our* parts?  
 Let the rabid Frenchman threaten,  
 Let the mad invader come,  
 We will hunt them out of Britain,  
 Or can die for hearth and home!  
 For Britannia, dear Britannia  
 Wakes our chorus evermore,  
 Rule, Britannia! Rule, Britannia!  
 Conqueror over sea and shore.

Rise then, patriots! name endearing,  
 Flock from Scotland's moors and dales,  
 From the green glad fields of Erin,  
 From the mountain homes of Wales,—  
 RISE! for sister England calls you,  
 RISE! our commonweal to serve,  
 RISE! while now the song enthalls you,  
 Thrilling every vein and nerve,  
 Hail, Britannia! hail, Britannia!  
 Conquer, as thou didst of yore!  
 Rule, Britannia! Rule, Britannia!  
 Over every sea and shore.



## The Emigrant Ship.

FOR MUSIC.

FAR away, far away,  
The emigrant ship must sail to-day:  
Cruel ship,—to look so gay  
Bearing the exiles far away.

Sad, and sore, sad and sore,  
Many a fond heart bleeds at the core:  
Cruel dread,—to meet no more,  
Bitter sorrow, sad and sore.

Many years, many years,  
At best will they battle with perils and fears:  
Cruel pilot,—for he steers  
The exiles away for many years.

Long ago, long ago!  
For the days that are gone their tears shall flow:  
Cruel hour,—to tear them so  
From all they cherish'd long ago.

Fare ye well, fare ye well!  
To joy and to hope it sounds as a knell:  
Cruel tale it were to tell  
How the exile sighs farewell.

Far away, far away!  
Is there indeed no hope to-day?  
Cruel and false it were to say  
There are no pleasures far away.

Far away, far away!  
Every night and every day  
Kind and wise it were to pray,  
God be with them far away!

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### The Assurance of Marace.

I HAVE achieved a tower of fame  
More durable than gold,  
And loftier than the royal frame  
Of Pyramids of old,—  
Which none inclemencies of clime,  
Nor fiercest winds that blow,  
Nor endless change, nor lapse of time,  
Shall ever overthrow!

I cannot perish utterly:  
The brighter part of me  
Must live—and live—and never die,  
But baffle Death's decree!  
For I shall always grow; and spread  
My new-blown honours still,  
Long as the priest and vestal tread  
The Capitolian hill.

I shall be sung, where thy rough waves,  
My native river, foam,—  
And where old Daunus scanty laves  
And rules his rustic home;  
As chief and first I shall be sung,  
Though lowly, great in might  
To tune my country's heart and tongue,  
And tune them both aright.

Thou then, my soul, assume thy state,  
 And take thine honours due;  
 Be proud, as thy deserts are great,—  
 To thine own praise be true!  
 Thou too, celestial Muse, come down,  
 And with kind haste prepare  
 The laurel for a Delphic crown  
 To weave thy Poet's hair.

HOR. *Od.* XXX. lib. iii.

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### The Assurance of Ovid.

Now have I done my work!—which not Jove's ire  
 Can make undone, nor sword, nor time, nor fire.  
 Whene'er that day, whose only powers extend  
 Against this body, my brief life shall end,  
 Still in my better portion evermore  
 Above the stars undying shall I soar!  
 My name shall never die: but through all time,  
 Wherever Rome shall reach a conquer'd clime,  
 There, in that people's tongue, shall this my page  
 Be read and glorified from age to age;—  
 Yea, if the bodings of my spirit give  
 True note of inspiration, I shall live!

OVID. *Met. sub finem.*

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### Post-Letters.

LOTTERY tickets every day,—  
 And ever drawn a blank:  
 Yet none the less we pant and pray  
 For prizes in that bank:

Morn by morn, and week by week,  
They cheat us, or amuse,  
Whilst on we fondly hope, and seek  
Some stirring daily news.

The heedless postman on his path  
Is scattering joys and woes;  
He bears the seeds of life and death,  
And drops them as he goes!  
I never note him trudging near  
Upon his common track,  
But all my heart is hope, or fear,  
With visions bright, or black!

I hope — what hope I not?—vague things  
Of wondrous possible good;  
I dread — as vague imaginings,  
A very viper's brood:  
Fame's sunshine, fortune's golden dews  
May now be hovering o'er,—  
Or the pale shadow of ill news  
Be cowering at my door!

O Mystery, master-key to life,  
Thou spring of every hour,  
I love to wrestle in thy strife,  
And tempt thy perilous power;  
I love to know that none can know  
What this day may bring forth,  
What bliss for me, for me what woe  
Is travailing in birth!

See, on my neighbour's threshold stands  
Yon careless common man,  
Bearing, perchance, in those coarse hands  
— My Being's alter'd plan!

My germs of pleasure, or of pain,  
Of trouble, or of peace,  
May there lie thick as drops of rain  
Distill'd from Gideon's fleece!

Who knoweth? may not loves be dead,—  
Or those we loved laid low,—  
Who knoweth? may not wealth be fled,  
And all the world my foe?  
Or who can tell if Fortune's hour  
(Which once on all doth shine)  
Be not within this morning's dower,  
A prosperous morn of mine?

Ah, cold Reality!—in spite  
Of hopes, and endless chance,  
That bitter postman, ruthless wight,  
Has cheated poor Romance:  
No letters! O the dreary phrase:  
Another day forlorn:—  
And thus I wend upon my ways  
To watch another morn.

Cease, babbler!—let those doubtings cease:  
What? should a son of heaven  
With the pure manna of his Peace  
Mix up this faithless leaven?  
Not so!—for in the hands of God,  
And in none earthly will,  
Abides alike my staff, and rod,  
My good, and seeming ill.

## Advice.

MAKE haste, make haste, my prudent little friends!

You lag behind the world, both blind and halt,—

For your own credit leave off finding fault,  
And wisely bustle up to make amends:

Look you! time was, when even such small salt  
As your encouragement and speaking fair

Would have been prized and grateful; savouring well  
The taste of bitterness, the touch of care

The proud young spirit felt, but scorn'd to tell,  
When, keenly sensitive of man's despite,  
While conscious that from kinder Heav'n above

A gift had been vouchsafed of purest light,  
That spirit coveted your looks of love,  
And yearn'd around, and ye refused his Right.

~~~~~  
Thanks.

YET were there other some, the generous few

Kindly prophetic, helping with their praise
Balmy and precious as the morning dew

Or early sunshine in those anxious days:

All thanks, all thanks!—I now can shine on you;
And love you for the love that linger'd not

Till honour and success hath wreath'd my pen,
Till GOD had seal'd to me a blessed lot,—

That pleasant heritage, the hearts of men.
All thanks, ye noble souls! Behold, the rill
Your dewy praise did graciously distil

Soon gather'd to a stream, and swelling then
Grew to a river, and that river wide
Far out to sea now rolls its ceaseless tide.

Society.

ALAS, we do but act; we are not free:
 The presence of another is a chain
 My trammell'd spirit strives to break, in vain:
 How strangely different myself from me!
 Thoughtful in solitude, serenely blest,
 Crown'd and enthroned in mental majesty,
 Equal to all things great, and daring all,
 I muse of mysteries, and am at rest:
 But in the midst, some dull intruded guest
 Topples me from my heights, holding in thrall
 With his hard eye the traitor in my breast,
 That before humbler intellects is cow'd,
 Silently shrinking from the common crowd,
 And only with the highest self-possess.



The Real, and the Ideal.

MATTER, unlit by love, unlink'd to Mind,
 Never hath reached the poet's inner heart:
 Tho' the strong magic of his plastic art
 With Prospero's own power avails to bind
 Caliban's husk to play its coarser part
 Of dutiful captivity to Thought,—
 Yet, to seek sympathy, and seeking find
 Where'er in human or divine he ought,
 Herein is found his joy! Think it not strange
 If Nature's most sublime or beauteous form,
 Some pastoral vale, or snowy mountain range,
 Or cataract, or lake, or tropic storm,
 Rouse not the soul, like actions great or kind;
 Those charm mine eyes,—but these my spirit warm.

Original Prologue,

TO ANONYMOUS POEMS.

MY heart presents her gift: in turn, of thee,
 I ask a little time, an idle hour,
 Kindly to spend with these my thoughts and me,
 Wooing the fragrance of the Muses' bower:
 Not without crest or coat, yet nameless now,
 As one to earn his spurs, and prove his power,
 A candidate unknown, with vizzor'd brow,
 Bearing no charge upon mine argent shield,
 Full of young hopes, I dare the tented field!
 —Not so: this is no time for measuring swords;
 Thou art no craven, though thy spirit yield,
 For yonder are fair looks, and friendly words:
 Choose a more peaceful image:—here reveal'd,
 Taste a small sample of my humble hoards.

Epilogue.

ARE there no sympathies, no loves between us?
 Is my hope vain?—I have not vex't thee long,
 Nor lent thee thoughts from GOD and good that wean us;
 Nor given thee words that warp from right to wrong:
 And if, at times, my too triumphant song
 Hath seem'd self-praise,—doth it indeed demean us,
 That when a man feels hotly at his heart
 The quick spontaneous fire of thoughts and words,
 He will not play the hypocrite's ill part,
 Flinging aside the meed his mind affords?
 No! with all gratitude and humbleness
 I claim mine own; nor can affect to scorn
 A gift, of my Creator's goodness born,
 His grace to give, my glory to possess.

Martenus, etc.

PUBLISHED IN 1848.

The New Year.

THE old man he is dead, young heir,
And gone to his long account;
Come, stand on his hearth, and sit in his chair,
And into his saddle mount!

The old man's face was a face to be fear'd,
But thine both loving and gay;
O who would not choose for that stern white beard,
A bright young cheek alway?

The old man he had outlived them all,
His friends, he said, were gone;
But hundreds are wassailing now in the hall,
And true friends every one!

The old man moan'd both sore and long
Of pleasures past, he said;
But pleasures to come are the young heir's song,
The living, not the dead!

The old man babbled of old regrets,
Alack! how much he owed:
But the young heir has not a feather of debts
His heart withal to load!

The old man used to shudder, and seem
 Remembering secret sin;
 But the happy young heir is as if in a dream,
 Paradise all within!

Alas! for the old man,—where is he now?
 And fear for thyself, young heir;
 For he was innocent once as thou,
 As ruddy and blythe and fair:

Reap wisdom from his furrow'd face,
 Cull counsel from his fear;
 O speed thee, young heir, in gifts and in grace,
 And blessings on thee,—New Year!

All's for the best!

ALL's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful,
 Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise,
 Nothing but Folly goes faithless and fearful,
 Courage for ever is happy and wise:
 All for the best,—if a man would but know it
 Providence wishes us all to be blest,
 This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
 Heaven is gracious, and — All's for the best!

All for the best! set this on your standard,
 Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
 Who to the shores of Despair may have wander'd,
 A waywearied swallow, or heartstricken dove:

All for the best!—be a man but confiding,
 Providence tenderly governs the rest,
 And the frail bark of His creature is guiding
 Wisely and warily all for the best.

All for the best! then fling away terrors,
 Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
 And in the midst of your dangers or errors
 Trust like a child, while you strive like a man:
 All's for the best!—unbiass'd, unbounded,
 Providence reigns from the East to the West;
 And, by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
 Hope and be happy that All's for the best!

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### The Riddle read.

WORLD of sorrow, care, and change,  
 Even to myself I seem,  
 As adown thy vale I range,  
 Wandering in a dream:  
 All things are so strange.

For, the dead who died this day,  
 Fair and young, or great and good,  
 Though we mourn them, where are they?  
 —With those before the flood;  
 Equally past away!

Living hearts have scanty time  
 To feel some other heart most dear,  
 Scarce can love the love sublime  
 Unselfishly sincere,—  
 Death nips it in its prime!

Minds have hardly power to learn  
How much there is to know aright,  
Can dimly through the mist discern  
Some little glimpse of light,—  
The order is, Return!

Willing hands but just begin  
Wisely to work for GOD and man,  
And some poor wages barely win  
As one who well began,—  
The Master calls, Come in!

Well,—this is well: for well begun  
Is all the good man here may do,  
He cannot hope to see half done;  
A furlong is crept through,  
And lo, the goal is won!

This is the life of sight and sense,  
And other brighter lives depend  
On all we here can just commence;  
But long before an end  
GOD calls his servant hence.

Take courage, courage: not in vain  
The Ruler hath appointed thus;  
Account it neither grief nor pain  
His mercy spareth us—  
It is the labourer's gain.

Here we begin to love and know;  
And when GOD's willing grace perceives  
The plant of Heav'n hath roots to grow,  
He plucks the ranker leaves,  
And doth transplant it so!

## Old Haunts.

FOR MUSIC.

I LOVE to linger on my track  
 Wherever I have dwelt and parted,  
 In after years to loiter back,  
 And feel as once I felt,—young-hearted!  
 My foot falls lightly on the sward,  
 Yet leaves a deathless dint behind it,  
 With tenderness I still regard  
 Its unforgotten print, to find it!

Old places have a charm for me  
 The new can ne'er possess, for ever,  
 Old faces—how I long to see  
 Those looks that here can bless me never!  
 Yet, these are gone:—while all around  
 Is changing with each changing hour,  
 I'll anchor on the solid ground  
 And root my memories there in power!




## The Battle of Roleia.

A MILITARY BALLAD.

YE children of the veterans  
 Who fought for faithless Spain,  
 And for ungrateful Portugal  
 Pour'd out their blood like rain,—  
 Come near me, and hear me,  
 For I would tell you well  
 How gallantly your fathers fought,  
 Or gloriously they fell!

I sing Roleia's bloody strife,  
The first of many frays,  
When iron Wellesley led us on  
Invincible always;  
Roleia gay and evergreen,  
Festoon'd with vines and flowers,  
Roleia, scorch'd and blood-bedew'd,—  
And half that blood was ours!

The seventeenth of August  
It shone out bright and clear,  
And still we press'd the Frenchman's flank,  
And hung upon his rear;  
From Brilos and Obidos  
Had we driven the bold Laborde,  
And now among the mountain rocks  
We sought him with the sword!



All golden is the plain with wheat,  
All purple are the hills  
With luscious vineyards ripe and sweet,  
And laced with crystal rills;  
Yet must the rills run down with gore,  
The corn be trampled red,  
Before Roleia's threshing-floor  
Is glutted with her dead!

O cheerily the bugles spoke,  
And all our hearts beat high  
When over Monte Junto broke  
The sun upon the sky;  
Right early from Obidos  
We gladly sallied then  
A goodly host, in columns three,  
Of fourteen thousand men.

Brave Ferguson led on the left,  
And Trant the flanking right,  
With iron Arthur in the midst,  
The focus of the fight ;  
And fast by Wellesley's gallant side  
The Craufurd rode amain,  
And Hill, the British soldier's pride,  
And Nightingale, and Fane.

Crouching like a tiger,  
In his high and rocky lair,  
The Frenchman howl'd and show'd his teeth,  
And — wish'd he was n't there ;  
For Craufurd, Hill, and Nightingale  
Flew at him as he lay,  
And up our gallant fellows sprang  
As bloodhounds on the prey.

And look ! we hunt the bold Laborde  
To Zambugeira's height,—  
While Trant with Fane and Ferguson  
Outflank him left and right ;  
And then with cheers we charge the front,  
With cheers the foe reply,—  
No child's play was that battle brunt,  
We swore to win or die !

Rattled loud the musket's roar,—  
We struggled man to man,—  
The rugged rocks were wash'd in gore,  
With gore the gullies ran !  
Fiercely through those mountain paths  
Our bloody way we force,—  
And find in strength upon the heights  
The Frenchman, foot and horse :

Ah, then, my Ninth, and Twenty-ninth,  
Your courage was too hot,  
For down on your disorder'd ranks  
Secure they pour the shot;  
But all their horse and foot and guns  
Could never make you fly,—  
The losing Frenchman fights and runs,  
But Britons fight—and die!

Up to the rescue, Ferguson!  
And keep the hard-fought hill;  
Their chiefs are pick'd off, one by one,  
And lo, they rally still;  
They rally, and rush stoutly on,—  
The bold Laborde gives way,—  
The day is lost! the day is won!  
And ours is the day!

Then well retreating sage and slow  
Alternately in mass  
With charging horse, the wily foe  
Gains Runa's rocky pass;  
And left us thus Roleia's field,  
With other fields in store,  
Vimiera, Torres Vedras,  
And half a hundred more!

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### Retrospect.

How many years are fled,—  
How many friends are dead:  
Alas, how fast  
The past hath past,—  
How speedily life hath sped!

Places, that knew me of yore,  
Know me for theirs no more;  
    And sore at the change  
    Quite strange I range  
Where I was at home before.

Thoughts and things each day  
Seem to be fading away;  
    Yet this is, I wot,  
    Their lot to be not  
Continuing in one stay. tay.

A mingled mesh it seems  
Of facts and fancy's gleams;  
    I scarce have power  
    From hour to hour  
To separate things from dreams.

Darkly, as in a glass,  
Like a vain shadow they pass;  
    Their ways they wend  
    And tend to an end,  
The goal of life, alas!

Alas? and wherefore so,—  
Be glad for this passing show;  
    The world and its lust  
    Back must to their dust  
Before the soul can grow.

Expand, my willing mind,  
Thy nobler life to find,  
    Thy childhood leave  
    Nor grieve to bereave  
Thine age of toys behind.

## Peace and Quietness.

PEACE is the precious atmosphere I breathe;  
 And my calm mind goes to her dewy bower,  
 A trellis rare of fragrant thoughts to wreath,  
 Mingling the scents and tints of every flower:  
 For pity, vex her not; those inner joys  
 That bless her in this consecrated hour,  
 Start and away, like plovers, at a noise,  
 Sensitive, timorous:—O do not scare  
 My happy fancies, lest the flock take wing,  
 Fly to the wilderness and perish there!  
 For I have secret luxuries, that bring  
 Gladness and brightness to mine eyes and heart,  
 Memory, and Hope, and keen Imagining,  
 Sweet thoughts and peaceful, never to depart.

---

THEN give me Silence; for my spirit is rare,  
 Of delicate edge and tender: when I think,  
 I rear aloft a mental fabric fair;  
 But soon as words come hurtling on the air,  
 Down to this dust my ruined fancies sink:  
 Look you! on yonder Alp's precipitous brink  
 An avalanche is tottering;—one breath  
 Loosens an icy chain;—it falls,—it falls,  
 Filling the buried glens and glades with death!  
 Or as, when on the mountain's granite walls  
 The hunter spies a chamois,—hush! be calm,  
 A word will scare it,—even so, my Mind  
 Creative, energizing, seeks the balm  
 Of Quiet: Solitude and Peace combined.

## The Early Gallop.

*(Written in the saddle, on the crown of my hat.)*

AT five on a dewy morning,  
Before the blazing day,  
To be up and off on a high-mettled horse  
Over the hills away,—  
To drink the rich sweet breath of the gorse  
And bathe in the breeze of the Downs,  
Ha! man, if you can, match bliss like this  
In all the joys of towns!

With glad and grateful tongue to join  
The lark at his matin hymn,  
And thence on faith's own wing to spring  
And sing with cherubim!  
To pray from a deep and tender heart,  
With all things praying anew,  
The birds and the bees, and the whispering trees,  
And heather bedropt with dew,—  
To be one with those early worshippers  
And pour the carol too!

Then, off again with a slacken'd rein,  
And a bounding heart within,  
To dash at a gallop over the plain,  
Health's golden cup to win!  
This, this is the race for gain and grace  
Richer than vases and crowns;  
And you that boast your pleasures the most  
Amid the steam of towns,  
Come, taste true bliss in a morning like this,  
Galloping over the Downs!

# Ascot:

JUNE 3, 1847--WHEN HERO WON.

MODERN Olympia! shorn of all their pride —  
 The patriot spirit, and unlured praise —  
 Thou art a type of these degenerate days,  
 When love of simple honour all hath died;  
 Oh dusty, gay, and eager multitude,  
 Agape for gold — No! do not thus condemn;  
 For hundreds here are innocent and good,  
 And young, and fair, among — but not of — them;  
 And hundreds more enjoy with gratitude  
 This well-earn'd holiday, so bright and green:  
 Do not condemn! it is a stirring scene,  
 Though vanity and folly fill it up;  
 Look how the mettled racers please the Queen!  
 Ha! brave John Day — a Hero wins the cup!

## Life.

A BUSY dream, forgotten ere it fades,  
 A vapour, melting into air away,  
 Vain hopes, vain fears, a mesh of lights and shades,  
 A chequer'd labyrinth of night and day,  
 This is our life; a rapid surgy flood  
 Where each wave hunts its fellow; on they press;  
 To-day is yesterday, and hope's young bud  
 Has fruited a to-morrow's nothingness:  
 Still on they press, and we are borne along,  
 Forgetting and forgotten, trampling down  
 The living and the dead in that fierce throng,  
 With little heed of Heaven's smile or frown,  
 And little care for others' right or wrong,  
 So we in iron selfishness stand strong.

## Waterloo.

## A BALLAD FOR THE SOLDIER.

THERMOPYLAE and Cannæ

Were glorious fields of yore,  
Leonidas and Hannibal

Right famous evermore;  
But we can claim a nobler name,  
A field more glorious too,  
The chief who thus achieved for us  
Victorious Waterloo.

Let others boast of Cæsar's host  
Led on by Cæsar's skill,  
And how fierce Attila could rout,  
And Alaric could kill,—  
But we—right well, O hear me tell  
What British troops can do,  
When marshall'd by a Wellington  
To win a Waterloo!

O for a Pindar's harp to tune  
The triumphs of that day!  
O for a Homer's pictured words  
To paint the fearful fray!—  
Alas, my tongue and harp ill-strung  
In feeble tones and few,  
Hath little skill—yet right good-will  
To sing of Waterloo.

Then gather round, my comrades,  
And hear a soldier tell  
How full of honour was the day  
When—every man did well!

And though a soldier's speech be rough,  
His heart is hot and true  
While thus he tells of Wellington  
At hard-fought Waterloo.

Sublimely calm, our iron Duke,  
A lion in his lair,  
Waited and watch'd with sleepless eye  
To see what France would dare,  
Nor deign'd to stir from Brussels  
Until he surely knew  
The foe was rushing on his fate  
At chosen Waterloo.

What? should the hunter waste his strength  
Nor hold his good hounds back  
Before he knows they near the foes  
And open on the track?  
No: let "surprise" blight Frenchmen's eyes,  
For truly they shall rue  
The giant skill that, stern and still,  
Drew them to Waterloo.

Hotly the couriers gallop up  
To Richmond's festive scene,—  
Alone, alone the chieftain stood  
Undaunted and serene:  
Ready, ready,—staunch and steady,—  
And forth the orders flew  
That march'd us off to Quatre Bras,  
And whelming Waterloo.

Begin, begin with Quatre Bras,  
That twinborn field of flame,  
Where many a gallant deed was done  
By many a gallant name;

That battle-field, which seem'd to yield  
An earnest and review  
Of all that British courage dared  
And did at Waterloo.

We heard from far old Blucher's guns,  
At Ligny's blazing street,  
And hurried on to Weimar's aid,  
Right glad the foe to meet;  
A score of miles to Quatre Bras;  
But still to arms we stood  
And cheerly rush'd without a pause  
To win the Boissy wood:

Then, just like cowards, three to one,  
Before we could deploy,  
To crush us, Ney and Excelmans  
Flew down with fiendish joy;  
But stout we stood in hollow squares,  
And fought, and kept the ground,  
While lancer spears and cuirassiers  
Were charging us all round!

Ay, ay, my men, we battled then  
Like wolves and bears at bay,  
And thousands there among the dead  
With sable Brunswick lay:  
And back to back in that attack  
The ninety-second fought,—  
And "steadily" the twenty-eighth  
Behaved as Britons ought.

Then up came Maitland with the guards,  
Hurrah! they clear the wood;  
But still the furious Frenchman charged,  
And still we stoutly stood,

Till gentle night drew on, and that  
Drew off the treacherous Ney,  
For when the morning dimly broke  
—The fox had stole away!

Thus much, my lads, for Quatre Bras;  
And now for Waterloo,  
Where skill and courage did it all,  
With GOD's good help in view!  
For we were beardless raw recruits  
And they, more numerous far,  
Were fierce mustachioed mighty men,  
The veterans of war.

The GOD of battles help'd us soon,  
As godless France drew nigh,  
—It was the great eighteenth of June,  
The sun was getting high;—  
And suddenly two hundred guns  
At once with thundering throats  
Peal'd out their dreadful overture  
In deep volcano notes.

Then, by ten thousands, horse and foot,  
Came on the foaming Gaul,  
And still with bristling front we stood  
As solid as a wall:  
And stout Macdonnell's Hougoumont,  
The centre of the van,  
Was storm'd and storm'd and storm'd—in vain,  
—He held it like a man!

O who can count the myriad deeds  
That hundreds did in fight?  
Ponsonby falls, and Picton bleeds,  
And — both are quench'd in night:

And many a hero subaltern  
And hero private too  
Beat Ajax and Achilles both  
In winning Waterloo!

What shall I say on that dread day  
Of Ferrier and his band?  
Ten times he chased the foes away,  
And charged them sword in hand;  
Six of those ten he led his men  
With blood upon his brow,—  
And in the eleventh dropp'd and died  
To live in glory now!

Or, give a stave to Shaw the brave,  
—In death the hero sleeps,—  
Hemm'd by a score, he knock'd them o'er,  
And hew'd them down in heaps;  
Till, wearied out, the lion stout  
Beset as by a pack  
Of hungry hounds, fell full of wounds,  
But none upon his back!

And Halkett then before his men  
Dash'd forward and made prize  
(While both the lines for wonderment  
Could scarce believe their eyes)  
Of a gaily-plumed French general  
Haranguing his array,  
But Halkett caught him, speech and all,  
And bore him right away!

Thee too, De Lancey, generous chief,  
For thee a niche be found,—  
Wounded to death, he scorn'd relief  
Whilst others bled around:

And D'Oyley and Fitzgerald died,  
Just as the day was won,—  
And Gordon by his general's side —  
The side of Wellington!

And Somerset and Uxbridge then  
Gave each a limb to death;  
Curzon and Canning cheer'd their men  
With their last dying breath;  
And gallant Miller stricken sore  
With fainting utterance cries,  
"Bring me my colours! wave them o'er  
Your colonel till he dies!"

Then furious wax'd the Emperor  
That Britons wouldn't run,  
"Les bêtes, pourquoi ne fuient-ils pas?  
Et donc, ce Vellington?"  
But Vellington still holds his own  
For eight red hours and more,  
"Why comes not Marshal Blucher down?  
—Ha!—there's his cannon's roar,—

"Up, guards, and at them! charge!"—the word  
Like forkèd lightning passes,  
And lance, and bayonet, and sword  
Rush on in glittering masses!  
Back, back, the surging columns roll  
In terrified dismay,  
And onward shout against the rout  
The conquerors of the day!

O now, the tide of battle  
Is turn'd to seas of blood,  
When case and grape-shot rattle  
Among the multitude,

And Fates, led on by Furies,  
Destroy the flying host;  
And Chaos mated with Despair  
Makes all the lost most lost!

Woe, woe! thou caitiff-hero,  
Thou Emperor — and slave,  
Why didst not thou, too, nobly bleed  
With those devoted brave?  
No, no,—the coward's thought was self,  
And "Suave qui peut" his cry,  
And verily at Waterloo  
Did great Napoleon die!

He died to fame, while yet his name  
Was on ten thousand tongues  
That trusted him, and pray'd to him  
And — cursed him for their wrongs!  
O noble souls! Imperial Guard,  
Had *your* chief been but true,  
Ye would have stood and stopp'd the rout  
At crushing Waterloo!

Still as they fled from Wellington  
To Blucher's arms they flew;  
These two made up the Quatre Bras  
To clutch a Waterloo!  
Ha! Blucher's Prussian vengeance  
Was fully sated then,  
When hated France upon the field  
Left forty thousand men.

Thus, comrades, hath a soldier told  
What Wellington's calm skill,  
When help'd by troops of British mould  
And God's almighty will,

Against a veteran triple force  
On battle-field can do :—  
Then, three times three for Wellington,  
The Prince of Waterloo !

---

"Are you a great Reader?"

I HOPE to ripen into richer wine  
Than mixt Falernian; those decanter'd streams  
Pour'd from another's chalice into thine  
Make less of wisdom than the scholar dreams;  
Precept on precept, tedious line on line,  
That never-thinking, ever-reading plan,  
Fashion some patchwork garments for a man,  
But starve his mind: it starves of too much meat,  
An undigested surfeit; as for me,  
I am untamed, a spirit free and fleet  
That cannot brook the studious yoke, nor be  
Like some dull grazing ox without a soul,  
But feeling racer's shoes upon my feet  
Before my teacher starts, I touch the goal.

---

The Verdict.

I LEAVE all judgments to that better world  
And my more righteous Judge: for He shall tell  
In the dread day when from their thrones are hurl'd  
Each human tyranny and earthly spell,  
That which alone of all He knoweth well—

The heart's own secret: He shall tell it out  
 With all the feelings and the sorrows there,  
 The fears within, the foes that hemm'd without,  
 Neglect and wrong and calumny and care:  
 For He hath saved thine ev'ry tearful pray'r  
 In His own lachrymal; and noted down  
 Each unconsider'd grief with tenderest love:  
 Look up! beyond the cross behold the crown,  
 And for all wrongs below all rights above!



### Guernsey.

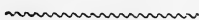
GUERNSEY! to me and in my partial eyes  
 Thou art a holy and enchanted isle,  
 Where I would linger long, and muse the while  
 Of ancient thoughts and solemn memories,  
 Quickening the tender tear or pensive smile:  
 Guernsey!—for nearly thrice a hundred years  
 Home of my fathers! refuge from their fears,  
 And haven to their hope,—when long of yore  
 Fleeing Imperial Charles and bloody Rome,  
 Protestant martyrs, to thy sea-girt shore  
 They came to seek a temple and a home,  
 And found thee generous,—I their son would pour  
 My heartfull all of praise and thanks to thee,  
 Island of welcomes,—friendly, frank, and free!

## All's Right.

FOR MUSIC.

O NEVER despair at the troubles of life,  
All's right!  
In the midst of anxiety, peril, and strife,  
All's right!  
The cheerful philosophy never was wrong  
That ever puts this on the tip of my tongue,  
And makes it my glory, my strength, and my song,  
All's right!

The Pilot beside us is steering us still,  
All's right!  
The Champion above us is guarding from ill,  
All's right!  
Let others who know neither Father nor Friend  
Go trembling and doubting in fear to the end,—  
For me, on this motto I gladly depend,  
All's right!



## The Complaint of an Ancient Briton,

DISINTERRED BY ARCHÆOLOGISTS.

Two thousand years ago  
They heap'd my battle-grave,  
And each a tear and each a stone  
My mourning warriors gave;

For I had borne me well,  
And fought as patriots fight,  
Till, like a British chief, I fell  
Contending for the right.  
Seam'd with many a wound,  
All weakly did I lie;  
My foes were dead or dying round,—  
And thus I joy'd to die!  
For their marauding crew  
Came treacherously to kill,—  
The many came against the few  
To storm our sacred hill.  
We battled, and we bled,  
We won, and paid the price,  
For I, the chief, lay down with the dead  
A willing sacrifice!  
My liegemen wail'd me long,  
And treasured up my bones,  
And rear'd my kist secure and strong  
With tributary stones:  
High on the breezy down,  
My native hill's own breast,  
Nigh to the din of mine ancient town,  
They left me to my rest.  
I hoped for peace and calm  
Until my judgment hour,  
And then to awake for the victor's palm  
And patriot's throne of power!  
And lo! till this dark day  
Did men my grave revere;  
Two thousand years had posted away,  
And still I slumber'd here:  
But now, there broke a noise  
Upon my silent home,  
'Twas not the Resurrection voice  
That burst my turfy tomb,—

But men of prying mind,  
Alas, my fellow men,  
Ravage my grave, my bones to find,  
With sacrilegious ken!  
Mine honour doth abjure  
Your new barbarian race;  
Restore, restore my bones secure  
To some more sacred place!  
With mattock and with spade  
Ye dare to break my rest;  
The pious mound is all unmade  
My clan had counted blest:  
Take, take my buckler's boss,  
My sword, and spear, and chain,—  
Steal all ye can of this world's dross,  
But—rest my bones again!  
I know your modern boast  
Is light, and learning's spread,—  
Learn of a Celt to show them most  
In honour to the Dead!

---

### Wisdom.

It is the way we go, the way of life;  
A drop of pleasure in a sea of pain,  
A grain of peace amid a load of strife,  
With toil and grief, and grief and toil again.  
Yea:—but for this; the firm and faithful breast,  
Bolder than lions, confident and strong,  
That never doubts its birthright to be blest,  
And dreads no evil while it does no wrong:

This, this is wisdom, manful and serene,  
 Towards GOD all penitence and prayer and trust,  
 But to the troubles of this shifting scene  
 Simply courageous and sublimely just:  
 Be then such wisdom thine, my heart within,—  
 There is no foe nor woe nor grief but—Sin.



### The Heart's Husband.

FOR MUSIC.

Go, leave me to weep for the years that are past,  
 For my youth, and its friends, and its pleasures all dead,  
 My spring and my summer are fading too fast,  
 And I long to live over the days that are fled;  
 It is not for sorrows or sins on my track  
 That I mournfully cast my fond yearnings behind,—  
 —Ah no,—from affection I love to look back,  
 It is only my Heart that has wedded my Mind.

And still, let the Mind that has married a Heart,  
 Though loving, be strong as a King in his pride,  
 And ever command that all weakness depart  
 From the realm that he rules in the soul of his bride;  
 For what, if all time and all pleasures decay?  
 My Mind is myself, an invincible chief,—  
 Like a child's broken toys are the years past away,  
 And my Heart half-ashamed has forgotten her grief.

## Prophets.

PROPHETS at home,—I smile to note your wrongs;  
 How scantily praised at each ancestral hearth  
 Are ye, caress'd by million hearts and tongues,  
 And full of honours over half the earth:  
 O petty jealousies and paltry strife!  
 The little minds that chronicle a birth  
 Stood once for teachers in the task of life;  
 But, as the child of genius grew apace,  
 Dismay'd at his gigantic lineaments,  
 They fear'd to find his glory their disgrace,  
 His mind their master: so their worldly aim  
 Is still to vex him with discouragements,  
 To check the spring-tide budding of his fame,  
 And keep it down, to save themselves a name

---

## Wheat-corn and Chaff.

My little learning fadeth fast away,  
 And all the host of words and forms and rules  
 Bred in my teeming youth of books and schools  
 Dwindle to less and lighter; night and day  
 I dream of tasks undone, and lore forgot,  
 Seeming some sailor in the "ship of fools,"  
 Some debtor owing what he cannot pay,  
 Some conner of old themes remember'd not:  
 Despise such small oblivion; 'tis the lot  
 Of human life, amid its chance and change,  
 To learn, and then unlearn; to seek and find  
 And then to lose familiars grown quite strange:  
 Store up, store wisdom's corn in heart and mind,  
 But fling the chaff on every winnowing wind.

### The true Epicure.

How saidst thou?—Pleasure: why, my life is pleasure;  
 My days are pleasantness, my nights are peace:  
 I drink of joys which neither cloy nor cease,  
 A well that gushes blessings without measure.  
 Ah, thou hast little heed how rich and glad,  
 How happy is my soul in her full treasure,  
 How seldom but for honest pity sad,  
 How constantly at calm!—my very cares  
 Are sweetness in my cup, as being sent;  
 And country quiet, and retired leisure  
 Keep me from half the common fears and snares;  
 And I have learnt the wisdom of content:  
 Yea, and to crown the cup of peace with praise  
 Both GOD and man have blest my works and ways.

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### The Happy Man.

A MAN of no regrets  
 He goes his sunny way,  
 Owing the past no load of debts  
 The present cannot pay:  
 He wedded his first love  
 Nor loved another since;  
 He sets his nobler hopes above;  
 He reigns in joy a Prince!

A man of no regrets,  
 He hath no cares to vex,  
 No secret griefs, nor mental nets  
 Nor troubles to perplex:

Forgiveness to his sin,  
 And help in every need,  
 Blessings around, and peace within,  
 Crown him a King indeed!

A man of no regrets,  
 Upon his Empire free  
 The sun of gladness never sets,—  
 Then who so rich as he?  
 Yea, GOD upon my heart  
 Hath pour'd all blessings down:  
 Then yield to Him, with all thou art,  
 The homage of thy crown!



### Weraldic.

HIGH in Battle's antler'd hall,  
 Ancient as its Abbey wall,  
 Hangs a helmet, brown with rust,  
 Cobweb'd o'er, and thick in dust;  
 High it hangs, 'mid pikes and bows,  
 Scowling still at spectral foes,  
 Proud and stern, with visor down,  
 And fearful in its feudal frown.

When I saw, what ail'd thee, heart,  
 Wherefore should I stop, and start?—  
 That old helm, with that old crest,  
 Is more to me than all the rest;  
 Batter'd, broken, though it be,  
 That old helm is all to me.

Yon black greyhound know I well :  
 Many a tale hath it to tell  
 How in troublous times of old  
 Sires of mine, with bearing bold,  
 Bearing bold, but much mischance,  
 Sway'd the sword, or poised the lance,—  
 Much mischance, desponding still,  
 They fought and fell, foreboding ill :  
 And their scallop, gules with blood,  
 Fess'd amid the azure flood,  
 Show'd the pilgrim, slain afar  
 Over the sea in Holy War ;  
 While that faithful greyhound black  
 Vainly watch'd the wild boar's track,  
 And the legend and the name  
 Proved all lost but hope and fame,—  
*Tout est perdu*, fors l'honneur,  
 Mais "*L'Espoir est ma force*" sans peur.

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### Threnos.

VANITY, vanity ! dead hopes and fears,  
 Dim flitting phantoms of departed years,  
 Unsatisfying shadows, vague and cold,  
 Of thoughts and things that made my joys of old,  
 Sad memories of the kindly words and ways  
 And looks and loves of friends in other days,—  
 Alas ! all gone,—a dream, a very dream,  
 A dream is all you are, and all you seem !

O life, I do forget thee : I look back,  
 And lo, the desert wind has swept my track :  
 I stand upon this bare and solid ground,  
 And, strangely waken'd, wonder all around,

How came I here? and whence? and whither tend?  
Speak, friend!—if death and time have spared a friend:  
Behold, the place that knew me well of yore  
Knoweth me not; and that familiar floor  
Where all my kith and kin were wont to meet  
Is now grown strange, and throng'd by other feet.  
O soul, my soul, consider thou that spot,  
Root there thy gratitude, and leave it not;  
Still let remembrance, with a swimming eye,  
Live in those rooms, nor pass them coldly by;  
Still let affection cling to those old days,  
And, yearning fondly, paint them bright with praise:  
O once my home—with all thy blessings fled,  
O forms and faces—gather'd to the dead,  
O scenes of joy and sorrow—faded fast!  
—How hollow sound thy footsteps, ghostlike PAST!  
An aching emptiness is all thou art,  
A famine hid within the cavern'd heart.

Thou changeless ONE,—how blest to have no change,—  
Only with Thee, my GOD, I feel not strange:  
Thou art the same for ever and for aye,—  
To-morrow and to-day as yesterday,  
Thou art the same,—a tranquil Present still;  
There I can hide, and bless Thy sovereign will:  
Yea, bless Thee, O my Father, that Thy love  
Call'd in an instant to the bliss above  
From ills to come and grief and care and fear  
Thy type to me, most honour'd and most dear!  
O true and tender spirit, pure and good,  
So vext on earth and little understood,  
Thy gentle nature was not fit for strife,  
But quail'd to meet the waking woes of life;  
And therefore GOD Our Father kindly made  
Thy sleep a death, lest thou shouldst feel afraid!

## The Dead.

### A DIRGE.

I LOVE the dead!  
The precious spirits gone before,  
And waiting on that peaceful shore  
To meet with welcome looks  
and kiss me yet once more.

I love the dead!  
And fondly doth my fancy paint  
Each dear one, wash'd from earthly taint,  
By patience and by hope  
made a most gentle saint.

O glorious dead!  
Without one spot upon the dress  
Of your ethereal loveliness,  
Ye linger round me still  
with earnest will to bless.

Enfranchised dead!  
Each fault and failing left behind,  
And nothing now to chill or bind,  
How gloriously ye reign  
in majesty of mind!

O royal dead!  
The resting, free, unfetter'd dead,  
The yearning, conscious, holy dead,  
The hoping, waiting, calm,  
the happy changeless dead!

I love the dead!  
And well forget their little ill,  
Eager to bask my memory still  
In all their best of words  
and deeds and ways and will.

I bless the dead!  
Their good, half choked by this world's weeds,  
Is blooming now in heavenly meads,  
And ripening golden fruit  
of all those early seeds.

I trust the dead!  
They understand me frankly now,  
There are no clouds on heart or brow,  
But spirit, reading spirit,  
answereth glow for glow.

I praise the dead!  
All their tears are wiped away,  
Their darkness turn'd to perfect day,—  
How blessed are the dead,  
how beautiful be they!

O gracious dead!  
That watch me from your paradise  
With happy tender starlike eyes,  
Let your sweet influence rain  
me blessings from the skies.

Yet, helpless dead,  
Vainly my yearning nature dares  
Such unpremeditated prayers, —  
All vain it were for them;  
as even for me theirs.

Immortal dead!

Ye in your lot are fix'd as fate  
And man or angel is too late  
To beckon back by prayer  
one change upon your state.

O, godlike dead,  
Ye that do rest, like Noah's dove,  
Fearless I leave you to the love  
Of Him who gave you peace,  
to bear with you above!

And ye, the dead,  
Godless on earth, and gone astray,  
Alas, your hour is past away,—  
The Judge is just; for you  
it now were sin to pray.

Still, all ye dead,  
First may be last and last be first,—  
Charity counteth no man curst,  
But hopeth still in Him  
whose love would save the worst.

Therefore, ye dead,  
I love you, be ye good or ill,  
For GOD, our GOD, doth love me still,  
And you He loved on earth  
with love that nought could chill.

And some, just dead,  
To me on earth most deeply dear,  
Who loved and nursed and blest me here,  
I love you with a love  
that casteth out all fear:

Come near me, Dead!  
 In spirit come to me, and kiss,—  
 No!—I must wait awhile for this:  
 A few, few years or days,  
 And I too feed on bliss!

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### The Thanks of Parliament to Wellington and his Army.

OUTSPAKE a nation's voice,  
 Concentred in her king,  
 While cannons roar, and hearts rejoice,  
 And all the steeples ring:

Outspake old England then  
 By prelates and by peers:  
 By all her best and wisest men,  
 Her sages and her seers—

Old England and her pair  
 Of sisters, north and west,  
 The comely graces, fresh and fair,  
 Who charm the world to rest.

All honour to the brave!  
 The living and the dead,  
 Who only fought to bless and save,  
 And crush the hydra's head:

All honour and all thanks  
 To every mother's son,  
 Saxon, or Celt, or Gael, or Manx,  
 Who fought with Wellington!

For heroes were they all,  
To conquer or to die,  
By Ahmednuggra's bastion'd wall,  
Or desperate Assye :

And, heroes still, they strive  
Against the dangerous Dane,  
When France stirr'd up the northern hive,  
To sting us on the main :

All heroes, heroes still,  
For Lusitania's right;  
By red Roleia's hard-fought hill,  
And Vimiera's fight :

And stout the heroes stood  
On Talavera's day;  
And wrote their conquering names in blood,  
At Salamanca's fray :

Still heroes, on they went  
O'er Cuidad's gory fosse,  
And stern Sebastian's battlement,  
And thundering Badajos :

And, heroes ever, taught  
Old Soult to fly and yield,  
Shouting "Victory" as they fought  
On red Vittoria's field;

And, heroes ay, they flew  
To Orthez, conquering yet;  
Until, at whelming Waterloo,  
The Frenchman's sun had set!

Then, thanks! thou glorious chief,  
And thanks! ye gallant band,  
Who, under GOD, to man's relief  
Stretch'd out the saving hand :

All Britain thanks you well,  
 By peasant, peer, and king;  
 To all who fought for us, or fell,  
 Immortal honours bring!

Peal fast the merry chime,  
 And bid the cannon roar  
 In praise of heroes, whom all time  
 Shall cherish evermore!



## TO LAURA.

(FROM PETRARCH.)

*Laura*  
 MY Laura, my love, I behold in thine eyes .  
 Twin day-stars that Mercy has given,  
 To teach me on earth to be happy and wise  
 And guide me triumphant to heaven!

Their lessons of love through a lifetime have taught  
 My bosom thy pureness and sweetness;  
 They have roused me to virtue, exalted my thought,  
 And made my celestial meetness.

They have shed on my heart a delightful repose;  
 All else it hath barr'd from its portal;  
 So deeply the stream of my happiness flows,  
 I know that my soul is immortal.

## To America.

COLUMBIA, child of Britain,—noblest child!

I praise the growing lustre of thy worth,  
And fain would see thy great heart reconciled

To love the mother of so blest a birth:  
For we are one, Columbia! still the same  
In lineage, language, laws, and ancient fame,  
The natural nobility of earth:

Yes, we are one; the glorious days of yore  
When dear old England earn'd her storied name,  
Are thine as well as ours for evermore;

And thou hast rights in Milton, ev'n as we,  
Thou too canst claim "sweet Shakspeare's wood-notes  
wild,"—

And chiefest, brother, we are both made free  
Of one Religion, pure and undefiled!

## II.

I BLAME thee not, as other some have blamed,—

The highborn heir had grown to man's estate;  
I mock thee not as some who should be shamed,  
Nor ferret out thy faults with envious hate;  
Far otherwise, by generous love inflamed,

Patriot I praise my country's foreign Son,  
Rejoicing in the blaze of good and great

That diadems thy head!—go on, go on,  
Young Hercules, thus travelling in night,  
Boy-Plato, filling all the West with light,

Thou new Themistocles for enterprise  
Go on and prosper, Acolyte of fate!

And, precious child, dear Ephraim, turn those eyes,—  
For thee thy Mother's yearning heart doth wait

## III.

LET aged Britain claim the classic Past,  
A shining track of bright and mighty deeds,  
For thee I prophesy the Future vast  
Whereof the Present sows its giant seeds :  
Corruption and decay come thick and fast  
O'er poor old England; yet a few dark years,  
And we must die as nations died of yore !  
But, in the millions of thy teeming shore —  
Thy patriots, sages, warriors, saints, and seers —  
We live again, Columbia ! yea, once more  
Unto a thousand generations live,  
The mother in the child ; to all the West  
Through Thee shall We earth's choicest blessings give,  
Even as our Orient world in Us is blest.

## IV.

THOU noble scion of an ancient root,  
Born of the forest-king ! spread forth, spread forth, —  
High to the stars thy tender leaflets shoot,  
Deep dig thy fibres round the ribs of earth :  
From sea to sea, from South to icy North,  
It must ere long be thine, through good or ill,  
To stretch thy sinewy boughs : Go, — wondrous child !  
The glories of thy destiny fulfil ; —  
Remember then thy mother in her age,  
Shelter her in the tempest, warring wild,  
Stand thou with us when all the nations rage  
So furiously together ! — we are one :  
And, through all time, the calm historic page  
Shall tell of Britain blest in thee her son !

## Pain.

DELAY not, sinner, till the hour of pain  
 To seek repentance: pain is absolute,  
 Exacting all the body and the brain,  
 Humanity's stern king from head to foot:  
 How canst thou pray, while fever'd arrows shoot  
 Through this torn targe,—while every bone doth ache,  
 And the scared mind raves up and down her cell  
 Restless, and begging rest for mercy's sake?  
 Add not to death the bitter fears of hell;  
 Take pity on thy future self, poor man,  
 While yet in strength thy timely wisdom can,—  
 Wrestle to-day with sin; and spare that strife  
 Of meeting all its terrors in the van,  
 Just at the ebbing agony of life.

---

 The Toothache.

A RAGING throbbing tooth,—it burns, it burns!  
 Darting its fiery fibres to the brain,  
 A stalk of fever on a root of pain,  
 A red-hot coal, a dull sore cork by turns,  
 A poison, kindred to the viper's fang,  
 Galling and fretting: ha! it stings again,  
 Riving the sensitive nerve with keenest pang.  
 Well; from this bitter let me cull the sweet,  
 For Goodness never did afflict in vain,  
 But wills that Pain should sit at Wisdom's feet:  
 Serve GOD in pleasant health; repent, and pray,  
 While the frail body rests at grateful ease;  
 And, sympathise with sickness and decay,  
 Charitable to Man: remember these.

*No Surrender!*

FOR MUSIC.

EVER constant, ever true,  
Let the word be, No surrender:  
Boldly dare and greatly do!  
This shall bring us bravely through,  
No surrender, No surrender!  
And though Fortune's smiles be few,  
Hope is always springing new,  
Still inspiring me and you  
With a magic — No surrender!

Nail the colours to the mast,  
Shouting gladly, No surrender!  
Troubles near are all but past —  
Serve them as you did the last,  
No surrender, No surrender!  
Though the skies be overcast  
And upon the sleety blast  
Disappointments gather fast,  
Beat them off with No surrender!

Constant and courageous still,  
Mind, the word is No surrender;  
Battle, though it be uphill,  
Stagger not at seeming ill,  
No surrender, No surrender!  
Hope,—and thus your hope fulfil,—  
There's a way where there's a will,  
And the way all cares to kill  
Is to give them — No surrender!

*Never mind!*

SOUL, be strong, whate'er betide,  
God himself is guard and guide,—  
With my Father at my side,  
Never mind!

Clouds and darkness hover near,  
Men's hearts failing them for fear,  
But be thou of right good cheer,  
Never mind!

Come what may, some work is done,  
Praise the Father through the Son,  
Goals are gain'd and prizes won,  
Never mind!

And if now the skies look black,  
All the past behind my back  
Is a bright and blessed track;  
Never mind!

Stand in patient courage still,  
Working out thy Master's will,  
Compass good, and conquer ill;  
Never mind!

Fight, for all their bullying boast,  
Dark temptation's evil host,  
This is thy predestined post;  
Never mind!

Be then tranquil as a dove;  
Through these thunder-clouds above  
Shines afar the heaven of love;  
Never mind!

## The Cromlech du Tus, Guernsey.

HOARY relic, stern and old,—  
 Heaving huge above the mould  
 Like some mammoth, lull'd to sleep  
 By the magic-murmuring deep  
 Till those grey gigantic bones  
 Gorgon-time hath frown'd to stones,—  
 Who shall tell thine awful tale,  
 Massy Cromlech, at "The Vale?" :

Ruthless altar, hungry tomb!  
 Superstition's throne of gloom,  
 Where in black sepulchral state  
 High the hooded Spectre sate  
 Terrible and throng'd by fears  
 Brooding for a thousand years  
 As a thunder-cloud above  
 All that wretched men may love,—  
 Is there no grim witness near  
 That shall whisper words of fear,  
 Every brother's heart to thrill,  
 Every brother's blood to chill,  
 While thy records are reveal'd  
 And thy mysteries unseal'd?—

Lift, with Titan toil and pain,  
 Lift the lid by might and main,—  
 Lift the lid and look within  
 On—this charnel-house of Sin!  
 O twin brethren, how and when  
 Dwelt ye in this rocky den?  
 Rise, dread martyrs! for your bones  
 Chronicle these Cromlech-stones;

Rise, ye grisly, ghastly pair,  
— Skeletons! how came ye there —  
Kneeling starkly side by side  
More like life than those who died?  
More like life?— O what a spell  
Of horror cowers in that cell!  
More like life!—Alive they went  
Into that stone tenement,  
Bound as in religious ease  
Meekly kneeling on their knees,  
And the cruel thongs confined  
All but the distracted mind  
That with terror raved to see  
Woe! how slow such death would be:  
Woe! how slow and full of dread:  
Pining, dying, but not dead;—  
Pining, dying in the tomb,  
Drown'd in gulfs of starving gloom,  
With corruption, hideous fear,  
Creeping noiselessly more near,  
While the victims slowly died  
Link'd together side by side  
Till in manacled mad strife  
Both had struggled out of life!  
Yea: some idol claim'd the price  
Of this living sacrifice;  
Some grim demon's dark high priest  
Bound these slaves for Odin's feast,  
Offering up with rites of hell  
Human pangs to Thor or Bel!—

Christians, ponder on these bones;  
Kneel around the Cromlech-stones:  
Kneel and thank our GOD above  
That His name, His heart is Love:

That His thirst is — not for blood  
 But, for joy and gratitude;  
 That He bids no soul be sad  
 But is glad to make *us* glad;  
 That He loves not man's despair,  
 But delights to bless his prayer!

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My Children. 1845.

MY little ones, my darling ones, my precious things of earth,
 How gladly do I triumph in the blessing of your birth;
 How heartily for praises, and how earnestly for prayers,
 I yearn upon your loveliness, my dear delightful cares!

O children, happy word of peace, my jewels and my gold,
 My truest friends till now, and still my truest friends when old,
 I will be everything to you, your playmate and your guide,
 Both Mentor and Telemachus for ever at your side!

I will be everything to you, your sympathising friend,
 To teach and help and lead and bless and comfort and defend;
 O come to me and tell me all, and ye shall find me true,
 A brother in adversity to fight it out for you!

Yea, sins or follies, griefs or cares, or young affection's thrall,
 Fear not, for I am one with you, and I have felt them all;
 I will be tender, just, and kind, unwilling to reprove,
 I will do all to bless you all by wisdom and by love.

My little ones, delighted I review you as ye stand
 A pretty troop of fairies and young cherubs hand in hand,
 And tell out all your names to be a dear familiar sound
 Wherever English hearths and hearts about the world abound.

My eldest, of the speaking eyes, my Ellin, nine years old,
Thou thoughtful good example of the loving little fold,
My Ellin, they shall hear of thee, fair spirit, holy child,
The truthful and the well-resolved, the liberal and the mild.

And thee, my Mary, what of thee?—the beauty of thy face?
The coyly-pretty whims and ways that ray thee round with grace?
—O more than these; a dear warm heart that still must thrill
and glow

With pure affection's sunshine, and with feeling's overflow!

Thou too, my gentle five-year old, fair Margaret the pearl,
A quiet sick and suffering child, sweet patient little girl,—
Yet gay withal and frolicsome at times wilt thou appear,
And like a bell thy merry voice rings musical and clear.

And next my Selwyn, precious boy, a glorious young mind,
The sensitive, the passionate, the noble, and the kind,
Whose light-brown locks bedropt with gold, and large eyes full
of love,

And generous nature mingle well the lion and the dove.

The last, an infant toothless one, now prattling on my knee,
Whose bland benevolent soft face is shining upon me;
Another silver star upon our calm domestic sky,
Another seed of happy hope, dropt kindly from on high.

A happy man,—be this my praise,—not riches, rank, or fame,
A happy man, with means enough,—no other lot or name;
A happy man, with you for friends, my children and my wife,
—Ambition is o'ervaulted here in all that gladdens life!

A Debt of Love. 1838.

THOU, more than all endeared to this glad heart
By gentle smiles, and patience under pain,
I bless my GOD, and thee, for all thou art,
My crowning joy, my richest earthly gain!
To thee is due this tributary strain
For all the well-observed kind offices
That spring spontaneous from a heart, imbued
With the sweet wish of living but to please;
Due for thy liberal hand, thy frugal mind,
Thy pitying eye, thy voice for ever kind,
For tenderness, truth, confidence,—all these:
My heaven-blest vine, that hast thy tendrils twined
Round one who loves and won thee, not unsued,
Accept thy best reward,—thy husband's gratitude.

To little Ellen. 1837.

MY precious babe, my guileless little girl,—
The soft sweet beauty of thy cherub face
Is smiling on me, radiant as a pearl
With young intelligence and infant grace:
And must the wintry breath of life efface
Thy purity, fair snow-drop of the spring?
Must evil taint thee,—must the world enthrall
Thine innocent mind, poor harmless little thing?
Ah, yes, thou too must taste the cup of woe,
Thy heart must learn to grieve, as others do,
Thy soul must feel life's many-pointed sting:
But fear not, darling child, for well I know
Whatever cares may meet thee, ills befall,
Thy GOD,—thy father's GOD,—shall lead thee safe through all

On the Birth of little Mary. 1838.

Lo, Thou hast crown'd me with another blessing,
 Into my lot hast dropt one mercy more;—
 All good, all kind, all wise in Thee possessing,
 My cup, O bounteous Giver, runneth o'er,
 And still Thy princely hand doth without ceasing pour!
 For the sweet fruit of undecaying love
 Clusters in beauty round my cottage door,
 And this new little one, like Noah's dove,
 Comes to mine ark with peace, and plenty for my store.
 O happy home, O light and cheerful hearth!
 Look round with me, my lover, friend, and wife,
 On these fair faces we have lit with life,
 And in the perfect blessing of their birth,
 Help me to live our thanks for so much heaven on earth.

Margaret. 1840.

A SONG of gratitude and cheerful prayer
 Still shall go forth my pretty babes to greet,
 As on life's firmament, serenely fair,
 Their little stars arise, with aspects sweet
 Of mild successive radiance; that small pair,
 Ellin and Mary, having gone before
 In this affection's welcome, the dear debt
 Here shall be paid to gentle Margaret:
 Be thou indeed a Pearl,—in pureness, more
 Than beauty, praise, or price; full be thy cup,
 Mantling with grace, and truth with mercy met,
 With warm and generous charities flowing o'er;
 And when the Great King makes His jewels up,
 Shine forth, child-angel, in His coronet!

On little Selwyn. 1842.

NOT slender is the triumph and the joy,
 To know and feel that, for his father's sake,
 The world will look with favour on my boy;
 —On thee, my pretty little prattling son,—
 On thee!—and that it shall be thine to take
 (With whatsoever else of this world's spoil)
 For heritage the honours I have won.
 Speed on, my second self, speed nobly on!
 Forget, in good men's praise, the strife and toil
 Which Folly's herd shall still around thee make
 If thou dost well; speed on in gifts and grace,
 Beloved of GOD and man, even as now;
 Speed,—and in both worlds win the glorious race,
 Bearing thy father's blessing on thy brow!



On little William. 1844.

LOOK on this babe; and let thy pride take heed,
 Thy pride of manhood, intellect, or fame,
 That thou despise him not: for he indeed,
 And such as he, in spirit and heart the same,
 Are GOD's own children in that kingdom bright
 Where purity is praise,—and where before
 The FATHER's throne, triumphant evermore,
 The ministering angels, sons of light,
 Stand unreprieved; because they offer there,
 Mix'd with the Mediator's hallowing prayer,
 The innocence of babes in Christ like this:
 O guardian Spirit, be my child thy care,
 Lead him to GOD, obedience and bliss,
 To GOD, O fostering cherub, thine and his!

Henry de B. T. 1847.

HAIL then a sixth! my doubly triple joy,
 Another blessing in a third-born boy,
 Another soul by generous favour sent
 To teach and train for heaven through content,
 Another second-self with hopes like mine
 In better worlds beyond the stars to shine,
 Another little hostage from above
 The pledge and promise of Our Father's love!
 GOD guard the babe: and cherish the young child;
 And bless the boy with nurture wise and mild;
 And lead the lad; and yearn upon the youth;
 And make the man a man of trust and truth;
 Through life and death uphold him all his days,
 And then translate him to Thyself with praise!

 The Seventh: Walter F. T. 1848.

So, one by one, Thy jewels are made up
 Ev'n to the perfect number, glorious LORD!
 So, one by one, ambrosially pour'd
 These rills of happiness o'erflow my cup.
 Add yet this grace, Contentment with Enough:
 That, resting always on Thy gracious word,
 My band of innocent babes, my beauteous band,
 Through all the maze of life, thorny and rough,
 To Thee in prayer continually given,
 Safely may pass along; and, hand in hand,
 A lustrous company, a blessed seven,
 Pure as the Pleiads, as the Sages wise,
 With hearts commingled like the rainbow dyes,
 May shine together, heirs of earth and heaven!

Errata.

AN AUTHOR'S COMPLAINT.

O FRIENDS and brothers, judge me not unheard;
 Make not a man offender for a word:
 For often have I noted seeming fault
 That harm'd my rhymes, and made my reasons halt,
 Whilst all that error was some printer's sloth,
 Who scorning rhyme and reason slew them both:
 Be ye then liberal to your far-off friend,
 Where garbled, guess him; and where maim'd, amend;
 Trust him for wit, when types have marr'd the word,
 And wisdom too, where only blockheads err'd.

VENUS.

A Reply to Longfellow's Poem on Mars, in "Voices of the Night."

THOU lover of the blaze of Mars,
 Come out with me to-night,
 For I have found among the stars
 A name of nobler light.

Thy boast is of the unconquer'd Mind,
 The strong, the stern, the still;
 Mine of the happier Heart, resign'd
 To Wisdom's holy will.

They call my star by beauty's name,
 The gentle Queen of Love;
 And look! how fair its tender flame
 Is flickering above:

O star of peace, O torch of hope,
I hail thy precious ray
A diamond on the ebon cope
To shine the dark away.

Within my heart there is no light
But cometh from above,
I give the first watch of the night
To the sweet planet, Love :

The star of Charity and Truth,
Of cheerful thoughts and sage,
The lamp to guide my steps in Youth
And gladden mine old age !

O brother, yield : thy fiery Mars
For all his mailèd might
Is not so strong among the stars
As mine, the Queen of night :

A Queen to shine all nights away,
And make the morn more clear,
Contentment gilding every day,—
—There is no twilight here !

Yes ; in a trial world like this
Where all that comes—is *sent*.
Learn how divine a thing it is
To smile and be content ;

"The warm young Heart."

FOR MUSIC.

A BEAUTIFUL face, and a form of grace
 Were a pleasant sight to see,
 And gold, and gems, and diadems,
 Right excellent they be:
 But beauty and gold, though both be untold,
 Are things of a worldly mart,
 The wealth that I prize, above ingots or eyes,
 Is a heart,—a warm young heart!

O face most fair, shall thy beauty compare
 With affection's glowing light?
 O riches and pride, how pale ye beside
 Love's wealth, serene and bright!
 I spurn thee away, as a cold thing of clay,
 Though gilded and carved thou art,
 For all that I prize, in its smiles and its sighs,
 Is a heart—a warm young heart!



To Ciddi, asleep.

(From Klopstock.)

SHE slumbers.—O blessed sleep, rain from thy wings
 Thy life-giving balm on her delicate frame;
 And send thou from Eden's ambrosial springs
 A few flashing drops of their crystallous flame,—

Then spread them, soft painter, upon her white cheek
 Where sickness hath eaten the roses away;
 Love's gentle refresher, Care's comforter meek,
 Thou moon of sweet blessings, pour down the kind ray —

To smile on my Cidli: she slumbers: be still,
 Hush'd be thy soft-flowing notes, O my lyre,
 Thy laurels mine anger shall scathe and shall kill,
 If idly thou waken my sleeping desire.

~~~~~

### Alfred.

*Born at Wantage, in Berkshire, Oct. 25, 849.*

COME, every true-born Englishman! come Anglo-Saxons all!  
 I wake a tune to-day to take and hold your hearts in thrall;  
 I sing The King, the Saxon king, the glorious and the great,  
 The root and spring of everything we love in Church and State

'Tis just a thousand years to-day,— Oh! years are swift and brief,—  
 Since erst uprose in majesty the day-star of our Chief,  
 Since Wantage bred a wondrous child, whom GOD hath made the  
 Cause

Of half the best we boast in British liberties and laws.

Last-born of royal Ethelwolf, he left his island home,  
 Ulysses-like, to study men and marvels in old Rome;  
 And, thence in wrath returning, overthrew the pirate Dane,  
 And, young as Pitt, at twenty-two, began a Hero's reign.

Oh! Guthran swore, and Hubba smote, and sturdy Hinguar storm'd,  
 And still like locusts o'er the land the red marauders swarm'd;  
 But ALFRED was a David, to scatter every foe,—  
 The shepherd, psalmist, warrior, king, unblamed in weal and woe.

Ay, hiding with the herdsman, or harping in the camp,  
 Or earnestly redeeming time beneath the midnight lamp,  
 Or ruling on his quiet throne, or fighting in the fen,  
 Our Alfred was indeed an Agamemnon, king of Men!

Unshrinking champion of the Right, in patriot strength he stood,—  
 Declare it, threescore fields of fight! and mark it down in blood:  
 Unflinching chief, unerring judge, he stoutly held the helm,—  
 Tell out those thirty years of praise, all Albion's happy realm

A Solomon for wisdom's choice,—that he loved learning well  
 Let Oxford chimes with grateful voice from all their turrets tell;  
 A Numa, and Justinian too, let every parish sound  
 His birthday on the merry bells through all the country round!

A Nestor, while in years a youth, he taught as Plato taught,  
 A Constantine, a Washington, he fought as Scipio fought,  
 A Wellington,—his laurell'd sword with Peace was glory-gilt,  
 And Nelson's earliest wooden walls of Alfred's oaks were built!

O gallant Britons, bless the GOD who gave you such a prince,  
 His like was never known before, nor ever hath been since,  
 The fountain of your liberties, your honours and your health,  
 The mountain of your sturdy strength, the Ophir of your wealth.

And now, arouse thee, Royal Ghost! in majesty look round;  
 On every shore, in every clime, thy conquering sons are found;  
 By kingdoms and dominions, by continents and isles,  
 The Anglo-Saxon realm is *fifty hundred thousand miles!*

Ay, smile on us, and bless us in thy loftiness of love,—  
 The name of Anglo-Saxon is all other names above,  
 By peoples and by nations, by tribe and sept and clan,  
*Two hundred millions* claim it in the family of Man!

They claim it, and they claim thee too, their father and their king !  
O mighty Shade ! behold the crowds who claim thy sheltering wing :  
Thou hast o'ershadow'd, like an Alp, the half of this broad earth  
And where thy shadow falls is Light, and Anglo-Saxon worth !

The energy, the daring, the cheerfulness, the pride,  
The stalwarth love of freedom, with Religion well allied,  
The trust in GOD for ever, and the hope in Man for time,  
These characters they learnt of thee, and stand like thee sublime.

Where'er thy gracious children come, a blessing there they bring,  
The sweet securities of Home around that place they fling,  
Warm Comfort, and pure Charity, and Duty's bright blue eye,  
And Enterprize, and Industry, are stars upon that sky !

Stout Husbandry amid those fields with soft Contentment meets,  
And honest Commerce, early up, is stirring in those streets ;  
And all the glories of the sword, and honours of the pen,  
Make us the Wonder of the world, the Cynosure of men !

And, hark ! upon my harp and tongue a sweeter note of praise,  
How should a Saxon leave unsung what best he loves always ?  
O dearer, deeper, nobler songs to thrill the heart and mind,—  
The crown of womanhood belongs to *English womankind* !

Young maiden, modest as the morn, yet glowing like the noon,  
True wife, in placid tenderness a lustrous silver moon,  
Dear mother, loving unto death and better loved than life,  
Where can the wide world match me such a mother, maid, or wife ?

Fair Athelswytha, Alfred's own, is still your spirits' queen,  
The faithful, the courageous, the tender, the serene,  
The pious heroine of home, the solace, friend, and nurse,  
The height of self-forgetfulness, the climax of all verse !

And now, Great Alfred's countrymen and countrywomen all,—  
 Victoria! Albert! graciously regard your minstrel's call!  
 Up, royal, gentle, simple folk! up first, ye men of Berks!  
 And give a nation's monument to Alfred's mighty works!

In Anglo-Saxon majesty, simplicity and strength,  
 O children, build your Father's tomb, for very shame at length:  
 'The birthday of your king has dawn'd a thousand times this day,  
 It must not die before you set your seal to what I say!

---

### The Day of a Thousand Years!

849. OCTOBER 25, 1849.

TO-DAY is the day of a thousand years!  
 Bless it, O brothers, with heart-thrilling cheers!  
 Alfred for ever!—to-day was He born,  
 Day-star of England to herald her morn,  
 That, everywhere breaking and brightening soon,  
 Sheds on us now the full sunshine of noon,  
 And fills us with blessings in Church and in State  
 Children of Alfred, the Good and the Great!

*Chorus*,—Hail to his Jubilee Day,  
 The Day of a thousand years!

Anglo-Saxons! in love are we met,  
 To honour a name we can never forget!  
 Father, and Founder, and King of a race  
 That reigns and rejoices in every place,—  
 Root of a tree that o'ershadows the earth,  
 First of a Family blest from his birth,

Blest in this stem of their strength and their state,  
Alfred the Wise, and the Good, and the Great!

*Chorus*,—Hail to his Jubilee Day,  
The Day of a thousand years!

Children of Alfred, from every clime,  
Your glory shall live to the death-day of Time!  
And then in bliss shall ever expand  
O'er measureless realms of the Heavenly Land!  
For you, like him, serve GOD and your Race,  
And gratefully look on the birthday of Grace.—  
Then honour to Alfred! with heart-stirring cheers!  
To-day is the day of a thousand years!

*Chorus*,—Hail to his Jubilee Day,  
The Day of a thousand years!

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### The Alfred Medals.

#### I. (OBVERSE.)

IN simple majesty serenely mild,  
By pain well chasten'd, and made wise through grief,  
Calm like a king, while gentle like a child,  
Yet firm as may become the nation's chief,  
Alfred! I stand in thought before thee now,  
And to thy throne in duteous homage bow,  
After a thousand years! My soul is glad,  
Thus to have roused to thankful thoughts of thee,  
From this dull mist of modern base and bad,  
The world of Englishmen; that haply we,  
United now again, as once thy will  
Determined, and still mindful of thy worth,  
O Paragon of goodness, force, and skill!  
Like thee, may be a blessing upon earth.

## II. (REVERSE 1.)

THY children, King of Men! thy faithful ones,  
 The boldly cheerful, true in head and heart,  
 Salute thy crown with reverence as thy sons,  
 And joy to see thee honour'd as thou art,  
 By millions everywhere: behold, O King!

These, whom old England's laws, old England's tongue  
 And all the good that of thy sowing sprung  
 Have nourish'd up like thee in everything,  
 Claim thee for Father; yea, yon untold host,  
 Ever the first to conquer and control,  
 Ambassadors of truth to every coast,  
 And mercy's messengers from pole to pole,  
 Thee, mighty King, their bright example boast,  
 And date their glories from thy Saxon soul.

## III. (REVERSE 2.)

THEN, Brothers, be at peace and love each other,  
 Let us contend for mastery no more,—  
 Britain! Columbia! let the name of brother  
 Echo with tenderness from shore to shore:  
 We dare not hope that alien wars are o'er;  
 We fear there yet must rage the strife of tongues;  
 The races and religions of mankind,  
 Mixing tumultuously their rights and wrongs,  
 Yet with the flesh will battle out the mind:  
 But us, one speech unites; to us, one birth,  
 One altar, and one home, one Past belongs:  
 One glorious Present over all the earth;  
 One Future! hark, the strain prophetic swelling,—  
 Brothers in unity together dwelling!

### Socrates to Lysias.

No! Lysias!—all that honied eloquence  
 May not be buttress to my righteous cause;  
 The majesty of Truth and Innocence  
 Deigns not to hoodwink nor to cheat the laws:  
 What, if my foe's benighted moral sense  
 Will not, or cannot, see my holy ends?  
 To lure the youth of Athens to all good,—  
 To knit mankind in one, a world of friends,—  
 To win their worship from mere stone and wood,  
 And preach the Unknown God!—O God of all,  
 Thy will be done! let falsehood work my fall,  
 Martyr for truth I rise! and dwell at ease;  
 The only Advocate on whom I call  
 Is GOD Himself,—to plead for Socrates!

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### The Memorial Window

OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE. AN ILLUSTRATION.

HONOUR and Arms! The seals of Grace  
 upon this oriel glow;  
 Arms, as when brothers may embrace,  
 and not to fight a foe;  
 The arms of peace, heraldic arms,  
 with blazon richly dight,  
 Made gorgeous with chivalric charms,  
 and gilt with glory's light!

Honour and Arms! O brethren dear,  
I see your flashing eyes,  
I feel your true hearts hurrying near  
from all outlandish skies,  
To bask one hour in one dear spot,  
the kernel of your love,  
In poor old England unforget,  
the blest of GOD above!

Centre of all, Britannia's shield  
in praise unsullied shines,  
Rose, shamrock, thistle, round its field  
a wreath of beauty twines;  
Sweet Erin's harp of melody,  
with Scotia's canton fair,  
And thine own royal lions three  
majestic roaming there.

Next, to thy right, a mighty son,  
a stalwarth giant grown,  
A wanton and a truant one,  
and yet a child to own!  
The sturdy stripes,—the glittering stars,  
long may they blaze above,  
Not on the bloody helm of Mars,  
but in the crown of love!

Nearer thy heart another stands,  
a twin, but one in two,  
And bringing homage with both hands  
from one wide heart most true;  
Stern Caledonia's thistly praise  
reveals her hardy child,  
Where Canada's mild beaver strays  
to stock the western wild.

Shining above, in orient light  
the morning sun upsoars,—  
Hindústan's elephantine might  
is shadow'd on those shores;  
Their luscious fruits of tropic toil  
the sea-girt Indies breed,  
And forth from Afric's southern soil  
springs Anglo-Saxon seed.

Beneath our Britain's blazon fair  
Australia's emu stands,  
And kangaroos are skipping there  
on rich unpeopled lands;  
New Zealand's war-boat paddles fast;  
and Borneo's royal ship  
Makes many a pirate scuffling past  
beware "the Badger's" grip!

Old Egbert's cross in golden light  
is shining over all,  
And, on its right, no viper's bite  
harms Malta's holy Paul;  
While huge Gibraltar's rock outstands,  
for bristling cannon cleft,  
Like Hercules with Samson's hands  
to pillar up the left.

Below, with praise each lesser star  
in mingled lustre smiles,  
The storm-swept Falklands seen afar  
and soft Ionian Isles,  
With soft Sierra's libell'd beach,  
and Mandarin'd Hong Kong,  
And all who speak in English speech,  
or sing an English song.

O heralds! when and where before  
 were Earth's true honours seen,  
 In brightness and in beauty more  
 than on this Gothic screen?  
 Where Britain, like a mother hen,  
 is gathering to her wings  
 The world of Anglo-Saxon men,  
 creation's priests and kings!

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### A Call to poor Sempstresses.

DAUGHTERS of poverty, jaded and ill,  
 So vainly prolonging the strife,  
 How scarce for to-day, the day's task to fulfil,  
 And, as for to-morrow, despondingly still  
 In dread of the battle of life,—

Toiling in pain for a pittance of bread,  
 Or starving, with nothing to do,  
 Friendless, and fever'd in heart and in head,  
 And longing for rest to lie down with the dead,  
 —A word, my poor sisters, with you!

There is a fair land in a sweet southern clime,  
 Another young England indeed,  
 Which GOD, in His providence working sublime,  
 Has kindly reserved till the fulness of time,  
 To succour His children in need;

A happy new home, which He wills you to seek,  
 With plenty to have and to spare,  
 And hope in your bosom, and health on your cheek,  
 And human affections all eager to speak  
 Of tenderness waiting you there!

The valleys are rich, and the mountains are green,  
 And the woods in magnificent state  
 To the distant horizon o'ershadow the scene,  
 Where never till now Adam's footstep has been,  
 And Eve is delaying so late.

Then haste for your happiness,—joyfully haste  
 From perils and pains to be free;  
 For, Providence calls you to gladden the waste  
 And freedom, and plenty, and pleasure to taste  
 In homes that are over the sea.

---

### A Call to the Rich.

*(In aid of Mr. Sydney Herbert's exertions on behalf of distressed  
 Needlewomen.)*

O CHRISTIAN patriots, men of mighty heart!  
 One added word to you: the hour is ripe;  
 Thousands are thronging eager to depart  
 From this fierce rivalry in mammon's mart,  
 To happier shores, where penury's hard gripe  
 On earth's rich zone is loosen'd: hasten then,  
 Pour out your offerings with a liberal hand,  
 Earnest in zeal to help your fellow-men,  
 And from old England this reproach to wipe,  
 That, crowded up in corners of the land,  
 Virtuous toil can starve in sorrow's den!  
 Up! use your wealth aright; and prove its worth  
 By generous aid to yonder homeless band,  
 Who look to you to find them homes on earth.

## Our Thanksgiving Hymn.

NOVEMBER 15, 1849.

O FATHER of mercies, O Spirit of love,  
O SON of the Blessed who reignest above,  
Thou Good One, and Great One! in homage to Thee,  
We bring the glad heart, and we bend the true knee.

Thy people would praise Thee, O Thou beyond praise!  
For wondrous in love are Thy works and Thy ways;  
Thy children would pour from the heart and the voice  
Their psalm of thanksgiving in GOD to rejoice!

Because Thou hast heard us! and answer'd the pray'r  
We made in the season of death and despair;  
Because over judgment, and terror, and pain,  
Thy mercy hath triumph'd, and saved us again!

Ah! well we remember how dark and how dread  
The pestilence brooded o'er living and dead;  
And can we forget with what mercy and might  
The prayer which Thou blessest hath scatter'd the blight!

Yet more! for the fulness of plenty and peace  
Hath made us in wealth as in health to increase,  
And so would we thank Thee, because thou hast given  
The fatness of earth, and the favour of heaven!

Then, Father of mercies, accept what we bring,—  
Our incense of praise to the SAVIOUR and King!  
Hosannah!—to Thee let us gratefully live,—  
Hallelujah!—O LORD, when Thou hearest, forgive.

## Acceptable Thanks!

A SEQUEL TO "OUR THANKSGIVING HYMN."

THANKSGIVING! O brothers, how pleasant a thing  
It is the glad anthem to raise  
In deep adoration of Heaven's High King,  
So far above blessing and praise!

Thanksgiving! O children of GOD in all ranks,  
How then shall we worthily give  
A holy oblation, acceptable thanks,  
To Him in whose favour we live?—

By penitence, patience, contentment, and prayer,  
By peace upon earth and goodwill,  
By speeding the woes of affliction to share,  
And hasting the hungry to fill:

By making, as masters, this Thanksgiving Day  
A holiday, happy and true,  
Not meanly withholding the journeyman's pay,  
But giving it all as his due!

By bringing an Englishman's home to the poor,  
A home of clean comfort, and peace;  
By driving disease and despair from his door,  
And making his hardships to cease:

By Water, and Air,—the free bounties of Heaven;  
By wise recreation and rest;  
By fairly earn'd wages ungrudgingly given  
For Labour,—the honest man's test!

O thus, if the rich for the poor man will move  
 To better his home and his hearth,—  
 O thus, if the poor his rich brother will love,  
 And honour his betters on earth,—

Then GOD will be pleased! and this Thanksgiving Day  
 Will indeed be a Summer of days,  
 For Man will be gladden'd by Man as he may,  
 And GOD by acceptable praise!

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*On a young Poet.*

FROM PETRARCH.

SLOTH and the sensual mind have driven away  
 All virtues from the world: where'er I range,  
 I note on every side an evil change;  
 Our steps are now unlit by heavenly ray:  
 The poet, walking in his crown of bay,  
 Is pointed at—for scorn; the selfish herds  
 Of mammon-worshippers insulting say  
 “What is the worth of all these metred words?  
 Your crowns of bay and myrtle are but leaves:”  
 And so Philosophy goes starved and lone,  
 And Vice is glad, while widow'd Virtue grieves:  
 Still, be not thou dishearten'd, generous one,  
 Follow that path, which enter'd ne'er deceives,  
 But leads if not to Gain, to Glory's throne.

### Confession.

ALAS, how many vain and bitter things  
 My zeal, and pride, and natural haste have wrought;  
 Yea, thou my soul, by word and deed and thought,  
 The curse of selfishness hath scorch'd thy wings:  
 There is a fire within, I feel it now,  
 A smouldering mass of strong imaginings  
 That heat my heart, and burn upon my brow,  
 And vent their hissing lava on my tongue  
 Scathing, unsparing:—yet, my will is just,  
 My wrath is ever quickened by a wrong,  
 I flame—to strike oppressors to the dust,  
 To crush the cruel, and confound the base,  
 To welcome insolence with calm disgust,  
 And brand the scoffer's forehead with disgrace.

---

### On the Part of Memory.

NOTHING of thee shall perish, rare old Man!  
 Thou art an heirloom to the world and us;  
 Let even me then bring my homage thus,  
 And greet thee with such greeting as I can:  
 For thou art not thine own; the nations claim  
 Thee for their children's children, veteran,  
 A spirit walking in immortal fame,  
 The friend of Memory: Death is none of thine,  
 Nor Self, the death of soul; thou wilt not spurn  
 An acolyte, whose venturous footsteps turn  
 Out of the track to offer at thy shrine:  
 Because, Italian suns and classic skies  
 Have ripen'd all thy heart blood into wine  
 Excellent, spiritual, pure and wise.

## A Song.

AH Memory! why reproach me so  
 With shadows of the past,  
 The thrilling hopes of long ago  
 That came and went so fast?  
 Ye tender tones of that dear voice,  
 Ye looks of those loved eyes,—  
 Return,—and bid my heart rejoice,  
 For true love never dies!

Rejoice? — O word of hope! I may  
 When those indeed return;  
 For looks and tones so past away  
 In solitude I yearn!  
 Let others fancy I forget  
 The light of those dear eyes,—  
 I love,—O how I love thee yet!  
 For true love never dies.

---

 Cheer up!

FOR MUSIC.

NEVER go gloomily, man, with a mind!  
 Hope is a better companion than fear,  
 Providence, ever benignant and kind,  
 Gives with a smile what you take with a tear;  
 All will be right,  
 Look to the light,—  
 Morning is ever the daughter of night,  
 All that was black will be all that is bright,  
 Cheerily, cheerily then! cheer up!

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,  
 Many a sorrow a blessing most true,  
 Helping the heart to be happy and wise  
 With lore ever precious and joys ever new;  
     Stand in the van,  
     Strive like a man!  
 This is the bravest and cleverest plan,  
 Trusting in GOD, while you do what you can,  
     Cheerily, cheerily then! cheer up!

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“Together.”

FOR MUSIC.

THE elm-tree of old felt lonely and cold
 When wintry winds blew high,
 And, looking below, he saw in the snow
 The ivy wandering nigh:
 And he said, Come twine with those tendrils of thine
 My scathed and frozen form,
 For heart and hand together we'll stand
 And mock at the baffled storm,
 Ha, ha! Together.

And so when grief is withering the leaf
 And checking hope's young flower,
 And frosts do bite with their teeth so white
 In disappointment's hour,
 Though it might overwhelm either ivy or elm
 If alone each stood the strife,
 If heart and hand together they stand
 They may laugh at the troubles of life,
 Ha, ha! Together.

Friends.

I CANNOT move a mile upon this earth,
 I could not, did I walk from end to end,
 But there I find a heart of wit and worth,
 Some gracious spirit to be hail'd a friend :
 O there are frequent angels unawares,
 And many have I met upon my way,
 Kind Christian souls, to make me rich with prayers,
 Whilst in like coin their mercies I repay;
 And oft the sun of praise hath lit mine eyes,
 Generous praise and just encouragement,
 From some who say I help them to be wise,
 And teach them to be happy in content :
 (Ah soul, rejoice ! for thou hast thickly sown
 The living world with friendships all thine own.)



M. C.

FORGOTTEN ! — not forgotten, kind good man,
 Though seldom fully prized at thy great worth, —
 I will embalm thy memory as I can,
 And send this blessing to the ends of earth !
 For thou wert all things kindly unto all,
 Benevolent and liberal from birth,
 Ever responsive to affection's call
 And full of care for others, — full of care —
 Weary with others' burdens, generous heart,
 And yet thine own too little strong to bear :
 Father ! I owe thee all, and cannot pay
 The happy debt, until I too depart ;
 Then, will I bless and love it all away
 In that bright world, my Father, where thou art !

Horace's Philosophy.

WISELY for us within night's sable veil
 GOD hides the future; and, if man turn pale
 For dread distrusting, laughs their fear to scorn.
 For thee, the present calmly order well:
 All else as on a river's tide is borne,
 Now flowing peaceful to the Tuscan sea
 Down the mid-channel on a gentle swell,
 Now, as the hoarse fierce mandate of the flood
 Stirs up the quiet stream, time-eaten rocks
 Go hurrying down, with houses, herds, and flocks,
 And echoes from the mountain and the wood.
 He stands alone, glad, self-possess'd, and free,
 Who grateful for to-day can say, I live;
 To-morrow let my Father take or give;

As He may will, not I — with dark or light
 Let GOD ordain the morrow, noon or night.
 He, even He, can never render vain
 The past behind me; nor bring back again
 What any transient hour has once made fact.
 Fortune, rejoicing in each cruel act,
 And playing frowardly a saucy game,
 Dispenses changeful and uncertain fame,
 Now kind to me, and now to some beside.
 I praise her here; but if it should betide
 She spreads her wings for flight, I hold no more
 The good she gave, but in mine honest worth
 Clad like a man, go honourably forth
 To seek the undowried portion of the poor.

HORACE, lib. iii. 29.

"The last Time."

ANOTHER year? another year!

Who dare depend on other years?
The judgment of this world is near,
And all its children faint for fears:
Famine, pestilence, and war,
Mixt with praises, prayers, and tears,
Civil strife and social jar,
Spurr'd by pen, and stirr'd by sword,
Herald Him who comes from far
In Elijah's fiery car,
Our own returning LORD!

Look around,—the nations quail!
All the elements of ill
Crowd like locusts on the gale
And the dark horizon fill:
Woe to earth, and all her seed!
Woe they run to ruin still:—
He that runneth well may read
Texts of truth the times afford.
How, in earth's extremest need
Cometh, cometh soon indeed
Our own redeeming LORD!

Lo, the marvels passing strange
Every teeming minute brings;
Daily turns with sudden change
The kaleidoscope of things;
But the Ruler, just and wise,
Orders all, as King of kings,—
Hark! His thunders shake the skies,

Lo! His vials are outpour'd!
Earth in bitter travail lies
And creation groans and cries
For our expected LORD!

Stand in courage, stand in faith!
Tremble not as others may;
He that conquers hell and death
Is the friend of those who pray:
And in this world's destined woe
He will save his own away
From the trial's furnace glow,—
Till the harvest all is stored,
Rescued from each earthly foe,
And the terrible ones below
By our avenging LORD!

Yea, come quickly! SAVIOUR, come!
Take us to thy glorious rest,
All thy children yearn for home,
Home, the heaven of thy breast!
Help, with instant gracious aid!
That in just assurance blest
We may watch,—nor feel afraid,
Every warning in thy word,
Signs and tokens all array'd
In proof of that for which we pray'd,
The coming of the LORD!

Geraldine :

A SEQUEL TO COLERIDGE'S CHRISTABEL

(Published in 1838.)

PART I.

BEING THE THIRD OF CHRISTABEL.

It is the wolf, on stealthy prowl,
Hath startled the night with a dismal howl;
It is the raven, whose hoarse croak
Comes like a groan from the sear old oak;
It is the owl, whose curdling screech
Hath peopled with terrors the spectral beech!
For again the clock hath toll'd out twelve,
And sent to their gambols the gnome and the elfe,
And awoken the friar his beads to tell,
And taught the magician the time for his spell,
And to her caldron hath hurried the witch,
And aroused the deep bay of the mastiff-bitch.

The gibbous moon, all chilling and wan,
Like a sleepless eyeball looketh on,
Like an eyeball of sorrow behind a shroud
Forth looketh she from a torn grey cloud,
Pouring sad radiance on the black air,—
Sun of the night,—what sees she there?

O lonely one, O lovely one,
What dost thou here in the forest dun,

Fair truant,—like an angel of light
 Hiding from heaven in deep midnight?
 Alas! there is guilt in thy glittering eye
 As fearfully dark it looks up to the sky;
 Alas! a dull unearthly light
 Like a dead star, bluely white,
 A seal of sin, I note it now,
 Flickers upon thy ghastly brow;
 And about the huge old oak
 Thickly curls a poisonous smoke,
 And terrible shapes with evil names
 Are leaping around a circle of flames,
 And the tost air whirls, storm-driven,
 And the rent earth quakes, charm-riven,—
 And—art thou not afraid?

All dauntless stands the maid
 In mystical robe array'd,
 And still with flashing eyes
 She dares the sorrowful skies,
 And to the moon, like one possest,
 Hath shown,—O dread! that face so **fair**
 Should smile above so shrunk a breast.

Haggard and brown, as hangeth there,—
 O evil sight!—wrinkled and old,
 The dug of a witch, and clammy cold,—
 Where in warm beauty's rarest mould

 Is fashion'd all the rest;
 O evil sight! for, by the light
 From those large eyes streaming bright,
 By thy beauty's wondrous sheen,
 Lofty gait and graceful mien,
 By that bosom half reveal'd,
 Wither'd, and as in death congeal'd,
 By the guilt upon thy brow,
 Ah! Geraldine, 'tis thou!

Muttering wildly through her set teeth,
She seeketh and stirreth the demons beneath,
And — hist! — the magical mandate is spoken,
The bonds of the spirits of evil are broken,
There is a rush of invisible wings
Amid shrieks, and distant thunderings,
And now one nearer than others is heard
Flapping this way, as a huge sea-bird,
Or liker the deep-dwelling ravenous shark
Cleaving thorough the waters dark,—

It is the hour, the spell hath power!
Now haste thee, ere the tempest lour,—

Her mouth grows wide, and her face falls in,
And her beautiful brow becomes flat and thin.
And sulphurous flashes blear and singe
That sweetest of eyes with its delicate fringe,
Till, all its loveliness blasted and dead,
The eye of a snake blinks deep in her head;
For raven locks flowing loose and long
Bristles a red mane, stiff and strong,
And sea-green scales are beginning to speck
Her shrunken breasts, and lengthening neck;
The white round arms are sunk in her sides,—

As when in chrysalis canoe
A may-fly down the river glides,
Struggling for life and liberty too,—
Her body convulsively twists and twirls,
This way and that it bows and curls,
And now her soft limbs melt into one
Strangely and horribly tapering down,
Till on the burnt grass dimly is seen
A serpent-monster, scaly and green,
Horror! — can this be Geraldine?

Haste, O haste,—'tis almost past,
The sand is dripping thick and fast,
And distant roars the coming blast,—

Swiftly the dragon-maid unroll'd
The burnish'd strength of each sinewy fold,
And round the old oak trunk with toil
Hath wound and trailed each tortuous coil,
Then with one crush hath splitten and broke
To the hollow black heart of the sear old oak!

The hour is fled, the spell hath sped;
And heavily dropping down as dead,
All in her own beauty drest,
Brightest, softest, loveliest,
Fair faint Geraldine lies on the ground,

Moaning sadly;

And forth from the oak

In a whirl of thick smoke

Grinning gladly,

Leaps with a hideous howl at a bound

A squat black dwarf of visage grim,

With crutches beside each twisted limb

Half hidden in many a flame-colour'd rag,—

It is Ryxa the Hag!

Ho, ho! what wouldst thou, daughter mine,
Wishes three, or curses nine?
Wishes three to work thy will,
Or curses nine thy hate to fulfil?

Ryxa, spite of thy last strong charm,
Some pure spirit saves from harm
Her, who before me was loved too well,
Our holy hated Christabel;

Her, who stole my heart from *him*
One of the guardian cherubim
Hovers around, and cheers in dreams,
Thwarting from heaven my hell-bought schemes;
Now,—for another five hundred years,
O mother mine, will I be thine,
To writhe in pains, and shriek in fears,
And toil in chains, and waste in tears,
So thy might will scorch and smite
The beautiful face of Christabel,
And will drain by jealous pain
Love from the heart of Christabel,
And her own betrothed knight,
O glad sight! shall scorn and slight
The pale one he hath loved so well,
While in my arms, by stolen charms
And borrow'd mien, for Geraldine
He shall forget his Christabel!

It is done, it is done, thy cause is won!
Quoth Ryxa the Hag to Geraldine;
Thus have I prest my seal on thy breast,
Twelve circling scales from a dragon's crest,
And still thy bosom and half thy side
Must shrivel and shrink at eventide,
And still, as every Sabbath breaks,
Thy large dark eyes must blink as a snake's.
Now, for mine aid;—De Vaux will come
To lead his seeming daughter home,
Therefore I fit thee a shape and a face
Differing, yet of twin-born grace,
That all who see thee may fall down
Heart-worshippers before thy throne,
Forgetting in that vision sweet
Thy former tale of dull deceit,

And, tranced in deep oblivious joy,
Bask in bliss without alloy:
He too, thou lovest, in thine arms
Shall grace the triumph of thy charms,
While the thirst of rage thou satest
In the woes of her thou hatest.
Yet, daughter, hark! my warning mark!
Hallow'd deed, or word, or thought,
Is with deadliest peril fraught;
And if, where true lovers meet
Thou hearest hymning wild and sweet,
O stop thine ears, lest all be marr'd,—
Beware, beware of holy bard!
For that the power of hymn and harp
Thine innermost being shall wither and warp,
And the same hour they touch thine ears,
A serpent thou art for a thousand years.

Hush! how heavily droops the night
In sultry silence, calm as death!
Gloomy and hot, and yet no light,
Save where the glowworm wandereth;
For the moon hath stolen by,
Mantled in the stormy sky,
And there is a stillness strange,
An awful stillness, boding change;
As if live nature held her breath,
And all in agony listeneth
Some terror undefined to hear,
Coming, coming, coming near;
Hush'd is the beetle's drowsy hum,
And the death-watch's roll on his warning drum,
Hush'd the raven, and screech owl,
And the famishing wolf on his midnight prowl,—
Silent as death.

—Hark, hark! he is here, he has come from afar,
The black-robed storm in his terrible car;
Vivid the forkèd lightning flashes,
Quick behind the thunder crashes,
Clattering hail, a shingly flood,
Rattles like grapeshot in the wood;
And the whole forest is bent one way,
Bowling as slaves to a tyrant's sway,
While the foot of the tempest hath trampled and broke
Many a stout old elm and oak!
And Geraldine?—O who could tell
That thou who by sweet Christabel
Softly liest in innocent sleep,
Like an infant's calm and deep,
Smiling faintly, as it seems
From thy bright and rosy dreams,
Who could augur thou art she
That, around the hollow tree,
With bad charm and hellish rite
Shook the heavens and scared the night?

Alas! for gentle Christabel,
Alas! for wasting Christabel:
From evil eye, and powers of hell,
And the strong magic of the spell,
Holy Mary, shield her well!

Conclusion to Part I.

THE murderer's knife is a fearful thing,
But what, were it edged with a scorpion's sting?
A dagger of glass hath death in its stroke,
But what, should venom gush out as it broke?

And hatred in a man's deep heart
Festereth there like the barb of a dart,
Maddening the fibres at every beat,
And filling its caverns with fever-heat;
But jealous rage in a woman's soul
Simmers and steams as a poison-bowl;
A drop were death, but the rival maid
Must drain all dry, e'er the passion be stay'd;
It floodeth the bosom with bitterest gall,
It drowneth the young virtues all,
And the sweet milk of the heart's own fountain,
Choked and crush'd by a heavy mountain,
All curdled, and harden'd and blacken'd, doth shrink
Into the fossil sepia's ink:
The eye of suspicion deep sunk in the head
Shrinks and blinks with malice and dread,
And the cheek without and the heart within
Are blister'd and blighted with searing sin,
Till charity's self no more can trace
Aught that is lovely in feature or face;
But the rose-bud is canker'd, and shall not bloom,
Corruption hath scented the rich perfume,
The angel of light is a demon of gloom,
And the bruise on his brow is the seal of his doom!

Ah! poor unconscious rival maid,
How drearily must thou sicken and fade
In the foul air of that Upas-shade!

Her heart must be tried, and trampled, and torn
With fear, and care, and slander, and scorn;
Her love must look upon love estranged,
Her eye must meet his eye, how changed,
Her hand must take his hand unpressing,
Her hope must die, without confessing;

And still she'll strive her love to smother,
While in the triumphs of another
The shadow of her joys departed
Shall scare and haunt her broken-hearted;
And he, who once loved her, his purest, his first,
Must hate her and hold her defiled and accurst,
Till, wasted and desolate, calumny's breath
Must taint with all guilt her innocent death.

Part II.

BEING THE FOURTH OF CHRISTABEL.

How fresh and fair is morn!

The dewbeads dropping bright
Each humble flower adorn,

With coronets of light,
And jewel the rough thorn
With sparks of chrysolite,—
How beautiful is morn!

Her scatter'd gems how bright!

There is a quiet gladness

In the waking earth,
Like the face of sadness

Lit with chasten'd mirth;
There is a mine of treasure
In those hours of health,
Filling up the measure
Of creation's wealth.

The eye of day hath open'd grey,

And the gallant sun
Hath trick'd his beams by Rydal's streams,
And waveless Coniston;

From Langdale Pikes his glory strikes,
From heath and giant hill,
From many a tairn, and stone-built-cairn,
And many a mountain rill:
Helvellyn bares his forehead black,
And Eagle-crag and Saddleback,
And Skiddaw hails the dawning day
And rolls his robe of clouds away.

Ho, warder, ho! in chivalrous state,
A stranger-knight to the castle gate,
With trumpet, and banner, and mailed men,
Comes this way winding up the glen:
His visor is down, and he will not proclaim
To the challenge within his lineage or name,
Yet by his herald, and esquires eight,
And five-score spearmen, tall and straight,
And blazon rich with bearings rare,
And highbred ease, and noble air,
And golden spurs, and sword, can he be
Nought but a knight of high degree!

Alas! they had loved too soon, too well,
Young Amador and Christabel;
Life's dawn beheld them, blythe and bland,
Little playmates, hand in hand,
Over fell and field and heather
Wandering innocent together,
Alone in childhood's rosy hours
Straying far to find wild flowers;
Life's sun above its eastern hill
Saw them inseparable still
In the bower, or by the brook,
Or spelling out the monkish book,

Or as with songs they wont to wake
The echoes on the hill-bound lake,
Or as with tales to while away
The winter's night, or summer's day:
Life's noon was blazing bright and fair,
To smile upon the same fond pair,
The handsome youth, the beauteous maid,
Together still in sun or shade;
Warmer, good sooth, than wont with friends,
While he supports, and she depends,
As to some dangerous craggy height
They climb with terror and delight,
Nor guess that the strange joy they feel,
The rapture making their hearts reel,
Springs from aught else than — sweet Grasmere,
Or hill and valley far and near,
Or Derwent's banks and glassy tide,
Lowdore, or hawthorn'd Ambleside:
Nor reck they what dear danger lies
In gazing on each other's eyes;
On her bright cheek, fresh and fair,
Blooming in the mountain air,
On his strong and agile limbs,
As from rock to rock he climbs,
Her unstudied natural grace,
 Loosen'd vest and tresses flowing,
Or his fine and manly face
 With delighted ardour glowing.

Thus they grew up in each other;
 Till to ripen'd youth
They had grown up for each other;
 Yet, to say but sooth,
She had not loved him, as other
 Than a sister doth,
And he to her was but a brother,
 With a brother's troth:

But selfish craft, that slept so long,
And, if wrong were, had done the wrong,
Now, just awake, with dull surprise
 Read the strange truth,
And from their own accusing eyes
 Condemn'd them both,—
That they, who only for each other
 Gladly drew their daily breath,
Now must curb, and check, and smother,
 Through all life, love strong as death;
While the dear hope they just have learnt to prize,
 And fondly cherish,
The hope that in their hearts deep-rooted lies,
 Must pine and perish!
For the slow prudence of the worldly wise
In cruel coldness still denies
The foundling youth to woo and win
The heiress daughter of Leoline.

And yet how little had he err'd,
That on his ear the bitter word
 Of harsh reproach should fall,—
“Is it then thus, ungrateful boy,
Thou wouldst his dearest hope destroy
 Who lent thee life and all?
Why did I save thee, years ago,
Beneath the tottering Bowther-stone,
 Misfortune's outcast son?
Why did I warm thee on my hearth,
Nor crush the viper in its birth,
 O thou presumptuous one?”

They met once more in sweet sad fear
At the old oak-tree in the forest drear,
And, as enamour'd of bitterness, they
Wept the sad hour of parting away :

The bursting tear, the stifled sob,
The tortured bosom's first-felt throb,
The fervent vow, the broken gold,
Their hapless hopes too truly told;
For, alas! till now they never had known
How deep and how strong their loves had grown,
But just as they sip the full cup of the heart,
It is dash'd from the lip,—and they must part!
Alas, they had loved, yet never before
The wealth of love had counted o'er,
And just as they find the treasure so great,
It is lost, it is sunk in the billows of fate.

Yea, it must be with a fearful shock
That the pine can be torn from its root-clasp'd rock,
Or the broad oak-stump as it stands on the farm
Be rent asunder by strength of arm;
So, when the cords of love are twined
Among the fibres of the mind,
And kindred souls by secret ties
Mingle thoughts and sympathies,
O what a wrench to tear in twain
Those that are loved and love again,—
To drag the magnet from its pole,
To chain the freedom of the soul,
To freeze in ice desires that boil,
To root the mandrake from the soil,
With groans, and blood, and tears, and toil!

He is gone to the land of the holy war,
The sad, the brave young Amador,
Not to return,—by Leoline's oath,
When all in wrath he bound them both,
Not to return,—by that last kiss,
Till name, and fame, and fortune are his.

Ay, he is gone:—and with him went,
As into chosen banishment,
The bloom of her cheek, and the light of her eye,
And the hope of her heart, so near to die:
He is gone, o'er Paynim lands to roam,
But leaves his heart, his all, at home;
And years have glided, day by day,
To watch him warring far away,
Where, upon Gideon's hallowed banks
His prowess hath scatter'd the Saracen ranks,
And the Lion-king with his own right hand
Hath dubb'd him knight of Holy-Land:
The crescent waned wherever he came,
And Christendom rung with his deeds of fame,
And Saladin trembled at the name
Of Amador de-Ramothaim.

He hath won him in battle a goodly shield,
Three wild boars Or on an azure field,
While scallop-shells three on an argent fess
Proclaim him a pilgrim and knight no less;
Enchased in gold on his helmet of steel
A deer-hound stands on the high-plumed keel,
Hafiz his hound, who hath rescued his life
From the wily Assassin's secret knife,
Hafiz his friend, whom he loveth so well
As the last gift of Christabel:
And over his vizor, and round his arm,
And graved on his sword as a favourite charm,
And on his banner emblazon'd at length,
Love's motto, "HOPE IS ALL MY STRENGTH."

O then, with how much pride and joy,
And hope, which fear could scarce alloy,
With heart how leaping, eye how bright,
And fair cheek flush'd with deep delight,

Heard Christabel the wafted story
 Of her far-off lover's glory;
 For her inmost soul knew well
 That he hoped and spake and thought
 Only of his Christabel,
 That he lived and loved and fought
 Only for his Christabel:
 So, she felt his honour hers,
 His welfare hers, his being hers,
 And did reward with rich largesse
 The stray astonish'd messengers
 Who brought her so much happiness!

—Behold! it is past,—that many a year;
 The harvest of her hope is near;
 Behold! it is come,—behold *him* here!
 Yes, in pomp and power and pride,
 And joy and love how true, how tried,
 He comes to claim his long-loved bride;
 Her own true knight, O bliss to tell,
 Her Amador she loves so well
 Returns for his sweet Christabel!

He leapt the moat, the portal past,
 He flung him from his horse in haste,
 And in the hall
 He met her! but how pale and wan!—
 He started back, as she upon
 His neck would fall;
 He started back,—for by her side
 (O blessed vision!) he espied
 A thing divine,—
 Poor Christabel was lean and white,
 But oh, how soft, and fair, and bright,
 Was Geraldine!

Fairer and brighter, as he gazes
All celestial beauty blazes
 From those glorious eyes,
And Amador no more can brook
The jealous air and peevish look
 That in the other lies!

Alas, for wasting Christabel,
Alas, for stricken Christabel,—
How had she long'd to see this day,
And now her all is dash'd away!
How many slow sad years, poor maid,
Had she for this day wept and pray'd,
And now the bitterest tears destroy
That honied hope of cherish'd joy,
For he hath ceased,—O withering thought,
With burning anguish fully fraught,—
 To love his Christabel!
Her full heart bursts, and she doth fall
Unheeded in her father's hall,
And, oh, the heaviest stroke of all,
 By him she loves so well.

O save her, Mary Mother, save!
Let not the damnèd sorceress have
 Her evil will;
O save thine own sweet Christabel,
Thy saint, thine innocent Christabel,
 And guard her still!

Conclusion to Part II.

FOR it doth mark a godlike mind,
Prudence, and power, and truth combined,
A rare self-steering moral strength,
To over-love the dreary length
Of ten successive anxious years,
Unwarp'd by hopes, untired by fears;
Still, as every teeming hour
Glides away in sun or shower,
Though the pilgrim foot may range,
The heart at home to feel no change,
But to live and linger on,
Fond and warm and true—to one!
O love like this, in life's young spring,
Is a rare and precious thing;
A pledge that man hath claims above,
A sister-twin to martyrs' love,
A shooting-star of blessed light
Glancing on the world's midnight,
A drop of sweet, where all beside
Is bitterest gall in life's dull tide,
One faithful found, where all was lost,
An Abdiel in Satan's host!

To love, unshrinking and unshaken,
Albeit by all but hope forsaken,
To love, through slander, craft, and fear,
And fairer faces smiling near,
Through absence, stirring scenes among,
And harrowing silence, suffering long,
Still to love on,—and pray and weep
For that dear one, while others sleep,

To dwell upon each precious word
Which the charm'd ear in whispers heard,
To treasure up a lock of hair,
To watch the heart with jealous care,
To live on a remember'd smile,
And still the wearisome days beguile
With rosy sweet imaginings
And all the soft and sunny things
Look'd and spoken, ere they parted,
Full of hope, though broken-hearted,—
O there is very virtue here,
Retiring, holy, deep, sincere,
A self-poised virtue, working still
To compass good, and combat ill,
Which none but worldlings count earth-born,
And they who know it not, can scorn.

Ah yes, let common sinners jeer,
And Mammon's slaves suspect and sneer,
While each idolator of pelf
Judging from his gross-hearted self
Counts Love no purer and no higher
Than the low plot of base desire;—
Let worldly cunning nurse its dreams
Of happiness, from selfish schemes
By heartless hungry parents plann'd,
Of wedded fortune, rank, and land,—
There is more wisdom, and more wealth,
More rank in being, more soul's health,
In wedded love for one short hour,
Than lifelong wedded pelf and power!
Yes, there is virtue in these things;
A balm to heal the scorpion-stings
That others' sins and sorrows make
In hearts that still can weep and ache;

There is a heavenly influence,
 A secret spiritual fence,
 Circling the soul with present power
 In temptation's darkest hour,
 Walling it round from outward sin,
 While all is soft and pure within.

Part III.

BEING THE FIFTH AND LAST OF CHRISTABEL.

HAST thou not seen, world-weary man,
 Life's poor pilgrim white and wan,—
 A gentle beauty for the cheek
 Which nothing gives but sorrow,
 A sweet expression, soft and weak,
 Joy can never borrow?
 Where lingering on the pale wet face
 The rival tears run their slow race
 Each in its wonted furrow;
 And patience, eloquently meek,
 From the threaten'd stroke unshrinking,
 In mild boldness can but speak
 The burden of its sadden'd thinking,—
 "Dreary as to-day has been,
 And sad and cheerless yestereen,
 'Twill dawn as dark to-morrow!"

Desolate hearted Christabel,
 Hapless, hopeless Christabel,—

Nightly tears have dimm'd the lustre
Of thy blue eyes, once so bright,
And, as when dank willows cluster
Weeping over marble rocks,
O'er thy forehead white
Droop thy flaxen locks:
Yet art thou beautiful, dear girl,
As angels in distress,
Yea, comforting the soul, fair pearl,
With thy loveliness;
For thy beauty's light subdued
Hath a soothing charm
In sympathy with all things good
That weep for hate and harm;
And none can ever see unmoved
Thy poor wet face, with sorrow white,
O none have seen, who have not loved,
The sadly sweet religious light
That doth with pearly radiance shine
From those sainted eyes of thine.

A trampling of hoofs at the cullice-port,—
A hundred horse in the castle-court!
From border-wastes, a weary way,
Through Halegarth wood and Knorren moor,
A mingled* numerous array
On panting palfreys black and grey
With foam and mud bespatter'd o'er
Hastily cross the flooded Irt,
And rich Waswater's beauty skirt,
And Sparkling-Tairn, and rough Scathwaite,
And now that day is dropping late,
Have passed the drawbridge and the gate.

By thy white flowing beard, and reverend mien,
And gilded harp, and chaplet of green,

And milk-white mare in the castle-yard,
Welcome, glad welcome to Bracy the bard!
And, by thy struggle still to hide
This generous conquest of thy pride,
More than by yon princely train,

And blazon'd banner standing near,
And snorting steed with slacken'd rein,—

Hail, O too long a stranger here,
Hail, to Langdale's friendly hall,
Thou noble spirit, most of all,
Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!

Like aspens tall beside the brook
The stalwart warriors stood and shook
And each advancing fear'd to look

Into the other's eye;

'Tis fifty years ago to-day
Since in disdain and passion they
Had flung each other's love away

With words of insult high:

How had they long'd and pray'd to meet!
But memories cling; and pride is sweet;
And—which could be the first to greet

The haply scornful other?

What if De Vaux were haughty still,—
Or Leoline's unbridled will
Consented not his rankling ill

In charity to smother?

Their knees give way, their faces are pale,
And loudly beneath the corslets of mail
Their aged hearts in generous heat
Almost to bursting boil and beat;
The white lips quiver, the pulses throb,
They stifle and swallow the rising sob,—

And there they stand, faint and unmann'd,
 As each holds forth his bare right hand!
 Yes, the mail-clad warriors tremble,
 All unable to dissemble
 Penitence and love confest,
 As within each aching breast
 The flood of affection grows deeper and stronger
 Till they can refrain no longer,
 But with,—“Oh, my long-lost brother,”—
 To their hearts they clasp each other,
 Vowing in the face of heaven
 All forgotten and forgiven!
 Then, the full luxury of grief
 That brings the smother'd soul relief,
 Within them both so fiercely rush'd
 That from their vanquish'd eyes out-gush'd
 A tide of tears, as pure and deep
 As children, yea as cherubs weep!

Quoth Roland de Vaux to Sir Leoline;
 “No lady lost can be daughter of mine,
 For yestereen at this same hour
 My Geraldine sat in her latticed bower,
 And merrily marvell'd much to hear
 She had been found in the forest drear:
 Nathless, of thee, old friend, to crave
 Once more the love I long to have
 Ere yet I drop into the grave,

Behold me here!

I hail'd the rich offer, and hither I sped,
 Glad to reclaim our friendship fled,
 And see that face,—ere yet it be dead,—

I feel so dear;

And my old heart danced with the joy of a child
 When out of school he leaps half-wild
 To think we could be reconciled.”

"Thy tale is strange," quoth Leoline,
 "As thy return is sweet;
 Yet might it please thee, brother mine,
 In knightly sort to greet
 This wondrous new-found Geraldine;
 Certes, she is a thing divine,—
 So bright in her doth beauty shine
 From head to feet,
 A wondrous creature, most divine,
 For angels meet."

O glorious in thy loveliness!
 Victorious in thy loveliness!
 From what strong magnetic zone
 Circling some strange world unknown,
 Hast thou stol'n sweet influence
 To lull in bliss each ravish'd sense?
 That thine eyes rain light and love
 Kindlier than the heavens above,—
 That the sunshine of thy face
 Shows richly ripe each winning grace,—
 That thine innocent laughing dimple,
 And thy tresses curling simple,
 Thy soft cheek, and rounded arm,
 And foot unsandall'd, white and warm,
 And every sweet luxurious charm
 Fair, and full, and flush'd, and bright,
 Fascinate the dazzled sight
 As with a halo of delight?

Her beauty hath conquer'd: a sunny smile
 Laughs into goodness her seeming guile.
 Ay, was she not in mercy sent
 To heal the friendships pride had rent?
 Is she not here a blessed saint
 To work all good by subtle feint?

Yea, art thou nôt, mysterious dame,
Our Lady of Furness?—the same, the same!
O holy one, we know thee now,
O gracious one, before thee bow,
Help us, Mary, hallow'd one,
Bless us, for thy wondrous Son—

The name was half-spoken,—the spell was half-broken,—
And suddenly, from his bent knee

Upleapt each knight in fear!
All warily they look'd around,
Sure, they had heard a hissing sound
And one quick moment on the ground

Had seen a dragon here!
But now before their wilder'd eyes
Bright Geraldine, all sweet surprise,
With her fair hands, in courteous guise
Hath touch'd them both, and bade them rise;
“Alas, kind sirs,” she calmly said,
“I am but a poor hunted maid,
Hunted, ah me! and sore afraid,
That all too far from home have stray'd,
For love of one who flies and hates me,
For hate of one who loves and waits me.”

Wonder-stricken were they then,
And full of love, those ancient men,
Full-fired with guilty love, as when
In times of old

To young Susannah's fairness knelt
Those elders twain, and fiercely felt
The lava-streams of passion melt

Their bosoms cold:
They loved,—they started from the floor,—
But hist! within the chamber-door
Softly stole Sir Amador;—

Nor look'd, nor wonder'd as they past,
(Speeding by in shame and haste,
Meekly thinking of each other
As a weak and guilty brother,)
For all to him in that dark room,
All the light to pierce its gloom,
All he thought of, cared for, there,
Was that loved one, smiling fair,
Wondrous in her charms serene,
Glad and glorious Geraldine.

The eye of a hawk is fierce and bright
As a facet-cut diamond scattering light,
Soft and ray'd with invincible love
As a pure pearl is the eye of a dove;
And so in flashes quick and keen
Look'd Amador on Geraldine,
And so, in sweet subduing rays,
On Amador did fondly gaze
In gentle power of beauty's blaze
Imperial Geraldine.

His head is cushion'd on her breast,
Her dark eyes shed love on his,
And his changing cheek is prest
By her hot and thrilling kiss,
While again from her moist lips
The honeydew of joy he sips,
And views, with rising transport warm,
Her half unveil'd bewitching form —

A step on the threshold! — the chamber is dim,
And gliding ghost-like up to him,
While entranced in conscious fear
He feels an injured angel near,

Sad Christabel with wringing hands
Beside her faithless lover stands,
Sad Christabel with streaming eyes
In silent anguish stands and sighs.

Ave, Maria! send her aid,
Bless, oh bless the wretched maid!

It is done,—he is won!—stung with remorse
He hath dropt at her feet as a clay-cold corse,
And Christabel with trembling dread
Hath raised on her knee his pale dear head,
And bathed his brow with many a tear,
And listen'd for his breath in fear,
And when she thought that none was near
But guardian saints, and GOD above,
Set on his lips the seal of her love!

But Geraldine had watch'd that kiss,
And with involuntary hiss
And malice in her snake-like stare
She gnash'd her teeth on the loving pair
And glared on them both with a deadly glare.

Softly through the sounding hall
In rich melodious notes,
With many a gentle swell and fall,
Holy music floats,
Like gossamer in a sultry sky
Dropping low, or sailing high:
Bard Bracy, bard Bracy, that touch was thine
On Cambria's harp with triple strings,
Wild and sweet is the hymn divine,
Fanning the air like unseen wings,—

What aileth thee, O Geraldine?
 What horror is hunting thee, Geraldine?—
 Thy body convulsed groweth lank and lean,
 Thy smooth white neck is shrivell'd and green,
 Thine eyes are blear'd and sunk and keen,—
 Away!—for the love, and the wild sweet harp,
 Thine innermost being do wither and warp,
 Away! to the pains, and the chains, and the fears,
 Away! to the torments, the toils, and the tears,
 Away! for a thousand years.

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### Conclusion to Part III.

SWEET Christabel, my Christabel,  
 I have riven thy heart that loved so well:  
 O weak, O wicked, to rend in its home  
 The love that I cherish wherever I roam!  
 As when with his glory the morning sun  
       Floods on a sudden the tropical sky,  
 And startled twilight, dim and dun,  
       Flies from the fear of his conquering eye,  
 So flash'd across the lightened breast  
       Of Christabel, no more to moan,  
 A dawn of love, the happiest  
       Her maiden heart had ever known;  
 For yea, it was only through powers of hell,  
 And evil eye, and potent spell,  
 That Amador to Christabel  
           Could faithless prove,—  
 And when she saw him kneeling near,  
 Contrite, yet more in hope than fear,  
 Oh then she felt him doubly dear,  
           Her rescued love.

Ave, Maria! unto thee  
All the thanks and glory be,  
For thy gracious arm and aid  
Saved the youth, and blest the maid.  
So falls it out, that vanquish'd ill  
Breeds only good to good men still,  
And while its poison seethes and works  
It yields a healing antidote,  
Which, whether mortals use or not,  
Like a friend in ambush, lurks  
Deepest in the deadliest plot.

Not swift, though soon, next day at noon,—  
Just at the wedding-hour  
As hand-in-hand betroth'd they stand  
Beneath the chapel tower,  
A holy light,—a vision bright,—  
'Twas twelve o'clock at noon,  
A spirit good before them stood,  
Her garments fair and flowing hair  
Shone brighter than the moon.  
And thus in musical voice most sweet,—  
"Daughter, this hour to grace and greet  
To bless this day, as is most meet,  
Thy mother stoops from heaven:  
And, ancient men, who all so late  
Have stopp'd at Death's half-open'd gate,  
In tears of love to drown your hate  
Forgiving and forgiven,  
Hear, noble spirits reconciled,  
Hear, gracious souls, now meek and mild  
Albeit with guilt so long defiled,  
Love's lingering boon receive;

Roland de Vaux,—thy long-lost child,  
Whom border-troopers, fierce and wild,  
An infant from his home beguiled,  
Thy soul to gall and grieve.  
In Amador—behold!”

The spirit said, and all in light  
Melted away that vision bright:  
My tale is told

## SOME EARLY POEMS.

## Imagination.

THOU fair enchantress of my willing heart,  
Who charimest it to deep and dreamy slumber,  
Gilding mine evening clouds of reverie,—  
Thou Siren, who, with lovelit eyes, and voice  
Most softly musical, dost lure me on  
O'er the wide sea of indistinct idea .  
Or quaking sands of untried theory  
Or ridgy shoals of fixt experiment  
That wind a dubious pathway through the deep,—  
Imagination, I am thine own child:  
Have I not often sat with thee retired,  
Alone yet not alone, though grave most glad,  
All silent outwardly, but loud within,  
As from the distant hum of many waters,  
Weaving the tissue of some delicate thought,  
And hushing every breath that might have rent  
Our web of gossamer, so finely spun?  
Have I not often listed thy sweet song,  
(While in vague echoes and Æolian notes  
The chambers of my heart have answer'd it,)  
With eye as bright in joy, and fluttering pulse,  
As the coy village maiden's, when her lover  
Whispers his hope to her delighted ear?  
And taught by thee, angelic visitant,

Have I not learnt to love the tuneful lyre,  
Draining from every chord its musical soul?  
Have I not learnt to find in all that is,  
Somewhat to touch the heart, or raise the mind,  
Somewhat of grand and beautiful to praise  
Alike in small and great things? and this power,  
This clearing of the eye, this path made straight  
Even to the heart's own heart, its innermost core,  
This keenness to perceive and seek and find  
And love and prize all-present harmony,  
This, more than choosing words to clothe the thought,  
Makes the true poet; this thy glorious gift,  
Imagination, rescues me thy son  
(Thy son, albeit least worthy,) from the lust  
Of mammon, and the cares of animal life,  
And the dull thralldom of this work-day world.

Indulgent lover, I am all thine own;  
What art thou not to me? — ah, little know  
The worshippers of cold reality,  
The grosser minds, who most sincerely think  
That sense is the broad avenue to bliss,  
Little know they the thrilling ecstasy  
The delicate refinement in delight  
That cheers the thoughtful spirit, as it soars  
Far above all these petty things of life;  
And strengthen'd by the flight and cordial joys  
Can then come down to earth and common men  
Better in motive, stronger in resolve,  
Apter to use all means that compass good,  
And of more charitable mind to all.  
Imagination, art thou not my friend  
In crowds and solitude, my comrade dear,  
Brother, and sister, mine own other self,  
The Hector to my soul's Andromache?

Triumphant beauty, bright intelligence !  
The chasten'd fire of ecstasy suppress'd  
Beams from thine eye ; because thy secret heart,  
Like that strange sight burning yet unconsumed,  
Is all on flame a censer fill'd with odours ;  
And to my mind, who feel thy fearful power,  
Suggesting passive terrors and delights,  
A slumbering volcano : thy dark cheek,  
Warm and transparent, by its half-form'd dimple  
Reveals an under-world of wondrous things  
Ripe in their richness,—as among the bays  
Of blest Bermuda, through the sapphire deep  
Ruddy and white fantastically branch  
The coral groves ; thy broad and sunny brow,  
Made fertile by the genial smile of heaven,  
Shoots up an hundred-fold the glorious crop  
Of arabesque ideas ; forth from thy curls  
Half hidden in their black luxuriance  
The twining sister-graces lightly spring,  
The muses, and the passions, and young love,  
Tritons and Naiads, Pegasus, and Sphinx,  
Atlas, Briareus, Phaeton, and Cyclops,  
Centaurs, and shapes uncouth and wild conceits ;  
And in the midst blazes the star of mind,  
Illumining the classic portico  
That leads to the high dome where Learning sits :  
On either side of that broad sunny brow  
Flame-colour'd pinions, streak'd with gold and blue,  
Burst from the teeming brain ; while under them  
The forkèd lightning, and the cloud-robed thunder,  
And fearful shadows, and unhallow'd eyes,  
And strange foreboding forms of terrible things  
Lurk in the midnight of thy raven locks !

And thou hast been the sunshine to my landscape,  
Imagination ; thou hast wreathed me smiles,

And hung them on a statue's marble lips;  
Hast made earth's dullest pebbles bright like gems;  
Hast lent me thine own silken clue, to rove  
The ideal labyrinths of a thousand spheres;  
Hast lengthen'd out my nights with life-long dreams,  
And with glad seeming gilt my darkest day;  
Help'd me to scale in thought the walls of heaven,  
While journeying wearily this busy world;  
Sent me to pierce the palpable clouds with eagles,  
And with leviathan the silent deep;  
Hast taught my youthful spirit to expand  
Beyond himself, and live in other scenes,  
And other times, and among other men;  
Hast bid me cherish, silent and alone,  
First feelings, and young hopes, and better aims,  
And sensibilities of delicate sort,  
Like timorous mimosas, which the breath  
The cold and cautious breath of daily life  
Hath not as yet had power to blight and kill  
From my heart's garden; for they stand retired,  
Screen'd from the north by groves of rooted thought.

Without thine aid, how cheerless were all time,  
But chief the short sweet hours of earliest love;  
When the young mind, athirst for happiness,  
And all-exulting in that new-found treasure,  
The wealth of being lovèd, as well as loving,  
Sees not, and hears not, knows not, thinks not, speaks not,  
Except it be of her, his one desire;  
And thy rose-colour'd glass on every scene  
With more than earthly promise cheats the eye,  
While the charm'd ear drinks thy melodious words,  
And the heart reels, drunk with ideal beauty.  
So too the memory of departed joy,  
Walking in black with sprinkled tears of pearl,  
Passes before the mind with look less stern

And foot more lighten'd, when thine inward power,  
Most gentle friend, upon that clouded face  
Sheds the fair light of better joy to come,  
And throws round Grief the azure scarf of Hope.

As the wild chamois bounds from rock to rock,  
Oft on the granite steeples nicely poised,  
Unconscious that the cliff from which he hangs  
Was once a fiery sea of molten stone  
Shot up ten thousand feet and crystallized  
When earth was labouring with her kraken brood;  
So have I sped with thee, my bright-eyed love,  
Imagination, over pathless wilds,  
Bounding from thought to thought, unmindful of  
The fever of my soul that shot them up  
And made a ready footing for my speed,  
As in a whirlwind I have flown along  
Wing'd with ecstatic mind, and carried away  
Like Ganymede of old, o'er cloudeapt Ida,  
Or Alps, or Andes, or the ice-bound shores  
Of Arctic or Antarctic,—stolen from earth  
Her sister planets and the twinkling eyes  
That watch her from afar, to the pure seat  
Of rarest Matter's last created world,  
And brilliant halls of self-existing Light!

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### The Song of an Alpine Elf.

HA! ha! ha!—My coy Jungfra  
Is tall and robed in snow,—  
Yet at a leap to the topmost steep  
I bound from the glen below;

On her dizziest peak I sit and shriek  
To the winds that around me blow,  
And heard from afar is my ha! ha! ha!  
The wild laugh echoes so.  
In the forests dun round Lauterbrunn  
That line each dark ravine,  
I hide me away from the garish day  
Till the howling winter's e'en;  
Then I jump on high through the coal-black sky,  
And light on some cliff of snow  
That nods to its fall like a tottering wall,  
And I rock it to and fro!  
My summer home is the cataract's foam  
As it floats in a frothing heap,  
My winter's rest is the weasel's nest,  
Or deep with the mole I sleep;  
Or I ride for a freak on the lightning-streak,  
Or climb till I reach in the clouds  
The terrible form of the Thunder-storm,  
Wrapp'd in his sable shrouds!  
Often I launch the huge avalanche,  
And make it my milk-white sledge,  
When unappall'd to the Grindlewald  
I slide from the Shrikehorn's edge;  
Silent and soft to the ibex oft  
I have stolen, and hurried him o'er  
The precipice to the bristling ice  
That smokes with his scarlet gore:  
But my greatest joy is to lure and decoy  
To the snow-drift's slippery brink  
The hunter bold, when he's weary and cold,  
And there let him suddenly sink,—  
A thousand feet—dead! he dropp'd like lead,  
Ha, he couldn't leap like me;  
With broken back, as a felon on rack,  
He hangs in a split pine-tree!

And there mid his bones, that echoed with groans,  
I make me a nest of his hair;  
The ribs dry and white rattle loud as in spite  
When I rock in my cradle there:  
Hurrah, hurrah, and ha, ha, ha!  
I'm in a madman's mood,  
For I'm all alone in my palace of bone  
That's tapestried fair with the old man's hair  
And dabbled with clots of blood;  
And when I look out all around and about,  
The storm shouts high to the coalblack sky,  
And the icicle sleet falls thick and fleet,  
And all that I hear on the mountains drear,  
And all I behold on the valleys cold,  
Is Death in Solitude!

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### Dreams.

A DREAM — mysterious word, a dream!  
What joys and sorrows are enshrined  
In those dark hours we fondly deem  
A plaything for the truant mind:

It is a happy thing to dream,  
When rosy thoughts and visions bright  
Pour on the soul a golden stream  
Of rich luxurious delight;

It is a weary thing to dream,  
When from the hot and aching brain  
As from a boiling cauldron steam  
The myriad forms in fancy's train;

It is a curious thing to dream,  
When shapes grotesque of all quaint things  
Like laughing water-witches seem  
To sport in reason's turbid springs;

It is a glorious thing to dream,  
When full of wings and full of eyes  
Borne on the whirlwind or sun-beam  
We race along the startled skies;

It is a wondrous thing to dream  
Of tumbling with a fearful shock  
From some tall cliff where eagles scream,  
To light upon a feather rock;

It is a terrible thing to dream  
Of strangled throats and heart-blood spilt,  
And ghosts that in the darkness gleam,  
And horrid eyes of midnight guilt:—

Who shall tell me what I dream?  
Ages lingering in a night,—  
Thronging thoughts of things that teem  
With wonder, terror, and delight!



### Infant Christ, with Flowers.

YES,—I can fancy, in the spring  
Of Childhood's sunny hours,  
That Nature's infant Priest and King  
Loved to gaze on flowers;

For lightly, 'mid the wreck of all,  
When torn from Eden's bowers,  
Above the billows of the fall  
Floated gentle flowers:

Unfallen, sinless, undefiled,  
Fresh bathed in summer showers,  
What wonder that the holy Child  
Loved to play with flowers?

In these he saw his Father's face,  
All Godhead's varied powers,  
And joy'd each attribute to trace  
In sweet unconscious flowers:

In these he found where Wisdom hides  
And modest Beauty cowers,  
And where Omnipotence resides,  
And Tenderness,—in flowers!

Innocent Child, a little while,  
Ere yet the tempest lours,  
Bask thy young heart in Nature's smile,  
Her lovely smile of flowers;

Thy young heart,—is it not array'd  
In feelings such as ours? —  
Yes, being now of thorns afraid,  
I see thee crown'd with flowers.

### Past, Present, and Future.

A SAD sweet gladness, full of tears,  
And thoughts that never cloy  
Of careless childhood's happier years,  
Is Memory's tranquil joy;

A rapturous and delusive dream  
Of pleasures ne'er to be,  
That o'er life's troubled waters gleam,  
Is Hope's sweet reverie:

Yet, before Memory can look back,  
When Hope is lost in sight,  
Ah! where is Memory's fairy track,  
Ah! where is Hope's delight?

The present is a weary scene,  
And always wish'd away;  
We live on "*to be*" and "*has been*,"  
But never on "*to-day*."



### A Short Gospel.

WISDOM framed the wondrous plan  
Love had hoped for fallen man;  
Justice bade the blood be spilt;  
Mercy bore imputed guilt;  
Truth rejoiced, and smiled to see  
Power had set the captive free.

## On a Bulbous Root,

WHICH BLOSSOMED, AFTER HAVING LAIN FOR AGES IN THE HAND OF AN  
EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

WHAT, wide awake, sweet stranger, wide awake?  
And laughing coyly at an English sun,  
And blessing him with smiles for having thaw'd  
Thine icy chain, for having woke thee gently  
From thy long slumber of three thousand years?  
Methinks I see the eye of wonder peering  
From thy tall pistil, looking strangely forth  
As from a watch-tow'r at thy fellow-flowers,  
Admiring much the rich variety  
Of many a gem in nature's jewel-case  
Unknown to thee,—the drooping hyacinth,  
The prim ranunculus, and gay geranium,  
And dahlias rare, and heartsease of all hues,  
Mealy auriculas, and spotted lilies,  
Gaudy carnations, and the modest face  
Of the moss-rose: methinks thy wondering leaves  
And curious petals at the long-lost sun  
Gaze with a lingering love, bedizen'd o'er  
With a small firmament of eyes to catch  
The luxury of his smile; as o'er the pool  
Hovering midway the gorgeous dragon-fly  
Watches his mates with thousand-facet vision;  
Or as when underneath the waterfall  
Floating in sunny wreaths the fretted foam  
Mirrors blue heaven its million orbs:  
Methinks I see thy fair and foreign face  
Blush with the glowing ardour of first love,  
(Mindful of ancient Nile, and those warm skies,  
And tender tales of insect coquetry,)

When some bright butterfly descends to sip  
The exotic fragrance of thy nectarous dew:  
Even so, Jubal's daughters in old time  
Welcomed the sons of GOD, who sprang from heaven  
To gaze with rapture on earth's fairest creatures,  
And fan them with their rainbow-colour'd wings.

Didst ever dream of such a day as this,  
A day of life and sunshine, when entranced  
In the cold tomb of yonder shrivell'd hand?  
Didst ever try to shoot thy fibres forth  
Through thy close prison-bars, those parchment-fingers,  
And strive to blossom in a charnel-house?  
Didst ever struggle to be free,—to leap  
From that forced wedlock with a clammy corpse,—  
To burst thy bonds asunder, and spring up  
A thing of light to commerce with the skies?  
Or didst thou rather, with endurance strong,  
(That might have taught a Newton passive power,)  
Baffle corruption, and live on unharm'd  
Amid the pestilent steams that wrapp'd thee round,  
Like Mithridates, when he WOULD not die,  
But conquer'd poison by his strong resolve?

O Life, thy name is mystery,—that couldst  
Thus energize inert, be, yet not be,  
Concentrating thy powers in one small point;  
Couldst mail a germ, in seeming weakness strong,  
And arm it as thy champion against Death;  
Couldst give a weed, dug from the common field,  
What Egypt hath not, Immortality;  
Couldst lull it off to sleep ere Carthage was,  
And wake it up when Carthage is no more!  
It may be, suns and stars that walk'd the heavens  
While thou wert in thy slumber, gentle flower,

Have sprung from chaos, blazed their age, and burst:  
It may be, that thou seest the world worn out,  
And look'st on meadows of a paler green,  
Flow'rs of a duskier hue, and all creation  
Down to degenerate man more and more dead,  
Than in those golden hours, nearest to Eden,  
When mother earth and thou and all were young.

And he that held thee,—this bituminous shape,  
This fossil shell once tenanted by life,  
This chrysalis husk of the poor insect man,  
This leathern coat, this carcase of a soul,—  
What was thy story, O mine elder brother?  
I note thee now, swathed like a Milanese babe,  
But thine are tintured grave-clothes, fathoms long;  
On thy shrunk breast the mystic beetle lies  
Commending thee to Earth, and to the Sun  
Regenerating all; a curious scroll  
Full of strange written lore rests at thy side;  
While a quaint rosary of bestial gods,  
Ammon, Bubastes, Thoth, Osiris, Apis,  
And Horus with the curl, Typhon and Phthah,  
Amulets cipher'd with forgotten tongues,  
And charm'd religious beads circle thy throat.  
Greatly thy children honour'd thee in death,  
And for the light vouchsafed them they did well,—  
In that they hoped, and not unwisely hoped,  
Again in his own flesh to see their sire;  
And their affections spared not, so the form  
They loved in life might rest adorn'd in death.

But this dry hand,—was it once terrible  
When among warrior bands thou wentest forth  
With Ramses, or Sesostris, yet again

To crush the rebel Æthiop?—wast thou set  
A taskmaster to toiling Israël  
When Cheops and Cephrenes raised to heaven  
Their giant sepulchres?—or did this hand,  
That lately held a flow'r, with murderous grasp  
Tear from the Hebrew mother her poor babe  
To fling it to the crocodile?—Or rather  
Wert thou some garden-lover, and this bulb,  
Perchance most rare and fine, prized above gold,  
(As in the mad world's dotage yesterday  
A tulip root could fetch a prince's ransom,)—  
Was to be buried with thee, as thy praise,  
Thy Rosicrucian lamp, thine idol weed?—  
Perchance, O kinder thought and better hope,  
Some priest of Isis shrined this root with thee  
As nature's hieroglyphic, her half-guess  
Of glimmering faith, that soul will never die:  
What emblem liker, or more eloquent  
Of immortality,—whether the Sphinx,  
Scarab, or circled snake, or wide-wing'd orb,  
The azure-colour'd arch, the sleepless eye,  
The pyramid four-square, or flowing river,  
Or all whatever else were symbols apt  
In Egypt's alphabet,—than this dry root,  
So full of living promise?—Yes, I see  
Nature's "resurgam" sculptured there in word  
That all of every clime may run and read:  
I see the better hope of better times,  
Hope against hope, wrapp'd in the dusky coats  
Of a poor leek,—I note glad tidings there  
Of happier things; this undecaying corpse  
A little longer, yet a little longer  
Must slumber on, but shall awake at last;  
A little longer, yet a little longer,—

And at the trumpet's voice, shall this dry shape  
Start up, instinct with life, the same though changed,  
And put on incorruption's glorious garb:  
If aught of Israel's GOD he knew and loved,  
Brighter than seraphs, and beyond the sun!

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Cruelty.

WILL none befriend that poor dumb brute,  
Will no man rescue him?—  
With weaker effort, gasping, mute,  
He strains in every limb;

Spare him, O spare:—he feels,—he feels,—  
Big tears roll from his eyes;  
Another crushing blow!—he reels,  
Staggers,—and falls,—and dies.

Poor jaded horse, my blood runs cold  
Thy guiltless wrongs to see;  
To heav'n, O starved one, lame and old,  
Thy dim eye pleads for thee.

Thou too, O dog, whose faithful zeal  
Fawns on some ruffian grim,—  
He stripes thy skin with many a weal,  
And yet,—thou lovest him.

Shame! that of all the living chain  
That links creation's plan,  
There is but one delights in pain,  
The savage monarch,—man!

O cruelty,—who could rehearse  
Thy million dismal deeds,  
Or track the workings of the curse  
By which all nature bleeds?

Thou meanest crime,—thou coward sin,—  
Thou base flint-hearted vice,—  
Scorpion!—to sting thy heart within  
Thyself shalt all suffice;

The merciless is doubly curst,  
As mercy is “twice blest;”  
Vengeance, though slow, shall come,—but first  
The vengeance of the breast!

Why add another woe to life,  
Man,—are there not enough?  
Why lay *thy* weapon to the strife?  
Why make the road more rough?

Faint, hunger-sick, old, blind, and ill,  
The poor, or man or beast,  
Can battle on with life uphill,  
And bear its griefs at least;

Truly, their cup of gall o'erflows!  
But, when the spite of men  
Adds poison to the draught of woes,  
Who, who can drink it then?

Heard ye that shriek?—O wretch, forbear,  
Fling down thy bloody knife:  
In fear, if not in pity, spare  
A woman, and a wife!

For thee she toils, unchiding, mild,  
And for thy children wan,  
Beaten, and starved,—with famine wild,  
To feast thee, monster-man :

Husband, and father,—drunkard, fiend !  
Thy wife's, thy children's moan  
Has won for innocence a Friend,  
Has reach'd thy Judge's throne ;

Their lives thou madest sad ; but worse  
Thy deathless doom shall be,  
“NO MERCY !” is the withering curse  
Thy Judge hath pass'd on thee :

Heap on,—heap on, fresh torments add,—  
New schemes of torture plan,  
NO MERCY ! Mercy's self is glad  
To damn the cruel man.

GOD ! GOD ! Thy whole creation groans,  
Thy fair world writhes in pain ;  
Shall the dread incense of its moans  
Arise to thee in vain ?

The hollow eye of famine pleads,  
The face with weeping pale,  
The heart that all in secret bleeds,  
The grief that tells no tale.

Oppression's victim, weak and mild,  
Scarce shrinking from the blow,  
And the poor wearied factory child,  
Join in the dirge of woe.

O cruel world! O sickening fear  
 Of goad, or knife, or thong;  
 O load of evils ill to bear!  
 How long, good GOD, how long?

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Monsieur d'Alveron.

An Incident, founded on Fact.

POOR Monsieur d'Alveron! I well remember
 The day I visited his ruinous cot,
 And heard the story of his fallen fortunes.
 It was a fine May morning, and the flowers
 Spread their fair faces to the laughing sun,
 And look'd like small terrestrial stars, that beam'd
 With life and joy; the merry lark was high
 Careering in the heavens, and now and then
 A throstle from the neighbouring thicket pour'd
 His musical and hearty orisons.
 The cot too truly told that poverty
 Found it a home with misery and scorn:
 No clambering jessamine, no well-train'd roses
 There linger'd, like sweet charity, to hide
 The rents unseemly of the plaster'd wall;
 No tight trimm'd rows of box, or daisy prim,
 Mark'd a clean pathway through the miry clay;
 But all around was want and cold neglect.
 With curious hand, (and heart that beat with warm
 Benevolence,) — I knock'd, lifted the latch,
 And in the language of his mother-land
 Besought a welcome; quick with courteous phrase,
 And joy unfeign'd to hear his native tongue,
 He bade me enter.—'Twas a ruin'd hovel;
 Disease and penury had done their worst

To hunt a wretched exile to despair,
But still with spirit unbroken he lived on,
And with a Frenchman's national levity
Bounded elastic from his weight of woes.
I listed long his fond garrulity,
For sympathy and confidence are aye
Each other's echoes, and I won his heart
By pitying his sorrows; long he told
Of friends, and wife, and darling little ones,
Fortune, and title, and long-cherish'd hopes
By frenzied Revolution marr'd and crush'd:
But oft my patience flicker'd, and my eye
Wander'd inquisitive round the murky room
To see wherein I best might mitigate
The misery my bosom bled to view.
I sat upon his crazy couch, and there
With many sordid rags, a roebuck's skin
Show'd sleek and mottled; swift the clear grey eye
Of the poor sufferer had mark'd my wonder,
And as in simple guise this touching tale
He told me, in the tongue his youth had loved,
Many a tear stole down his wrinkled cheek.

"Yon glossy skin is all that now remains
To tell me that the past is not a dream!
Oft up my château's avenue of limes
To be caress'd in mine ancestral hall
Poor '*Louis*' bounded, (I had call'd him *Louis*,
Because I loved my King;) — my little ones
Have on his rounded antlers often hung
Their garlands of spring flowers, and fed him with
Sweet heads of clover from their darling hands.
But on a sorrowful day a random-shot
Of some bold thief, or well-skill'd forester,
Struck him to death, and many a tear and sob

Were the unwritten epitaph upon him.
 The children would not lose him utterly,
 But pray'd to have his mottled beautiful skin
 A rug to their new pony-chaise, that they
 Might oftener think of their lost favourite:
 Ay — there it is! — that precious treasury
 Of fond remembrances,— that glossy skin!
 O thou chief solace in the wintry nights
 That warms my poor old heart, and thaws my breast
 With tears of — Mais, Monsieur, asseyez-vous! —
 But I had started up, and turn'd aside
 To weep in solitude.—

~~~~~

### Wisdom's Wish.

AH, might I but escape to some sweet spot,  
 Oasis of my hopes, to fancy dear,  
 Where rural virtues are not yet forgot,  
 And good old customs crown the circling year;  
 Where still contented peasants love their lot,  
 And trade's vile din offends not nature's ear,  
 But hospitable hearths, and welcomes warm  
 To country quiet add their social charm;

Some smiling bay of Cambria's happy shore  
 A wooded dingle on a mountain-side,  
 Within the distant sound of ocean's roar,  
 And looking down on valley fair and wide,  
 Nigh to the village church, to please me more  
 Than vast cathedrals in their Gothic pride,  
 And blest with pious pastor, who has trod  
 Himself the way, and leads his flock to GOD.

"There would I dwell, for I delight therein!"

Far from the evil ways of evil men,  
Untainted by the soil of others' sin,  
My own repented of, and clean again;  
With health and plenty crown'd, and peace within,  
Choice books, and guiltless pleasures of the pen,  
And mountain-rambles with a welcome friend,  
And dear domestic joys that never end.

There from the flowery mead, or shingled shore,  
To cull the gems that bounteous Nature gave,  
From the rent mountain pick the brilliant ore,  
Or seek the curious crystal in its cave;  
And learning nature's Master to adore,  
Know more of Him who came the lost to save;  
Drink deep the pleasures contemplation gives,  
And learn to love the meanest thing that lives.

No envious wish my fellows to excel,  
No sordid money-getting cares be mine;  
No low ambition in high state to dwell,  
Nor meanly grand among the poor to shine:  
But, sweet Benevolence, regale me well  
With those cheap pleasures and light cares of thin,  
And meek-eyed Piety be always near,  
With calm Content, and Gratitude sincere.

Rescued from cities, and forensic strife,  
And walking well with God in nature's eye,  
Blest with fair children, and a faithful wife,  
Love at my board, and friendship dwelling nigh,  
Oh thus to wear away my useful life,  
And when I'm call'd, in rapturous hope to die,  
Thus to rob heaven of all the good I can,  
And challenge earth to show a happier man!

### The Mother's Lament.

MY own little darling — dead !  
The dove of my happiness fled !  
    Just Heaven, forgive,  
    But let me not live  
Now my poor babe is dead :

No more to my yearning breast  
Shall that sweet mouth be prest,  
    No more on my arm  
    Nestled up warm  
Shall my fair darling rest :

Alas, for that dear glazed eye,  
Why did it dim or die ?  
    Those lips so soft  
    I have kiss'd so oft  
Why are they ice, oh why ?

Alas, little frocks and toys,  
Shadows of bygone joys,—  
    Have I not treasure  
    Of bitterest pleasure  
In these little frocks and toys ?

O harrowing sight to behold  
That marble-like face all cold,  
    That small cherish'd form  
    Flung to the worm,  
Deep in the charnel-mould !

Where is each heart-winning way,  
Thy prattle, and innocent play ?  
    Alas, they are gone,  
    And left me alone  
To weep for them night and day :

Yet why should I linger behind?  
 Kill me too,—death most kind;  
     Where can I go  
     To meet thy blow  
 And my sweet babe to find?

I know it, I rave half-wild!  
 But who can be calm and mild  
     When the deep heart  
     Is riven apart  
 Over a dear dead child?

I know it, I should not speak  
 So boldly, I ought to be meek,  
     But love, it is strong;  
     And my spirit is wrong,—  
 Help me, my GOD! I am weak!



### Trust.

“My times are in thy hand.”

YET will I trust, in all my fears,  
 Thy mercy, gracious Lord, appears,  
 To guide me through this vale of tears,  
     And be my strength;  
 Thy mercy guides the ebb and flow  
 Of health and joy, or pain and woe,  
 To wean my heart from all below  
     To Thee at length.  
 Yes,—welcome pain,—which Thou hast sent,—  
 Yes,—farewell blessings,—Thou hast lent,  
 With Thee alone I rest content,  
     For Thou art Heav’n,—

My trust reposes, safe and still,  
 On the wise goodness of Thy will,  
 Grateful for earthly good—or ill,  
     Which Thou hast giv'n.  
 O blessed friend! O blissful thought!  
 With happiest consolation fraught,—  
 Trust Thee I may, I will, I ought,—  
     To doubt were sin;  
 Then let whatever storms arise,  
 Their Ruler sits above the skies,  
 And lifting unto Him mine eyes,  
     'Tis calm within.  
 Danger may threaten, foes molest,  
 Poverty brood, disease infest,  
 Yea, torn affections wound the breast  
     For one sad hour,  
 But Faith looks to her home on high,  
 Hope casts around a cheerful eye,  
 And love puts all the terrors by  
     With gladdening power.



### The Stammerer's Complaint.

AH, think it not a light calamity  
 To be denied free converse with my kind,  
 To be debarr'd from man's true attribute,  
 The proper glorious privilege of Speech.  
 Hast thou beheld an eagle chain'd to earth?  
 A restless panther in his cage immured?  
 A swift trout by the wily fisher check'd?  
 A wild bird hopeless strain its broken wing?  
 Or ever felt, at the dark dead of night,

Some undefined and horrid incubus  
Press down the very soul,—and paralyse  
The limbs in their imaginary flight  
From shadowy terrors in unhallow'd sleep?  
Or ever known the sudden icy chill  
Of dreary disappointment, as it dashes  
The sweet cup of anticipated bliss  
From the parch'd lips of long-enduring hope?

Then thou canst picture,—ay, in sober truth,  
In honest unexaggerated truth,—  
The constant, galling, festering chain that binds  
Captive my mute interpreter of thought;  
The seal of lead enstamp'd upon my lips,  
The load of iron on my labouring chest,  
The mocking demon that at every step  
Haunts me,—and spurs me on—to burst with silence!  
Oh! 'tis a sore affliction, to restrain,  
From mere necessity, the glowing thought;  
To feel the fluent cataract of speech  
Check'd by some wintry spell, and frozen up,  
Just as it leapeth from the precipice!  
To be the butt of wordy captious fools,  
And see the sneering self-complacent smile  
Of victory on their lips, when I might prove,  
(But for some little word I dare not utter,)   
That innate truth is not a specious lie;  
To hear foul slander blast an honour'd name,  
Yet breathe no fact to drive the fiend away;  
To mark neglected virtue in the dust,  
Yet have no word to pity or console;  
To feel just indignation swell my breast,  
Yet know the fountain of my wrath is seal'd;  
To see my fellow-mortals hurrying on  
Down the steep cliff of crime, down to perdition,  
Yet have no voice to warn,—no voice to win!

' 'Tis to be mortified in every point,  
Baffled at every turn of life, for want  
Of that most common privilege of man,  
The merest drug of gorged society,  
Words,—windy words. And is it not in truth  
A poison'd sting in every social joy,  
A thorn that rankles in the writhing flesh,  
A drop of gall in each domestic sweet,  
An irritating petty misery,  
That I can never look on one I love  
And speak the fulness of my burning thoughts?  
That I can never with unmingled joy  
Meet a long-loved and long-expected friend,  
Because I feel, but cannot vent my feelings,—  
Because I know I ought,—but must not speak,  
Because I mark his quick impatient eye  
Striving in kindness to anticipate  
The word of welcome, strangled in its birth!  
Is it not sorrow, while I truly love  
Sweet social converse, to be forced to shun  
The happy circle, from a nervous sense,  
An agonizing poignant consciousness  
That I must stand aloof, nor mingle with  
The wise and good, in rational argument,  
The young in brilliant quickness of reply,  
Friendship's ingenuous interchange of mind,  
Affection's open-hearted sympathies,  
But feel myself an isolated being,  
A very wilderness of widow'd thought!

Ay, this is very bitter,—not less bitter  
Because it is not reckoned in the ills,  
"The thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to;"  
Yet the full ocean is but countless drops,  
And misery is an aggregate of tears.

And life replete with small annoyances  
Is but one long protracted scene of sorrow.

I scarce would wonder, if a godless man,  
(I name not him whose hope is heavenward,)  
A man, whom lying vanities have scathed  
And harden'd from all fear,—if such an one  
By this tyrannical Argus goaded on,  
Were to be wearied of his very life,  
And daily, hourly foil'd in social converse,  
By the slow simmering of disappointment  
Become a sour'd and apathetic being,  
Were to be glad to fling away his life,  
And long for death to free him from his chain.

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### Benevolence.

THERE is indeed one crowning joy,  
A pleasure that can never cloy,  
The bliss of doing good;  
And to it a reward is given  
Most precious in the sight of heaven,  
The tear of gratitude.

To raise the fallen from the dust,  
To right the poor by judgment just,  
The broken heart to heal,  
Pour on the soul a stream as bright  
Of satisfying deep delight  
As happy spirits feel:

Yes, high archangels wing their way  
 Far from the golden founts of day  
     To scenes of earthly sadness,  
 That they may comfort the distress'd,—  
 And feel in blessing, deeply blest,  
     In gladd'ning, full of gladness.

The choicest happiness there is,  
 The glorious GODHEAD'S perfect bliss,  
     Is born of doing good;  
 HE looks around, and sees the eye  
 Of all creation spangled by  
     The tear of gratitude!

All hail, my country's noble sons,  
 Ye Heaven-Sent unselfish ones,  
     Who every realm have trod  
 Smit with the love of doing good,—  
 O that my portion with you stood!  
     For ye are like your GOD!

And lives there one, who never felt  
 His heart with zeal or kindness met,  
     Nor ever dropt a tear  
 Of sympathy for other's woe?  
 If such a man exist below  
     A fiend in flesh is here.

Brethren, unsatisfied with earth,  
 Who feel how heartless is its mirth  
     How transient is its joy,  
 Ye may,—there only wants the will,—  
 Your dearest hope of bliss fulfil,  
     Of bliss without alloy:

Most glad a thing it is and sweet,  
To sit and learn at Wisdom's feet,  
    And hear her blessed voice ;  
First in her comforts to be glad,  
And then, to comfort other sad,  
    And teach them to rejoice.

How sweet it is to link again  
Estranged affection's broken chain,  
    And soothe the sorrowing breast ;  
To be the favour'd one that may  
Recall to love hearts torn away,  
    And thus by both be blest.

Rich men and proud, who fain would find  
Some new indulgence for the mind,  
    Some scheme to gladden self,  
If ye will feed the famish'd poor,  
Happiness shall ye buy, far more  
    Than with a mint of pelf :

Ye cannot see the tearful eye,  
Ye cannot hear the grateful sigh,  
    Nor feel yourselves beloved  
By the pale children of distress  
Whom ye have been the gods to bless,—  
    With hearts unthrill'd, unmoved.

And you, who love your fellow-men,  
And feel a sacred transport, when  
    Ye can that love fulfil,—  
Go, rescue yonder tortured brute,  
Its gratitude indeed is mute,  
    But, oh ! it loves you still.

Children of science, who delight  
To track out wisdom's beauty bright  
    In earth, or sea, or sky,—  
While nature's lovely face you scan,  
Go, seek and save some erring man,  
    And set his hope on high!

But still reflect that all the good  
Ye do, demands your gratitude,  
    For 'tis a heav'nly boon,  
That should for its own sake be sought,  
Though to itself is kindly brought  
    A blessing sweet and soon:

It is reward to imitate,  
In comforting the desolate,  
    That gracious one who stood  
A ransom for a ruin'd world,  
And still, Himself to ruin hurl'd,  
    Found evil for His good:

And what an argument for pray'r  
Hath yearning Mercy written there,  
    For if indeed "to give  
Is blessed rather than the gift"—  
Go ye, to heaven the voice uplift,  
    And then ye must receive.

### A Cabinet of Fossils.

COME, and behold with curious eye  
These records of a world gone by,  
These tell-tales of the youth of time,—  
When changes, sudden, vast, sublime,  
(From Chaos, and fair Order's birth,  
To the last flood that drown'd the earth,—)  
Shatter'd the crust of this young world,  
Into the seas its mountains hurl'd,  
And upon boisterous surges strong  
Bore the broad ruins far along  
To pave old ocean's shingly bed,  
While bursting upwards in their stead  
The lowest granites towering rose  
To pierce the clouds with crested snows,  
Where future Apennine or Alp  
Bared to high heav'n its icy scalp.

Look on these coins of kingdoms old,  
These medals of a broken mould :  
These corals in the green hill-side,  
These fruits and flowers beneath the tide,  
These struggling flies in amber found,  
These huge pine-forests underground,  
These flint sea-eggs, with curious bosses,  
These fibred ferns, and fruited mosses  
Lying as in water spread,  
And stone-struck by some Gorgon's head !  
The chambers of this graceful shell,  
So delicately form'd,—so well,  
None can declare what years have past  
Since life hath tenanted it last,

What countless centuries have flown  
Since age hath made the shell a stone :  
Gaze with me on those jointed stems,  
A living plant of starry gems,  
And on that sea-flower, light and fair,  
Which shoots its leaves in agate there :  
Behold these giant ribs in stone  
Of mighty monsters, long unknown,  
That in some antemundane flood  
Wallow'd on continents of mud,  
A lizard race, but well for man,  
Dead long before his day began,  
Monsters, through Providence extinct,  
That crocodiles to fishes link'd ;  
And shreds of other forms beside  
That sported in the yeasty tide,  
Or, flapping far with dragon-wing,  
On the slow tortoise wont to spring,  
Or, ambush'd in the rushes rank,  
Watch'd the dull mammoth on the bank,  
Or loved the green and silent deep,  
Or on the coral-reef to sleep,  
Where many a rood, in passive strength,  
The scaly reptiles lay at length.

For there are wonders, wondrous strange,  
To those who will through nature range,  
And use the mind, and clear the eye,  
And let instruction not pass by :  
There are deep thoughts of tranquil joy  
For those who thus their hearts employ,  
And trace the wise design that lurks  
In holy nature's meanest works,  
And by the torch of truth discern  
The happy lessons good men learn :

O there are pleasures, sweet and new,  
 To those who thus creation view,  
 And, as on this wide world they look,  
 Regard it as one mighty book,  
 Inscribed within, before, behind,  
 With workings of the Master-mind;  
 Ray'd with that Wisdom, which excels  
 In framing worlds,—or fretting shells,—  
 Fill'd with that Mercy, which delights  
 In blessing mammoths, men, or mites,—  
 With silent deep Benevolence,  
 With hidden mild Omnipotence,  
 With order's everlasting laws,  
 With seen effect, and secret cause,  
 Justice and truth in all things rife,  
 Filling the world with love and life,  
 And teaching from creation round  
 How good the GOD of all is found,  
 His handiwork how vast, how kind,  
 How prearranged by clearest mind,  
 How glorious in His own estate,  
 And in His smallest works how GREAT.

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### Five Psalms.

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#### I.—PSALM I.

BLEST is the man who walketh not  
 In sinners' evil ways;  
 Nor with the wicked joins his lot,  
 Nor gives the scorner praise:

But all his solace and delight  
Is in his Father's word,—  
His meditation day and night,  
The doctrine of the LORD.

As some green tree near flowing streams  
That yields its timely fruit,  
Unblighted still his foliage seems,—  
He prospers, branch and root.

Not so the ungodly; they are all  
Like chaff before the blast;  
In the dread judgment they shall fall,  
And perish at the last:

For the LORD loveth, and doth keep  
The good man day by day;  
But as for sinners, He shall sweep  
And scatter them away!

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## II. — PSALM XIX.

HEAVEN declares its Maker's glory,  
And the firmament His might;  
Day to day the wondrous story  
Echoes on, and night to night;  
All is silence, yet Creation  
Knows and hears that voiceless speech  
Which to every tribe and nation  
Doth their Maker's glory teach.

From his chamber bright in heaven  
Lo, the bridegroom of the earth  
Gladness by his smile hath given,  
And awakes the morn to mirth:

Not less full of life and pleasure  
Is GOD'S truth nor less complete;  
'Tis more precious than all treasure,  
Than the honeycomb more sweet.

It rejoices, heals, and teaches,  
Ever holy, just, and good;  
To the inmost feeling reaches,  
And leads up the heart to GOD:  
Warn'd by that, thy servant turneth  
To the path that tends to bliss;  
Yet, who all his faults discerneth?  
Cleanse me, if I err in this.

Let not pride be ruler in me,  
But deliver, guide, forgive:  
Thus, corruption quench'd within me,  
I shall be upright and live.  
Let my words and meditation,  
Ever pleasing in Thy sight,  
Meet with gracious acceptance,  
My Redeemer and my Might!

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### III.—PSALM XX.

GOD in time of trouble hear thee,  
And the name of Jacob's Lord  
From His sanctuary near thee,  
Out of Zion help afford;  
Crown thy sacrifice with fire,  
All thy gifts remember still,  
Grant thee all thy heart's desire,  
And thy choicest wish fulfil!

We will joy in Thy salvation,  
 And will set our banners high  
 In our GOD!—Thy supplication  
 Be accomplish'd at thy cry.  
 Now I know the LORD from heaven  
 Saveth still His CHRIST from harm;  
 Now to Him will strength be given  
 By the might of His right arm.

Some in chariots, some in horses,—  
 We in GOD JEHOVAH trust;  
 And while He our sure Resource is,  
 They are fallen in the dust:  
 Save, JEHOVAH, save and hear us,  
 King of glory, King of might!  
 When we call be ever near us,—  
 Ever for Thy servants fight!

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#### IV.—PSALM LXXXV.

LORD, Thou hast shower'd on Thy land  
 Thy favourable grace;  
 Thou hast brought home again the band  
 Of Jacob's captive race:  
 Thou hast forgiven Thy people's crimes  
 And wash'd away their sin,  
 From Thy fierce anger turn'd betimes,  
 And rein'd Thy vengeance in!

Turn us, O GOD that saveth us,—  
 And bid Thine anger cease:  
 Wilt Thou in wrath be ever thus,  
 Nor smile on us in peace?  
 O wilt Thou not Thy work revive,  
 That we may joy in Thee?  
 Yea, LORD, Thy constant mercy give,  
 And Thy salvation free!

## V.—PSALM CXLIV.

BLESSED be the LORD my might,  
Who hath taught my soul to fight,  
Castle, Saviour, hope, and friend,  
Whom I trust all help to send.

LORD, what is man, or what his son,  
That thou regardest such an one?  
A thing of nought: his little day  
Passeth shadow-like away.

Bow Thy heavens, LORD! return,  
Touch the mountains that they burn,  
Forth Thy scathing lightnings cast,  
With Thy shafts consume them fast!

Send Thy power from on high,  
Rescue me, for ever nigh,  
Save me from the drowning wave,  
From these wicked children save!

God, to Thee new songs I sing,  
On my lute new praise I bring,—  
To kings Thou givest victory, LORD,  
And savest David from the sword.

Help, and save me from the hand  
Of children, strangers in the land;  
For their mouths are lies within,  
And their right hands red with sin.

That our sons may grow in good  
Like young saplings of the wood,  
And our daughters may be seen  
As Thy temple pure and clean:

That our garners more and more  
 May be full with various store,  
 That our teeming sheep may yield  
 Thousand-fold in street and field:

That our oxen's sturdy toil  
 Drain the treasures of the soil;  
 None in bonds be led away,  
 No complaining, no decay.

Happy people! prosper'd so,  
 Blest beyond all bliss below;  
 Blest who have, all gods above,  
 For their GOD the LORD of love!

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*The Mourner comforted. 1833.*

BROTHER, dear brother, weep no more for me!  
 My lot is blessedness,—an heritage  
 Of Praise, and Peace, and Immortality,  
 And Joy unspeakable! above me smiles  
 The Eye of tenderest love, and underneath  
 Sustain me safe the Everlasting Arms!  
 I am not dead,—my spirit is not dead,  
 But rests in JESUS, the dear hiding-place  
 Of ransom'd happy souls,—for I am His;—  
 My GOD hath wiped all sorrow from mine eye,  
 All sin from my fair soul; Eternal Love  
 For pain hath given me Peace,—for fear, fixt hope,  
 For Life's deceitful cup of bitterness,  
 Rivers of pleasantness and seas of joy.  
 Ah, who can speak it, who can think it, there,—

Where the frail prison of Mortality  
Holds pent the slumbering soul? Earth hath no words,  
And earthborn no ideas of infinite,  
Unutterable, overwhelming bliss.  
O blest exchange! O gain beyond compare!  
O Glory, brighter for the foil of Time,  
O deepest happiness, more exquisite  
For a short Life's remember'd tale of sorrow!  
Weep not, dear brother,—weep no more for me

Yes,—from the dream of Time I woke in peace:  
And one fierce struggle over, all was calm.  
Awhile I lay entranced,—in that sweet rest  
The Sabbath of the Soul, e'er yet it speeds  
To choirs of perfect praise, and bliss intense.  
And soon two infant cherubs on bright wings  
—My sainted little brothers,—flew to me,  
Kiss'd me, and wept for joy, as angels weep.  
“For it is ours,” they said, “our great reward,  
By His dear will preferr'd before all others,  
On either hand to lead thee to our GOD.”  
Wing'd with ecstatic hope upsprung my Soul,—  
And through the glorious hosts of happy ones,  
From bliss to bliss, from heav'n to heav'n, upsprung,  
Catching swift echoes of melodious praise,  
Till at the rapturous height of highest joy  
I stood before the Throne! and there was HE,  
HE, whom a brother's counsel bade me seek,  
HE, whom at midnight's hour a mother's ear  
With tears and prayers had often heard me seek,—  
O there was HE! my Saviour and my Friend,—  
My Sacrifice, my Heav'n, my All, my GOD!  
—Brother, in earthly words and earthly thoughts  
I cannot tell thee more: but would speak peace,  
Peace to thy troubled soul,—where peace there *is*.  
O climax to my joys,—strength to your hopes,

In the bright book of Life are written fair  
The names of those I loved! Blest family,  
Children of hope, and Heaven, and GOD! His love  
With tears of chasten'd grief hath gemm'd your crowns,  
That, by a Father's wisdom mingling well  
Life's cup with sorrows, ye may deeper drink  
Of grace on earth, of glory with our GOD.  
Yes, there are crowns and mansions for you all,  
Ye loved, and happy ones! a crown for thee,  
Dear mother, who so tenderly hast led  
Our infant steps to paths of pleasantness;—  
Crowns for you both, my sisters;—and for thee.  
Whom the dark storm of unbelieving fears  
Hath sorely tost,—my brother,—even for thee  
From deeper trouble rises higher bliss!  
Peace to you all, for JESUS is your peace,  
Your peace and mine: be comforted with me,  
For we are one, as ever, one in Him.

Though now ye see me not, I can see you;  
Though ye hear not my praise, your groans I hear.  
I watch'd, unwatch'd, and long'd to wipe away  
The bitter tears that fell to weep my gain:  
I watch'd, when on my prison-house of lead,  
That held the alter'd form ye lately loved,  
A mother's fondness wildly prest a kiss;  
I watch'd the friend approved, on whom she leant;  
And to their mournful homes in cot or hall  
I watch'd the dark procession silent creep.  
Then was I with you, and am with you still,  
A free, unshackled spirit,—loving you,  
And ministering grace to you from GOD!  
Think not of what I was, but what I am,—  
Gaze not on those “dear lineaments defaced,”  
Nor brood on foul corruption's gloomy pit:

Rather look up;—I live!—O speed, blest hour,  
 When to the spirit made perfect the bright body,  
 Bursting the bars of Death, shall reunite,  
 And meet the King of Glory in the skies!



### The Souls of Brutes. 1832.

*Incertus erro per loca devia.*—HOR.

ARE these then made in vain? is man alone  
 Of all the marvels of creative love  
 Blest with a scintillation of His essence,  
 The heavenly spark of reasonable soul?  
 And hath not yon sagacious dog, that finds  
 A meaning in the shepherd's idiot face,  
 Or the huge elephant that lends his strength  
 To drag the stranded galley to the shore,  
 And strives with emulative pride to excel  
 The mindless crowd of slaves that toil beside him,  
 Or the young generous war-horse, when he sniffs  
 The distant field of blood, and quick and shrill  
 Neighing for joy, instils a desperate courage  
 Into the veteran trooper's quailing heart,—  
 Have they not all an evidence of soul  
 (Of soul, the proper attribute of man,)  
 The same in kind, though meaner in degree?  
 Why should not that which hath been,—be for ever?  
 And death,—O can it be annihilation?  
 No,—though the stolid atheist fondly clings  
 To that last hope, how kindred to despair!  
 No,—'tis the struggling spirit's hour of joy,  
 The glad emancipation of the soul,

The moment when the eumbrous fetters drop,  
And the bright spirit wings its way to heaven!  
To say that GOD annihilated aught  
Were to declare that in an unwise hour  
He plann'd and made somewhat superfluous:  
Why should not the mysterious life, that dwells  
In reptiles as in men, and shows itself  
In memory, gratitude, love, hate, and pride,  
Still energize, and be, though death may crush  
Yon frugal ant, or thoughtless butterfly,  
Or with the simoon's pestilential gale  
Strike down the patient camel in the desert?

There is one chain of intellectual soul,  
In many links and various grades, throughout  
The scale of nature; from the climax bright  
The first great Cause of all, Spirit supreme,  
Incomprehensible and unconfined,  
To high archangels blazing near the throne,  
Seraphim, cherubim, virtues, aids, and powers  
All capable of perfection in their kind;—  
To man, as holy from his Maker's hand  
He stood, in possible excellence complete,  
(Man, who is destined now to brighter glories,  
As nearer to the present GOD, in One  
His Lord and substitute,— than angels reach :)  
Then man as fall'n, with every varied shade  
Of character and capability,  
From him who reads his title to the skies,  
Or grasps with giant mind all nature's wonders,  
Down to the monster shaped in human form,  
Maniac, slaving fool, or blood-stain'd savage:  
Then to the prudent elephant, the dog  
Half-humanized, the docile Arab horse,  
The social beaver, and contriving fox,

The parrot, quick in pertinent reply,  
 The kind-affection'd seal, and patriot bee,  
 The merchant-storing ant, and wintering swallow,  
 With all those other palpable emanations  
 And energies of one eternal Mind  
 Pervading and instructing all that live,  
 Down to the sentient grass, and shrinking clay.  
 In truth, I see not why the breath of life,  
 Thus omnipresent and upholding all,  
 Should not return to Him, and be immortal,  
 (I dare not say the same) in some glad state  
 Originally destined for creation,  
 As well from brutish bodies, as from man.  
 The uncertain glimmer of analogy  
 Suggests the thought, and reason's shrewder guess;  
 Yet revelation whispers nought but this,  
 "Our Father careth when a sparrow dies,"  
 And that "the spirit of a brute descends"  
 As to some secret and preserving Hadès.

But for some better life, in what strange sort  
 Were justice, mix'd with mercy, dealt to these?—  
 Innocent slaves of sordid guilty man,  
 Poor unthank'd drudges, toiling at his will,  
 Pamper'd in youth, and haply starved in age,  
 Obedient, faithful, gentle,—though the spur  
 Wantonly cruel, or unsparing thong  
 Weal your gall'd hides, or your strain'd sinews crack  
 Beneath the crushing load,—what recompense  
 Can He, who gave you being, render you  
 If in the rank full harvest of your griefs  
 Ye sink annihilated, to the shame  
 Of government unequal?—In that day  
 When crime is sentenced, shall the cruel heart  
 Boast uncondemn'd, because no tortured brute

Stands there accusing? shall the embodied deeds  
Of man not follow him, nor the rescued fly  
Bear its kind witness to the saving hand?  
Shall the mild Brahmin stand in equal sin  
Regarding nature's menials, with the wretch  
Who flays the moaning Abyssinian ox,  
Or roasts the living bird, or flogs to death  
The famishing pointer?—and must these again,  
These poor unguilty uncomplaining victims  
Have no reward for life with its sharp pains?—  
They have my suffrage: Nineveh was spared,  
Though Jonah prophesied its doom, for sake  
Of six-score thousand infants, and “much cattle;”  
And space is wide enough, for every grain  
Of the broad sands that curb our swelling seas  
Each separate in its sphere to stand apart  
As far as sun from sun: there lacks not room,  
Nor time, nor care, where all is infinite:  
And still I doubt: it is a Gordian knot,  
A dark deep riddle, rich with curious thoughts;  
Yet let me tell a trivial incident,  
And draw thine own conclusion from my tale.

Paris kept holiday; a merrier sight  
The crowded Champs Elysées never saw:  
Loud pealing laughter, songs, and flagcolets,  
And giddy dances round the shadowing elms,  
Green vistas thronged with thoughtless multitudes,  
Traitorous processions, frivolous pursuits,  
And pleasures full of sin,—the loud “hurra!”  
And fierce enthusiastic “Vive la nation!”—  
Were these thy ways and works, O godlike man,  
Monopolist of mind, great patentee  
Of truth, and sense, and reasonable soul?—  
My heart was sick with gaiety; nor less,

When (sad, sad contrast to the sensual scene)  
I mark'd a single hearse through the dense crowd  
Move on its noiseless melancholy way:  
The blazing sun half quench'd it with his beams,  
And show'd it but more sorrowful: I gazed  
And gazed with wonder that no feeling heart,  
No solitary Man follow'd to note  
The spot where poor mortality must sleep:  
Alas! it was a friendless child of sorrow,  
That stole unheeded to the house of Death!  
My heart beat strong with sympathy, and loathed  
The noisy follies that were buzzing round me,  
And I resolved to watch him to his grave,  
And give a man his fellow-sinner's tear:  
I left the laughing crowd, and quickly gain'd  
That dreary hearse, and found,—he was not friendless!  
Yes, there was one, one only, faithful found  
To that forgotten wanderer,—*his dog!*  
And there, with measured step, and drooping head,  
And tearful eye, paced on the stricken mourner.  
Yes, I remember how my bosom ached  
To see its sensible face look up to mine  
As in confiding sympathy,—and howl:  
Yes, I can never forget what grief unfeign'd,  
What true love, and unselfish gratitude,  
That poor, bereaved, and *soulless* dog betray'd.

Ah, give me, give me such a friend, I cried;  
Yon myriad fools and knaves in human guise  
Compared with thee, poor cur, are vain and worthless,  
While man, who claims a soul exclusively,  
Is shamed by yonder "mere machine,"—a dog!

—"Equidem credo quia sit Divinitus illis ingenium."—*VIRG.*

## The Chamois Hunter. 1829.

## A LESSON OF LIFE.

THE scene was bathed in beauty rare,  
For Alpine grandeur toppled there,  
    With emerald spots between;  
A summer-evening's blush of rose  
All faintly warm'd the crested snows  
    And tinged the valleys green;

Night gloom'd apace, and dark on high  
The thousand banners of the sky  
    Their awful width unfurl'd,  
Veiling Mont Blanc's majestic brow,  
That seem'd among its cloud-wrapt snow,  
    The ghost of some dead world:

When Pierre the hunter cheerly went  
To scale the Catton's battlement  
    Before the peep of day;  
He took his rifle, pole, and rope,  
His heart and eyes alight with hope,  
    He hasted on his way.

He cross'd the vale, he hurried on,  
He forded the cold Arveron,  
    The first rough terrace gain'd,  
Threaded the fir-wood's gloomy belt,  
And trod the snows that never melt,  
    And to the summit strain'd.

Over the top, as he knew well,  
Beyond the glacier in the dell  
    A herd of chamois slept,  
So down the other dreary side,  
With cautious tread, or careless slide,  
    He bounded, or he crept.

And now he nears the chasmed ice;  
He stoops to leap,—and in a trice,  
    His foot hath slipp'd,—O heaven!  
He hath leapt in, and down he falls  
Between those blue tremendous walls,  
    Standing asunder riven!

But quick his clutching nervous grasp  
Contrives a jutting crag to clasp,  
    And thus he hangs in air;—  
O moment of exulting bliss!  
Yet hope so nearly hopeless is  
    Twin-brother to despair.

He look'd beneath,—a horrible doom!  
Some thousand yards of deepening gloom,  
    Where he must drop to die!  
He look'd above, and many a rood  
Upright the frozen ramparts stood  
    Around a speck of sky.

Seven long dreadful hours he hung,  
And often by strong breezes swung  
    His fainting body twists;  
Scarce can he cling one moment more,  
His half-dead hands are ice, and sore  
    His burning bursting wrists;

His head grows dizzy,—he must drop,  
He half resolves,—but stop, O stop,  
    Hold on to the last spasm,  
Never in life give up your hope,—  
Behold, behold a friendly rope  
    Is dropping down the chasm!

They call thee, Pierre,—see, see them here,  
Thy gather'd neighbours far and near,  
    Courage! man, hold on fast:—  
And so from out that terrible place,  
With death's pale paint upon his face,  
    They drew him up at last.

And he came home an alter'd man,  
For many harrowing terrors ran  
    Through his poor heart that day;  
He thought how all through life, though young,  
Upon a thread, a hair, he hung,  
    Over a gulf midway:

He thought what fear it were to fall  
Into the pit that swallows all,  
    Unwing'd with hope and love;  
And when the succour came at last,  
O then he learnt how firm and fast  
    Was his best friend above.

### Reproof.

BE ashamed for your reserve,  
                                     Be ashamed;—  
 It is not what I deserve,  
                                     Be ashamed;—  
 By my heart, and by mind  
 Willing, warm, and well-inclined,  
 Let your greeting be more kind,—  
                                     Be ashamed.

Be assured it's little wise,  
                                     Be assured,—  
 So to chill your hand and eyes,  
                                     Be assured,—  
 My humility can wait,  
 But your love may come too late,  
 Pride will soon be out of date,—  
                                     Be assured.

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### The African Desert.

A NEWDIGATE IN 1830.

Go, child of pity, watch the sullen glare  
 That lights the haggard features of despair  
 As upon dying guilt's distracted sight  
 Rise the black clouds of everlasting night:  
 Drink in the fever'd eyeball's dismal ray,  
 And gaze again,—and turn not yet away,

Drink in its anguish, till thy heart and eye  
Reel with the draught of that sad lethargy :  
Till Gloom with chilling fears thy soul congeal,  
And on thy bosom stamp his leaden seal,  
Till Melancholy flap her heavy wings  
Above thy fancy's light imaginings,  
And Sorrow wrap thee in her sable shroud,  
And Terror in a gathering thunder-cloud !

Go, call up Darkness from his dread abode,  
Bid Desolation fling her curse abroad,  
—Then gaze around on nature !—ah, how drear,  
How widow-like she sits in sadness here :  
Lost are the glowing tints, the softening shades,  
Her sunny meadows, and her greenwood glades ;  
No grateful flower has gemm'd its mother-earth,  
Rejoicing in the blessedness of birth ;  
No blitheseme lark has waked the drowsy day,  
No sorrowing dews have wept themselves away :  
Faded,—the smiles that dimpled in her vales ;  
Scatter'd, the fragrance of the spicy gales  
That dew'd her locks with odours, as they swept  
The waving groves, or in the rose-bud slept.

Is this the desert? this the blighted plain  
Where Silence holds her melancholy reign,—  
Where foot of daring mortal scarce hath trod,  
But all around is solitude — and GOD,—  
And where the sandy billows overwhelm  
All but young Fancy's visionary realm,  
In which, beneath the red moon's sickly glance  
Fantastic forms prolong the midnight dance,  
And pigmy warriors, marshall'd on the plains,  
Shout high defiance to the invading cranes?

Regions of sorrow,—darkly have ye frown'd  
Amidst a sunny world of smiles around :  
Luxurious Persia, bower'd in rosy bloom,  
Breathes the sweet air of Araby's perfume,  
And where Italian suns in glory shine  
To the green olive clings the tendrill'd vine ;  
In yon soft bosom of Iberia's vales  
The orange-blossom scents the lingering gales,  
That waft its sweets to where Madeira's plain  
With emerald beauty gems the western main :  
The winds that o'er the rough Ægæan sweep,  
Tamed into zephyrs, on its islands sleep ;  
And where rich Delta drinks the swelling Nile,  
Auspicious Ceres spreads her golden smile.  
But on Sahara death has set his throne,  
And reigns in sullen majesty alone :  
Unfurl'd on high above the desert-king  
The red simoom spreads forth its fiery wing ;  
The spirits of the storm his bidding wait,  
Gigantic shadows swell his awful state,  
And circling furies hover round his head,  
To crown with flames the Tyrant of the Dead !  
The desert shrank beneath him, as he pass'd,  
Borne on the burning pinions of the blast ;  
He breathed,—and solitude sat pining there ;  
He spake,—and silence hush'd the listening air ;  
He frown'd,—and blighted Nature scarce could fly  
The lightning glances of her monarch's eye,  
But where he look'd in withering fury down,  
A dying desert knit its giant frown !

Desolate wilds,—creation's barren grave,  
Where dull as Lethe rolls the desert wave,  
How sparingly with warm existence rife  
Have ye rejoiced in love, or teem'd with life !

Can it then be in solitudes so drear,  
That utter Nothing has its dwelling here? —  
Hence,—thought of darkness!—o'er the sandy flood  
Broods the great Spirit of a present GOD:  
HE is, where other being may not be;  
Space cannot bind Him,—nor infinity!  
Deeper than thought has ever dared to stray,  
Higher than fancy wing'd her wondering way,  
Beyond the beaming of the furthest star,  
Beyond the pilgrim-comet's distant car,  
Beyond all worlds, and glorious suns unseen,  
He is, and will be, and has ever been!  
Nor less,—where the huge iceberg lifts its head,  
Dim as a dream, from ocean's polar bed;  
Or where in softer climes creation glows,  
And Paphos blushes from its banks of rose,  
Or where fierce suns the panting desert sear,—  
He is, and was, and ever will be, HERE!

But would thy daring spirit, child of man,  
The secret chambers of the desert scan,  
Curtain'd with flames, and tenanted by death,  
Fanned by the tempest of Sirocco's breath?  
With crested Azrael shall a mortal strive,  
Or breathe the gales of pestilence, and live?  
O then, let avarice his hand refrain,  
Nor tempt the billows of that fiery main,  
Let patience, toil, and courage nobly dare  
Far other deeds than fruitless labours there,  
Let dauntless enterprise, with generous zeal,  
Toil, not unlaurell'd, for her fellows' weal,  
But be the howling wilderness untrod,  
And trackless still, Sahara's barren flood!

Lo, from the streaming east a blaze of light  
Has swept to distant shores astonish'd night,

Darkness has snatch'd his spangled robe away,  
And in full glory shines the new-born day;  
Rejoice, ye flowery vales,—ye verdant isles  
With the glad sunbeams weave your rosy smiles,  
The bridegroom of the earth looks down in love,  
And blooms in freshen'd beauty from above;  
Ye waiting dews, leap to that warm embrace,  
With fragrant incense bathe his blushing face,  
Thou earth, be robed in joy!—But one sad plain  
Exults not, smiles not, to the morn again:  
Soon as the sun is all in glory drest  
The conscious desert heaves its troubled breast,  
Like one, aroused to ceaseless misery,  
That, ever dying, strives once more—to die.  
And can Sahara weep? with sudden blaze  
Deep in her bosom pierce the cruel rays,  
But never thence one tributary stream  
Shall soar aloft to quench the maddening beam:  
Tearless in agony, fixt in grief, alone,  
Pines the sad daughter of the torrid zone,  
A rocky monument of anguish deep,  
The Niobe of Nature cannot weep!  
Yet from her bosom steams the sandy cloud,  
And heavily waves above;—a lurid shroud,  
Dense as the wing of sorrow, flapping o'er  
The wither'd heart, that may not blossom more.

Faint o'er that burning desert, faint and slow,  
Failing of limb, and pale with looks of woe,  
Parch'd by the hot Siróc, and fiery ray,  
The wearied kaffè winds its toilsome way.  
'Tis long, long since the panther bounded by,  
And howl'd, and gazed upon them wistfully;  
Long since the monarch lion from his lair  
Arose, and thunder'd to the stagnant air:

No wandering ostrich with extended wing  
Flaps o'er the sands, to seek the distant spring;  
Bounding from rock to rock, with curious scan  
No wild gazelle surveys the stranger, man;  
Nor does the famish'd tiger's lengthening roar  
Speak to the winds and wake the echoes more.

But o'er these realms of sorrow, drear and vast,  
In hollow dirges moans the desert blast,  
Or breathing o'er the plain in smother'd wrath  
Howls to the skulls, that whiten on the path.  
And as with heavy tramp they toil along,  
Is heard no more the cheering Arab song,—  
No more the wild Bedouin's joyous shriek  
With startling homage greets his wandering shriek,  
Only the mutter'd curse, or whisper'd pray'r,  
Or deep death-rattle wakes the sluggish air.

Behold one here, who till to-day has been  
A father, and with bursting bosom seen  
His last, his cherish'd one, whose waning eye  
Smiled only resignation, droop and die!  
Parch'd by the heat, those lips are curl'd and pale,  
As rose-leaves wither'd in the northern gale;  
Her eye no more its silent love shall speak,  
No flush of life shall mantle on her cheek;—  
Yet with a frenzied fondness to his child  
The father clung, and thought his darling smiled;  
Ah, yes! 'tis death that o'er her beauty throws  
That marble smile of deep and dread repose.

What thrilling shouts are these that rend the sky,  
Whence is the joy that lights the sunken eye?  
On, on, they speed their burning thirst to slake  
In the blue waters of yon rippled lake,—

Or must they still those maddening pangs assuage  
In the sand-billows of the false mirage?  
Lo, the fair phantom, melting to the wind,  
Leaves but the sting of baffled bliss behind.

Hope smiles again, as with instinctive haste  
The panting camels rush along the waste,  
And snuff the grateful breeze, that sweeping by  
Wafts its cool fragrance through the cloudless sky.  
Swift as the steed that feels the slacken'd rein  
And flies impetuous o'er the sounding plain,  
Eager as bursting from an Alpine source  
The winter torrent in its headlong course,  
Still hasting on, the wearied band behold  
—The green oasis, an emerald couch'd in gold!  
And now the curving rivulet they descry,  
That bow of hope upon a stormy sky,  
Now ranging its luxuriant banks of green  
In silent rapture gaze upon the scene:  
His graceful arms the palm was waving there  
Caught in the tall acacia's tangled hair,  
While in festoons across his branches slung  
The gay kossóm its scarlet tassels hung;  
The flowering colocynth had studded round  
Jewels of promise o'er the joyful ground,  
And where the smile of day burst on the stream,  
The trembling waters glitter'd in the beam.

It comes, the blast of death! that sudden glare  
Tinges with purple hues the stagnant air;  
Fearful in silence, o'er the heaving strand  
Sweeps the wild gale, and licks the curling sand,  
While o'er the vast Sahara from afar  
Rushês the tempest in his wingèd car:  
Swift from their bed the flame-like billows rise,  
Whirling and surging to the copper skies,

As when Briareus lifts his hundred arms,  
 Grasps at high heaven, and fills it with alarms;  
 In eddying chaos madly mixt on high  
 Gigantic pillars dance along the sky,  
 Or stalk in awful slowness through the gloom,  
 Or track the coursers of the dread simoom,  
 Or clashing in mid air, to ruin hurl'd,  
 Fall as the fragments of a shatter'd world!

Hush'd is the tempest,—desolate the plain,  
 Still'd are the billows of that troublous main;  
 As if the voice of death had check'd the storm,  
 Each sandy wave retains its sculptured form:  
 And all is silence,—save the distant blast  
 That howl'd, and mock'd the desert as it pass'd;  
 And all is solitude,—for where are they,  
 That o'er Sahara wound their toilsome way?  
 Ask of the heav'ns above, that smile serene,  
 Ask that burnt spot, no more of lovely green,  
 Ask of the whirlwind in its purple cloud,  
 The desert is their grave, the sand their shroud.

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The Sutters.

A NEWDIGATE IN 1831.

O GOLDEN shores, primeval home of man,
 How glorious is thy dwelling, Hindostan!
 Thine are these smiling valleys, bright with bloom,
 Wild woods, and sandal-groves, that breathe perfume,
 Thine, these fair skies,—where morn's returning ray
 Has swept the starry robe of night away,
 And gilt each dome, and minaret, and tower,
 Gemm'd every stream, and tinted every flower.

But dark the spirit within thee;—from old time
Still o'er thee rolls the whelming flood of crime,
Still o'er thee broods the curse of guiltless blood,
That shouts for vengeance from thy reeking sod:
Deep-flowing Ganges in his rushy bed
Moans a sad requiem for his children dead,
And, wafted frequent on the passing gale,
Rises the orphan's sigh,—the widow's wail.

Hark, 'tis the rolling of the funeral drum,
The white-robed Brahmins see, they come, they come,
Bringing, with frantic shouts, and torch, and trump,
And mingled signs of melancholy pomp,
That livid corpse, borne solemnly on high—
And yon faint trembling victim, doom'd to die!

Still, as with measured step they move along,
With fiercer joy they weave the mystic song:
Eswara, crown'd with forests, thee they praise,
Birmah, to thee the full-toned chorus raise;
To Ocean,—where the loose sail mariners furl,
And seek in coral caves the virgin pearl;
And to the source of Ganga's sacred streams,
Bright with the gold of Surya's morning beams,
Where on her lotus-throne Varuna sings,
And weeping Peris lave their azure wings:
They shout to Kali, of the red right hand,
Bid Aglys toss on high the kindled brand,
And far from Himalaya's frozen steep,
In whirlwind-car bid dark Pavaneh sweep:
They chant of one whom Azrael waits to guide
O'er the black gulf of death's unfathom'd tide;
Of her, whose spotless life to Seeva giv'n,
Bursts for her lord the golden gates of heav'n,
Of her,—who thus in dreadful triumph led,
Dare the unhallow'd bridal of the dead!

And there in silent fear she stands alone,
The desolate, unpitied, widow'd one :
Too deeply taught in life's sad tale of grief,
In the calm house of death she hopes relief,
For few the pleasures India's daughter knows,
A child of sorrow, nursed in want and woes.
Cursed from the womb, how oft a mother's fear
In silence o'er thee dropt the bitter tear,
Lest a stern sire to Ganga's holy wave
Should madly consecrate the life he gave :
Cradled on superstition's sable wing
In joyless gloom pass'd childhood's early spring,
And still, as budded fair thy youthful mind,
None bade thee seek, none taught thee, truth to find :
Poor child ! that never raised the suppliant pray'r,
Nor look'd to heaven, and saw a Father there,
Untutor'd by religion's gentle sway
To love, believe, be happy, and obey.
Betroth'd in artless infancy to one
Thy warm affections never beam'd upon,
How shouldst thou smile, when ripe in beauty's pride
The haughty Rajah claim'd his destined bride ?
A trembling slave, and not the loving wife,
Pass'd the short summer of thy hapless life ;
And now to deck that bier, that pile to crown,
His fiery sepulchre becomes — thine own.

And must it be, that in a spot so fair
Shall rise the madden'd shriek of wild despair ?
This lovely spot, where glows in every part
The smile of nature on the pomp of art ;
The banian spreads its hospitable shade,
The bright bird warbles in the leafy glade,
The matted palm, and wild anana's bloom,
The light pagoda, the majestic dome,

With emerald plains, and ocean's distant blue,
Cast their rich tints and shadows o'er the view.
But murder here must wash his bloody hand,
And superstition shake the flaming brand,
And terror cast around an eager eye
To look for one to save,—where none is nigh!
Far other incense than the breath of day
From that dark corpse must waft the soul away,
Far other moans than of the muffled drum
Herald the lingering spirit to its home:
Yes,—thou must perish; and that gentle frame
Must struggle frantic with the circling flame,
Constant in weal or woe, for death, for life,
The victim widow, as the victim wife.

Hoping, despairing,—friendless, and forlorn,
The death she may not fly, she strives to scorn:
Lists to the tale that bright-wing'd Peris wait
To waft her to Kalaisa's crystal gate,—
Thinks how her car of fire shall speed along,
Hail'd by high praises, and Kinnura's song,—
And upward gazing in a speechless trance,
Darts earnestly the keen ecstatic glance,
Till wrapt imagination cleaves the sky,
And hope delusive points the way,—to die.
Who hath not felt, in some celestial hour,
When fear's dark thunder-clouds have ceased to lour,
When angels beckon on the fluttering soul
To realms of bliss beyond her mortal goal,
When heavenly glories bursting on the sight,
The raptured spirit bathes in seas of light,
And soars aloft upon the seraph's wing,—
How boldly she can brave death's tyrant sting?
Thus the poor girl's enthusiastic mind
Revels in hope of blessings undefined,

Roams o'er the flowers of earth, the joys of sense,
And frames her paradise of glory thence:
For oft as memory's retrospective eye
Glanced at the blighted joys of days gone by,
How sadly sweet appear'd those smiling hours
When hope had strew'd life's thorny path with flow'rs,
How dark, and shadow'd o'er with fearful gloom,
The unimagined horrors of the tomb!
When she remember'd all her joy and pain,
And in a moment lived her life again,
Each sorrow seem'd to smile, that frown'd before,—
Her cup of blessing *then* was running o'er,—
Days past in grief, beam'd now in hues of bliss,
Fancy gilt them,—but terror clouded this!
Yet swift her spirit, resolutely proud,
Scorn'd every hope, by mercy disallow'd:
The priests have long invoked their idol god,
The murd'rous pile, his altar, thirsts for blood,—
A horrid silence summons to the grave,
All wait for her,—and none stands forth to save,
O shall she tremble now, nor die the same;—
Shall she not fearless rush into the flame?
From her dark eye she strikes the rising tear,
And firmly mounts the pile—a widow's bier.

Instant, with furious zeal and willing hands,
Attendant Brahmins ply the ready brands;
And as the flames are raging fierce and high,
And mount in rushing columns to the sky,
Lest those wild shrieks, or pity's soft appeal,
Should rouse one hand to save, one heart to feel,
Madly exulting in their victim's doom
They heap with fiendish haste her fiery tomb,—
Clash the loud cymbals, wake the trumpet's note,
Roll the deep drum, and raise the deafening shout,

Till in dread discord through the startled air
Rise the mixt yells of triumph and despair!

Britain, whose pitying hand is stretch'd to save
From despot's iron chain the writhing slave;
Where freedom's sons, at wild oppression's shriek
Feel the hot tear bedew the manly cheek,—
Where the kind sympathies of social life
Sweeten the cup to one no more a wife,
Where misery never pray'd nor sigh'd in vain,—
Shall India's widow'd daughters bleed again?
Let wreaths more glorious deck Britannia's head
Than theirs, who fiercely fought, or nobly bled,
Wreaths such as happy spirits wear above,
Gemm'd with the tears of gratitude and love,
Where palm and olive, twined with almond bloom,
Tell of triumphant peace and mercy's rich perfume.
And ye, whose young and kindling hearts can feel
The pray'r of pity fan the flame of zeal,
Trace the blest path illustrious Heber trod,
And lead the poor idolator to GOD!
Thus, in that happy land, where nature's voice
Sings at her toil, and bids the world rejoice,
No guiltless blood her paradise shall stain,
No demon rites her holy courts profane,
No howl of superstition rend the air,
No widow's cry, no orphan's tear, be there,—
India shall cast her idol gods away,
And bless the promise of undying day.

CONTRASTED SONNETS.

Cheerfulness.

AN INVOCATION.

COME to my heart of hearts, thou radiant face!

So shall I gaze for ever on thy fairness;

Thine eyes are smiling stars, and holy grace

Blossoms thy cheek with its exotic rareness,

Trellissing it with jasmin-woven lace:

Come, laughing maid,—yet in thy laughter calm,

Be this thy home,

Fair cherub, come,

Solace my days with thy luxurious balm,

And hover o'er my nightly couch, sweet dove,

So shall I live in joy, by living in thy love!

Malice.

A DEPRECATION.

WHITE Devil! turn from me thy frowning eye,

Let thy lean lip unlearn its bitter smile,

Down thine own throat I force its still-born lie,

And teach thee to digest it in thy bile,—

But I will merrily mock at thee the while:

Such venom cannot harm me; for I sit
On a fair hill of name, and power, and purse,
Too high for any shaft of thine to hit,
Beyond the petty reaching of thy curse,
Strong in good purpose, praise, and pregnant wit:
Husband thy hate for toads of thine own level,
I breathe an atmosphere too rare for thee:
Back to thy trencher at the witches' revel,
Too long they wait thy goodly company:
Yet know thou this,—I'll crush thee, sorry devil,
If ever again thou wag thy tongue at me.

Nature.

I STRAY'D at evening to a sylvan scene
Dimpling with nature's smile the stern old mountain,
A shady dingle, quiet, cool, and green,
Where the moss'd rock pour'd forth its natural fountain;
And hazels cluster'd there, with fern between,
And feathery meadow-sweet shed perfume round,
And the pink crocus pierc'd the jewell'd ground;
Then was I calm and happy: for the voice
Of nightingales unseen in tremulous lays
Taught me with innocent gladness to rejoice,
And tuned my spirit to informal praise:
So, among silver'd moths, and closing flowers,
Gambolling hares, and rooks returning home,
And strong-wing'd chafers setting out to roam,
In careless peace I pass'd the soothing hours.

Art.

THE massy fane of architecture olden,
Or fretted minarets of marble white,
Or Moorish arabesque, begemm'd and golden,
Or porcelain pagoda, tipp'd with light,
Or high-spanned arches,—were a noble sight:
Nor less yon gallant ship, that treads the waves
In a triumphant silence of delight,
Like some huge swan, with her fair wings unfurl'd,
Whose curvèd sides the laughing water laves,
Bearing it buoyant o'er the liquid world:
Nor less yon silken monster of the sky
Around whose wicker car the clouds are curl'd,
Helping undaunted man to scale on high
Nearer the sun than eagles dare to fly;—
Thy trophies these,—still but a modest part
Of thy grand conquests, wonder-working Art!

The Happy Home.

O NAME for comfort, refuge, hope, and peace,
O spot by gratitude and memory blest!
Where, as in brighter worlds, “the wicked cease
From troubling, and the weary are at rest,”
And unfledged loves and graces have their nest;

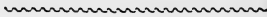
How brightly here the various virtues shine,
And nothing said or done is seen amiss;
While sweet affections every heart entwine,
And differing tastes and talents all unite,
Like hues prismatic blending into white,
In charity to man, and love divine:
Thou little kingdom of serene delight,
Heaven's nursery and foretaste! O what bliss
Where earth to wearied men can give a home like this!

The Wretched Home.

SCENE of disunion, bickering, and strife,
What curse has made thy native blessings die?
Why do these broils embitter daily life,
And cold self-interest form the strongest tie?
Hate, ill conceal'd, is flashing from the eye,
And mutter'd vengeance curls the pallid lip;
What should be harmony is all at jar;—
Doubt and reserve love's timid blossoms nip,
And weaken nature's bends to ropes of sand;
While dull indifference takes the icy hand
(Oh chilling touch!)—of constrain'd fellowship:
What secret demon has such discord fann'd?
What ill committed stirs this penal war,—
Or what omitted good?—Alas! that such things are.

Theory.

How fair and facile seems that upland road!
 Surely the mountain air is fresh and sweet,
 And briskly shall I bear this mortal load
 With well-braced sinews, and unwearied feet;
 How dear my fellow-pilgrims oft to meet
 O'ertaken, as to reach yon blest abode
 We strive together, in glad hope to greet,
 With angel friends and our approving God,
 All that in life we once have loved so well,
 So what we loved be worthy: her bright wings
 My willing spirit plumes, and upward springs
 Rejoicing, over crag, and fen, and fell,
 And down, or up, the cliffs precipitous face,
 To run or fly her buoyant happy race!



Practice.

THIS body,—O the body of this death!
 Strive as thou wilt, do all that mortal can,
 This is the sum, a man is but a man,
 And weak in error strangely wandereth
 Down flowery lanes, with pain and peril fraught,
 Conscious of what he doth, and what he ought.
 Alas,—but wherefore?—scarcely my plaintive breath
 Wafts its faint question to the listening sky,
 When thus in answer some kind spirit saith:
 “Man, thou art mean, although thy aim be high;
 All matter hath one law, centering strong
 To some attractive point,—and thy world's core
 Is the foul seat of hell, and pain, and wrong:
 Yet courage, man! the strife shall soon be o'er,
 And that poor leprous husk, sore travailing long,
 Shall yet cast off its death in second birth,
 And flame anew a heavenly centred earth!”

Riches.

HEAPS upon heaps,—hillocks of yellow gold,
 Jewels, and hanging silks, and piled-up plate,
 And marble groups in beauty's choicest mould,
 And viands rare, and odours delicate,
 And art and nature, in divinest works,
 Swell the full pomp of my triumphant state
 With all that makes a mortal glad and great;
 —Ah, no, not glad: within my secret heart
 The dreadful knowledge, like a death-worm lurks,
 That all this dream of life must soon depart;
 And the hot curse of talents misapplied
 Blisters my conscience with its burning smart,
 So that I long to fling my wealth aside:
 For my poor soul, when its rich mate hath died,
 Must lie with Dives, spoil'd of all its pride.



Poverty.

THE sun is bright and glad, but not for me,
 My heart is dead to all but pain and sorrow,
 Nor care nor hope have I in all I see,
 Save from the fear that I may starve to-morrow;
 And eagerly I seek uncertain toil,
 Leaving my sinews in the thankless furrow,
 To drain a scanty pittance from the soil,
 While my life's lamp burns dim for lack of oil.
 Alas, for you, poor famishing patient wife,
 And pale-faced little ones! your feeble cries
 Torture my soul: worse than a blank is life
 Beggar'd of all that makes that life a prize:—
 Yet one thing cheers me,—is not life the door
 To that rich world where no one can be poor?

Light.

A GLORIOUS vision : as I walk'd at noon

The children of the sun came thronging round me,
In shining robes and diamond-studded shoon ;
And they did wing me up with them, and soon,

In a bright dome of wondrous width I found me,
Set all with beautiful eyes, whose wizard rays,

Shed on my soul, in strong enchantment bound me ;
And so I look'd and look'd with dazzled gaze,

Until my spirit drank in so much light
That I grew like the sons of that glad place,

Transparent, lovely, pure, serene, and bright ;
Then did they call me brother : and there grew

Swift from my sides broad pinions gold and white,
And with that happy flock a brilliant thing I flew !

Darkness.

A TERRIBLE dream : I lay at dead of night

Tortur'd by some vague fear ; it seem'd at first
Like a small ink-spot on the ceiling white,
To a black bubble swelling in my sight,

And then it grew to a balloon and burst ;
Then I was drown'd, as with an ebon stream,

And those dark waves quench'd all mine inward light,
That in my saturated mind no gleam

Remain'd of beauty, peace, or love, or right :
I was a spirit of darkness !—yet I knew

I could not thus be left ; it was but a dream ;
Still felt I full of horror ; for a crew

Of shadowy ITS hemm'd in my harried mind,
And all my dread was waking mad and blind.

Poetry.

To touch the heart, and make its pulses thrill,
 To raise and purify the grovelling soul;
 To warm with generous heat the selfish will,
 To conquer passion with a mild control,
 And the whole man with nobler thoughts to fill,
 These are thine aims, O pure unearthly power,
 These are thine influences : and therefore those
 Whose wings are clogg'd with evil, are thy foes ;
 And therefore these, who have thee for their dower,
 The widow'd spirits with no portion here,
 Eat angels' food, the manna thou dost shower :
 For thine are pleasures, deep, and tried, and true,
 Whether to read, or write, or think, or hear,
 By the gross million spurn'd, and fed on by the few.

Prose.

THAT the fine edge of intellect is dull'd
 And mortal ken with cloudy films obscure,
 And the numb'd heart so deep in stupor lull'd
 That virtue's self is weak its love to lure,
 But pride and lust keep all the gates secure,
 This is thy fall, O man ; and therefore those
 Whose aims are earthly, like pedestrian prose,—
 The selfish, useful, money-making plan,
 Cold language of the desk, or quibbling bar,
 Where in hard matter sinks ideal man :
 Still, worldly teacher, be it from me far
 Thy darkness to confound with yon bright band
 Poetic all, though not so named by men,
 Who have sway'd royally the mighty pen,
 And now as kings in prose on fame's clear summit stand.

Friendship, constrained.

GENTLE, but generous, modest, pure and learnèd,
 Ready to hear the fool, or teach the wise,
 With gracious heart that all within him burnèd
 To wipe the tears from virtue's blessed eyes
 And help again the struggling right to rise,
 Such an one, like a god, have I discernèd
 Walking in goodness this polluted earth,
 And cannot choose but love him: to my soul
 Sway'd irresistibly with sweet control,
 So rare and noble seems thy precious worth,
 That the young fibres of my happier heart,
 Like tendrils to the sun, are stretching forth
 To twine around thy fragrant excellence,
 O child of love:—so dear to me thou art,
 So coveted by me thy good influence!

Enmity, compelled.

COARSE, vain, and vulgar, ignorant and mean,
 Sensual and sordid in each hope and aim,
 Selfish in appetite, and basely keen
 In tracking out gross pleasure's guilty game
 With eager eye, and bad heart all on flame,
 Such an one, like an Afreet, have I seen
 Shedding o'er this fair world his balefire light,
 And can I love him?—far be from my thought
 To show not such the charities I ought,—
 But from his converse should I reap delight?
 Nor bid the tender sproutings of my mind
 Shrink from his evil, as from bane and blight,
 Nor back upon themselves my feelings roll?
 O moral monster, loveless and unkind,
 Thou art as wormwood to my secret soul!

Philanthropic.

COME near me, friends and brothers; hem me round
 With the dear faces of my fellow-men:
 The music of your tongues with magic sound
 Shall cheer my heart and make me happiest then;
 My soul yearns over you: the sitting hen
 Cowers not more fondly o'er her callow brood
 Than, in most kind excuse of all your ill,
 My heart is warm and patient for your good;
 O that my power were measured by my will!
 Then would I bless you as I love you still,
 Forgiving, as I trust to be forgiven:
 Here, vilest of my kind, take hand and heart,
 I also am a man,—'t is all thou art,
 An erring needy pensioner of heaven.

Misanthropic.

How long am I to smell this tainted air,
 And in a pest-house draw my daily breath,—
 Where nothing but the sordid fear of death
 Restrains from grander guilt than cowards dare?
 O loathsome, despicable, petty race,
 Low counterfeits of devils, villanous men,
 Sooner than learn to love a human face,
 I'll make my home in the hyæna's den,
 Or live with newts and bull-frogs on the fen:
 These at the least are honest;—but for man,
 The best will cheat and use you if he can;
 The best is only varnish'd o'er with good;
 Subtle for self, for damning mammon keen,
 Cruel, luxurious, treacherous, proud and mean,—
 Great Justice, haste to crush the viper's brood:
 And I too am—a man!—O wretched fate
 To be the thing I scorn—more than I hate

Country.

MOST tranquil, innocent, and happy life,
 Full of the holy joy chaste nature yields,
 Redeem'd from care, and sin, and the hot strife
 That rings around the smoked unwholesome dome
 Where mighty Mammon his black sceptre wields,—
 Here let me rest in humble cottage home,
 Here let me labour in the enamell'd fields:
 How pleasant in these ancient woods to roam
 With kind-eyed friend, or kindly-teaching book;
 Or the fresh gallop on the dew-dropt heath,
 Or at fair eventide with feather'd hook
 To strike the swift trout in the shallow brook,
 Or in the bower to twine the jasmine wreath,
 Or at the earliest blush of summer morn
 To trim the bed, or turn the new-mown hay,
 Or pick the perfumed hop, or reap the golden corn!
 So should my peaceful life all smoothly glide away.

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 Town.

ENOUGH of lanes, and trees, and valleys green,  
 Enough of briary wood, and hot chalk-down,  
 I hate the startling quiet of the scene,  
 And long to hear the gay glad hum of town:  
*My* garden be the garden of the Graces,  
 Flowers full of smiles, with fashion for their queen,  
 My pleasant fields be crowds of joyous faces,  
 The brilliant rout, the concert, and the ball,—  
 These be my joys in endless carnival!  
 For I do loathe that sickening solitude,  
 That childish hunting-up of flies and weeds,  
 Or worse, the company of rustics rude,  
 Whose only hopes are bound in clods and seeds:  
 Out on it! let me live in town delight,  
 And for your tedious country-mornings bright  
 Give me gay London with its noon and night.

### Worldly and Wealthy.

IDOLATOR of gold, I love thee not,  
 The orbits of our hearts are sphered afar,  
 In lieu of tuneful sympathies, I wot,  
 My thoughts and thine are all at utter jar,  
 Because thou judgest by what men have got,  
 Heeding but lightly what they do, or are :  
 Alas, for thee ! this lust of gold shall mar,  
 Like leprous stains, the tissue of thy lot,  
 And drain the natural moisture from thy heart ;  
 Alas ! thou heedest not how poor thou art,  
 Weigh'd in the balances of truth, how vain :  
 O wrecking mariner, fling out thy freight,  
 Or founder with the heavily sinking weight ;  
 No longer dote upon thy treasured gain,  
 Or quick, and sure to come, the hour shall be,  
 When MENE TEKEL shall be sentenced thee.

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### Wise and Worthy.

RATHER be thou my counsellor and friend,  
 Good man though poor, whose treasure with thy heart  
 Is stored and set upon that better part,  
 Choice of thy wisdom, without waste or end,  
 And full of profits that to pleasures tend :  
 How cheerful is thy face, how glad thou art !  
 Using the world with all its bounteous store  
 Of richest blessings, comforts, loves, and joys,  
 Which thine all-healthy hunger prizeth more  
 Than the gorged fool, whom sinful surfeit cloy ;  
 Still, not forgetful of thy nobler self,  
 The breath divine within thee,—but with care  
 Cherishing the faint spark that glimmereth there,  
 Nor by Brazilian slavery to pelf  
 Plunging thy taper into poison'd air.

### Liberality.

GIVE while thou canst, it is a godlike thing,  
 Give what thou canst, thou shalt not find it loss,  
 Yea, sell and give, much gain such barteries bring,  
 Yea, all thou hast, and get fine gold for dross:  
 Still, see thou scatter wisely; for to fling  
 Good seed on rocks, or sands, or thorny ground,  
 Were not to copy Him, whose generous cross  
 Hath this poor world with rich salvation crown'd.  
 And, when thou look'st on woes and want around,  
 Knowing that GOD hath lent thee all thy wealth,  
 That better it is to give than to receive,  
 That riches cannot buy thee joy nor health,—  
 Why hinder thine own welfare? thousands grieve,  
 Whom if thy pitying hand will but relieve,  
 It shall for thine own wear the robe of gladness weave.

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### Meanness.

WHERE vice is virtue, thou art still despised,  
 O petty loathsome love of hoarded pelf,  
 Even in the pit where all things vile are prized,  
 Still is there found in Lucifer himself  
 Spirit enough to hate thee, sordid thing:  
 Thank Heaven! I own in thee nor lot nor part;  
 And though to many a sin and folly cling  
 The worse weak fibres of my weedy heart,  
 Yet to thy wither'd lips and snake-like eye  
 My warmest welcome is, Depart, depart,—  
 For to my sense so foul and base thou art  
 I would not stoop to thee to reach the sky:  
 Aroint thee, fleehing hand, and heart of stone!  
 Be this thy doom, with conscience left alone  
 Learn how like Death thou art, unsated selfish one.

## Ancient.

MY sympathies are all with times of old,  
 I cannot live with things of yesterday,  
 Upstart, and flippant, foolish, weak, and gay,  
 But spirits cast in a severer mould,  
 Of solid worth, like elemental gold;  
 I love to wander o'er the shadowy past,  
 Dreaming of dynasties long swept away,  
 And seem to find myself almost the last  
 Of a time-honour'd race, decaying fast:  
 For I can dote upon the rare antique,  
 Conjuring up what story it might tell,  
 The bronze, or bead, or coin, or quaint relique;  
 And in a desert could delight to dwell  
 Among vast ruins,—Tadmor's stately halls,  
 Old Egypt's giant fanes, or Babel's mouldering walls.

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Modern.

BEHOLD, I stand upon a speck of earth
 To work the works allotted me,—and die;
 Glad among toils to snatch a little mirth,
 And, when I must, unmurmuring down to lie
 In the same soil that gave me food and birth:
 For all that went before me, what care I?
 The past, the future,—these are but a dream;
 I want the tangible good of present worth,
 And heed not wisps of light that dance and gleam
 Over the marshes of the foolish past:
 We are a race the best, because the last,
 Improving all, and happier day by day
 To think our chosen lot hath not been cast
 In those old puerile times, discreetly swept away.

Spirit.

THROW me from this tall cliff,—my wings are strong,
 The hurricane is raging fierce and high,
 My spirit pants, and all in heat I long
 To struggle upward to a purer sky,
 And tread the clouds above me rolling by:
 Lo, thus into the buoyant air I leap
 Confident, and exulting, at a bound,
 Swifter than whirlwinds, happily to sweep
 On fiery wing the reeling world around:
 Off with my fetters!—who shall hold me back?
 My path lies there,—the lightning's sudden track,
 O'er the blue concave of the fathomless deep,—
 Oh,—thus to spurn matter, and space, and time,
 And soar above the universe sublime!

Matter.

IN the deep clay of yonder sluggish flood
 The huge behemoth makes his ancient lair,
 And with slow caution heavily wallows there,
 Moving above the stream, a mound of mud:
 And near him stretching to the river's edge
 In dense dark grandeur, stands the silent wood,
 Whose unpierced jungles, choked with rotting sedge,
 Prison the damp air from the freshening breeze:
 Lo! the rhinoceros comes down this way
 Thundering furiously on,—and snorting sees
 The harmless monster at his awkward play,
 And rushes on him from the crashing trees,—
 A dreadful shock: as when the Titans hurl'd
 Against high Jove the Himalayan world!

Life.

O LIFE, O glorious! sister-twin of light,
 Essence of Godhead, energizing love,
 Hail, gentle conqueror of dead cold night,
 Hail, on the water's kindly-brooding dove?
 I feel thee near me, in me: thy strange might
 Flies through my bones like fire,— my heart beats high
 With thy glad presence; pain and fear and care
 Hide from the lightning laughter of mine eye;
 No dark unseasonable terrors dare
 Disturb me, revelling in the luxury,
 The new-found luxury of life and health,
 This blithesome elasticity of limb,
 This pleasure, in which all my senses swim,
 This deep outpouring of a creature's wealth!

Death.

GHASTLY and weak, O dreadful monarch Death,
 With failing feet I near thy silent realm,
 Upon my brain strikes chill thine icy breath,
 My fluttering heart thy terrors overwhelm.
 Thou sullen pilot of life's crazy bark,
 How treacherously thou puttest down the helm
 Just where smooth eddies hide the sunken rock;
 While close behind follows the hungry shark
 Snuffing his meal from far, swift with black fin
 The foam dividing,— ha! that sudden shock
 Splits my frail skiff; upon the billows dark
 A drowning wretch awhile struggling I float,
 Till, just as I had hoped the wreck to win,
 I feel thy bony fingers clutch my throat.

Ellen Gray.

THE EXCUSE OF AN UNFORTUNATE.

A STARLESS night, and bitter cold;
The low dun clouds all wildly roll'd,
 Scudding before the blast,
And cheerlessly the frozen sleet
Adown the melancholy street
 Swept onward thick and fast;

When, crouched at an unfriendly door,
Faint, sick, and miserably poor,
 A silent woman sate,
She might be young, and had been fair,
But from her eye look'd out despair,
 All dim and desolate.

Was I to pass her coldly by,
Leaving her there to pine and die,
 The live-long freezing night?
The secret answer of my heart
Told me I had not done my part
 In flinging her a mite;

She look'd her thanks,—then droop'd her head;
“Have you no friend, no home?” I said:
 “Get up, poor creature, come,—
You seem unhappy, faint, and weak,
How can I serve or save you,—speak,
 Or whither help you home?”

“Alas, kind sir, poor Ellen Gray
Has had no friend this many a day,
 And, but that you seem kind,—
She has not found the face of late
That look’d on her in aught but hate,
 And still despairs to find :

And for a home,—would I had none!
The home I have, a wicked one,
 They will not let me in,
Till I can see my jailor’s hands
With the vile tribute she demands,
 The wages of my sin :

I see your goodness on me frown;
Yet hear the veriest wretch on town,
 While yet in life she may,
Tell the sad story of her grief,—
Though heaven alone can bring relief
 To guilty Ellen Gray.

My mother died when I was born:
And I was flung, a babe forlorn,
 Upon the workhouse floor;
My father,—would I knew him not!
A squalid thief, a reckless sot,
 —I dare not tell you more.

And I was bound an infant-slave,
With no one near to love or save
 From cruel sordid men,
A friendless, famish’d, factory child,
Morn, noon, and night I toil’d and toil’d,—
 Yet was I happy then.

My heart was pure, my face was fair;
Ah, would to GOD a cancer there
 Had eaten out its way!
For soon my tasker, dreaded man,
With treacherous wiles and arts began
 To mark me for his prey.

And month by month he vainly strove
To light the flame of lawless love
 In my most loathing breast;
Oh, how I fear'd and hated him,
So basely kind, so smoothly grim,
 My terror, and my pest!

Till one day, at that prison-mill,—

Thenceforward droop'd my stricken head;
I lived,—I died, a life of dread,
 Lest they should guess my shame;
But weeks and months would pass away,
And all too soon the bitter day
 Of wrath and ruin came;

I could not hide my alter'd form:
Then on my head the fearful storm
 Of jibe and insult burst:
Men only mock'd me for my fate,
But women's scorn and women's hate
 Me, their poor sister, curst.

O woman, had thy kindless face
But gentler look'd on my disgrace,
 And heal'd the wounds it gave!—
I was a drowning sinking wretch,
Whom no one loved enough to stretch
 A finger out to save.

They tore my baby from my heart,
And lock'd it in some hole apart
 Where I could hear its cry,
Such was the horrid poor-house law;—
Its little throes I never saw,
 Although I heard it die!

Still the stone hearts that ruled the place
Let me not kiss my darling's face,
 My little darling dead;
Oh! I was mad with rage and hate,
And yet all sullenly I sate,
 And not a word I said.

I would not stay, I could not bear
To breathe the same infected air
 That kill'd my precious child;
I watch'd my time, and fled away
The livelong night, the livelong day,
 With fear and anguish wild:

Till down upon a river's bank,
Twenty leagues off, fainting, I sank,
 And only long'd to die;
I had no hope, no home, no friend,
No GOD!—I sought but for an end
 To life and misery.

Ah, lightly heed the righteous few,
How little to themselves is due,
 But all things given to them;
Yet the unwise, because untaught,
The wandering sheep, because unsought,
 They heartlessly condemn:

And little can the untempted dream
While gliding smoothly down life's stream
 They keep the letter-laws,
What they would be, if, tost like me
Hopeless upon life's barren sea,
 They knew how hunger gnaws.

I was half-starved, I tried in vain
To get me work my bread to gain;
 Before me flew my shame;
Cold Charity put up her purse,
And none look'd on me but to curse
 The daughter of ill-fame.

Alas, why need I count by links
The heavy lengthening chain that sinks
 My heart, my soul, my all?
I still was fair, though hope was dead,
And so I sold myself for bread,
 And lived upon my fall:

Now I was reckless, bold and bad,
My love was hate,—I grew half-mad
 With thinking on my wrongs;
Disease, and pain, and giant-sin
Rent body and soul, and raged within!
 Such meed to guilt belongs.

And what I was,—such still am I;
Afraid to live, unfit to die,—
 And yet I hoped I might
Meet my best friend and lover—Death
In the fierce frowns and frozen breath
 Of this December night.

My tale is told: my heart grows cold;
I cannot stir,—yet,—kind good sir,
 I know that you will stay,—
And GOD is kinder e'en than you,—
Can He not look with pity too
 On wretched Ellen Gray?"

Her eye was fix'd; she said no more,
But propp'd against the cold street-door
 She lean'd her fainting head;
One moment she look'd up and smiled
Full of new hope, as Mercy's child,
 —And Ellen Gray was dead.

Charity.

FAIR Charity, thou rarest, best, and brightest!
Who would not gladly hide thee in his heart,
With all thine angel-guests? for thou delightest
 To bring such with thee,—guests that ne'er depart;
Cherub, with what enticement thou invitest,
 Perfect in winning beauty as thou art,
World-wearied man to plant thee in his bosom
And graft upon his cares thy balmy blossom.

Fain would he be frank-hearted, generous, cheerful,
 Forgiving, aiding, loving, trusting ALL,—
But knowledge of his kind has made him fearful
 All are not friends, whom friends he longs to call;
For prudence makes men cold, and misery tearful,
 And interest bids them rise upon his fall,
And while they seek their selfish own to cherish,
They leave the wounded stag alone to perish.

Man may rejoice that thy sweet influence hallows
 His intercourse with all he loves—in heaven :
 But canst thou make him love his sordid fellows,
 And mix with them untainted by their leaven ?
 How can he not grow cautious, cold, and callous,
 When he forgives to seventy-times seven,
 And still-repeated wrongs, unwept for, harden
 The heart that's never sued nor sought to pardon ?

Reserve's cold breath has chill'd each warmer feeling,
 Ingratitude has frozen up his blood,
 Unjust neglect has pierced him, past all healing,
 And scarr'd a heart that panted to do good ;
 Slowly, but surely, has distrust been steeling
 His mind, much wronged, and little understood :
 Would charity unseal affection's fountain ?
 Alas ! 'tis crush'd beneath a marble mountain.

Yet the belief that he was loved by other
 Could root and hurl that mountain in the sea,
 Oblivion's depth the height of ill would smother
 And all forgiven, all forgotten be ;
 Man then could love his once injurious brother
 With such a love as none can give but he ;
 The sun of love, and that alone has power
 To bring to bright perfection love's sweet flower.

Soft rains, and zephyrs, and warm noons can vanquish
 The stubborn tyranny of winter's frost ;
 Once more the smiling valleys cease to languish,
 Drest out in fresher beauties than they lost :
 So springs with gladness from its bed of anguish
 The heart that loved not, when reviled and crost,
 But, once beloved,—oh then not once but often
 Love's sunny smile the rockiest heart will soften.

To my Book, "Proverbial Philosophy,"

BEFORE PUBLICATION. 1837.

MY soul's own son, dear image of my mind,
 I would not without blessing send thee forth
 Into the bleak wide world, whose voice unkind
 Perchance will mock at thee as nothing worth;
 For the cold critic's jealous eye may find
 In all thy purposed good little but ill,
 May taunt thy simple garb as quaintly wrought,
 And praise thee for no more than the small skill
 Of masking as thine own another's thought:
 What then?—count envious sneers as less than nought:
 Fair is thine aim, and, having done thy best,
 Lo, thus I bless thee; yea, thou shalt be blest!

To the same,

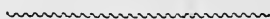
AFTER PUBLICATION.

THAT they have praised thee well, and cheer'd thee on
 With kinder tones that critics deign to few,
 Child of my thoughts, my fancy's favourite son,
 Our courteous thanks, our heartfelt thanks are due.
 Despise not thou thine equal's honest praise;
 Yet feast not of such dainties; thou shalt rue
 Their sweetness else; let rather generous pride
 Those golden apples straightly spurn aside,
 And gird thee all unshackled to the race.
 On to the goal of honour, fair beginner,
 A thousand ducats thou shalt yet be winner!

To the same,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF THE SECOND EDITION.

YET once again, not after many days
 Since first I dared this voyage in the dark,
 Borne on the prosperous gale of good men's praise
 To the wide waters I commit mine ark,
 And bid GOD speed thy venture, gallant bark!
 For I have launch'd thee on a thousand prayers,
 Freight'd thee well with all my mind and heart,—
 And if some contraband error unawares
 Like Achan's wedge, lie hid in any part,
 Stand it condemn'd, as it most justly ought:
 Yet be the thinker spared, if not his thought;
 For he that with an honest purpose errs
 Merits more kind excuse than the shrewd world confers.



Wedding Gifts.

(Set to music by the Chevalier Neukomm, in 1832.)

YOUNG bride,—a wreath for thee!
 Of sweet and gentle flowers;
 For wedded love was pure and free
 In Eden's happy bowers.

Young bride,—a song for thee!
 A song of joyous measure,
 For thy cup of hope shall be
 Fill'd with honied pleasure.

Young bride,— a tear for thee!
A tear in all thy gladness;
For thy young heart shall not see
Joy unmix'd with sadness.

Young bride,— a smile for thee!
To shine away thy sorrow,
For heaven is kind to-day, and we
Will hope as well to-morrow.

Young bride,— a prayer for thee!
That, all thy hopes possessing,
Thy soul may praise her God, and He
May crown thee with His blessing.



Children. 1833.

HARMLESS, happy little treasures,
Full of truth, and trust, and mirth,
Richest wealth, and purest pleasures
In this mean and guilty earth,

How I love you, pretty creatures,
Lamb-like flock of little things,
Where the love that lights your features
From the heart in beauty springs:

On these laughing rosy faces
There are no deep lines of sin,
None of passion's dreary traces
That betray the wounds within:

But yours is the sunny dimple
Radiant with untutor'd smiles,
Yours the heart, sincere and simple,
Innocent of selfish wiles;

Yours the natural curling tresses,
Prattling tongues, and shyness coy,
Tottering steps, and kind caresses,
Pure with health, and warm with joy.

The dull slaves of gain, or passion
Cannot love you as they should,
The poor worldly fools of fashion
Would not love you if they could:

Write them childless, those cold-hearted,
Who can scorn Thy generous boon,
And whose souls with fear have smarted,
Lest—Thy blessings come too soon.

While he hath a child to love him
No man can be poor indeed,
While he trusts a Friend above him,
None can sorrow, fear, or need.

But for thee, whose hearth is lonely
And unwarm'd by children's mirth,
Spite of riches, thou art only
Desolate and poor on earth:

All unkiss'd by innocent beauty,
All unloved by guileless heart,
All uncheer'd by sweetest duty,
Childless one, how poor thou art!

The Queen's Birthday.

ANOTHER year, O Queen of many realms,
Dawns in fair promise on my Sovereign's throne;
And, while the hurrying tempest overwhelms
All climes and crowns beside,—Thou, thou alone
Sittest in majesty, GOD's favour'd one:
Yea, blessed of the LORD,—how blest art thou!
Blest in the King of King's own secret love,
Blest in thy people never more than now,
Blest in the earth beneath and heaven above;
And, be thou blest for ever! this glad day
That gave to us the mercy of thy birth,
Be full of good to thee in GOD's own way,
As His chief child and servant upon earth
For whom a thousand thousands hourly pray!

O, shielded by such panoply of saints
Forged in high heaven! thus, most gracious Queen,
If ever here thy royal spirit faints
Amid the perils of a changeful scene
These prayers shall pour upon thy brow serene,
Unruffled radiance; shedding holy balm,
Like moonlight silvering a lake at calm,
Over thy many cares and many fears
So lull'd to rest: and thus, on history's page,
Mercies to come for many happy years
Shall be thy birthright: though the nations rage,
And the uprooted mountains churn the sea,
The LORD shall bless thy line from age to age,
And Britain thank her GOD for lending thee!

A Greenhouse.

FRAGRANT and fresh, the tropical warm air
Lures into life my "bright consummate" flowers,
That, newly bathed in artificial showers,
Show to the sun their thousand beauties rare:
Here, in high pomp, the gorgeous Cactus flings
Its eastern tassel down the prickly stem,
And Fuchsias spread their tiny scarlet wings,
Like hovering humming-birds in emerald bowers:
There, the tall Amaryll's pink diadem
Above this lowlier Hyacinth queenly towers;
While Orange-blossoms, mingling in the throng
With blushing Roses, and Geraniums bright,
Pour forth an eloquent flood of silent song,
And wrap the heart "in dances and delight."

A Glimpse of Paradise.

NOT many rays of heaven's unfallen sun
Reach the dull distance of this world of ours,
Nor oft dispel its shadows cold and dun,
Nor oft with glory tinge its faded flowers:
But, oh, if ever yet there wander'd *one*,
Like Peri from her amaranthine bowers,
Or ministering angel, sent to bless,
'Twas to thy hearth, domestic happiness,
Where in the sunshine of a peaceful home
Love's choicest roses bud, and burst, and bloom,
And bleeding hearts, lull'd in a holy calm,
Bathe their deep wounds in Gilead's healing balm.

To the Sovereign.

BOLD in my freedom, yet with homage meek,
 As duty prompts and loyalty commands,
 To thee, O Queen of empires, would I speak :
 Behold, the most high GOD hath giv'n to thee
 Kingdoms and glories, might and majesty,
 Setting thee ruler over many lands ;
 Him first to serve, O Monarch, wisely seek :
 And many people, nations, languages,
 Have laid their welfare in thy sovereign hands ;
 Them next to bless, to prosper, and to please,
 Nobly forget thyself, and thine own ease :
 Rebuke ill counsel ; rally round thy state
 The scatter'd good, and true, and wise, and great :
 So Heav'n upon thee shed sweet influences !



The Coronation.

QUEEN of the Isles, blue ocean's choicest pearl,
 We hail thy day of glory ! — unto thee
 Admiring thousands bend the duteous knee,
 And bless thee for their brightening hopes, fair girl.
 Hark ! 'tis the thunder of a nation's voice,
 Uttering its awful love in loyal peals ;
 While, as thy car of triumph onward wheels,
 The trumpets and the cannon, and the chimes
 Bid every true-born Briton's heart rejoice,
 Glad in the sunny light of happier times :
 And, Maiden Monarch, if amid the whirl
 Of majesty and greatness,—as of old,
 A secret monitor, in duty bold,
 To tell thee “**THOU ART MORTAL**,” humbly dares,
 Forgive the noble Muse, and love her for her pray'rs.

The Abbey.

June 28, 1838.

NEVER again,—till earth casts out her dead,
And teeming ocean yields her rescued prey,—
A sight so full of hope, delight, and dread,
Thrilling and grand, as met thy view this day
Mayst thou behold: high reaching overhead
The light ærial galleries were throng'd
Sublime with multitudes, acclaiming loud;
While far beneath, that coronetted crowd
Sat like a thousand kings; in yonder aisle
A virgin troop, azure and silver, show'd
As spirits, who to a fairy world belong'd,
Or some soft nest of doves: deeply the while
Rolled in a deluge from the golden quire
The tide of musical praise,—hail mix'd with fire
While midway throned, the brightest central gem,
Fair Sun illumining that glorious scene,
In purple robe and glittering diadem,
Majestic sat Britannia's gentle Queen!

Union.

MONARCH of millions, yet a gentle maid,
O fair and young, yet dignified and sage,
Most glorious Queen, yet in thy glory staid,
Bright star of promise for our golden age,

All hail, the Lord's anointed! Thou art lent
 In mercy, like our other blessings all;
 A messenger of peace, divinely sent,
 That only good may rise, and evil fall;
 Heal, then, a realm by jarring factions rent;
 Take these contentious brothers by the hand,
 Smile down their quarrels, and unite their strength;
 Till, only jealous for their father-land,
 Men of all systems, reconciled at length
 To one just object, take their patriot stand
 Around our Zion's bulwarks, hers alone
 The archetypes of heaven,—the ALTAR and the THRONE!

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Days gone by. 1830.

THOUGH we charge to-day with fleetness,  
 Though we dread to-morrow's sky,  
 There's a melancholy sweetness  
 In the name of days gone by:

Yes, though Time has laid his finger  
 On them, still with streaming eye  
 There are spots where I can linger  
 Sacred to the days gone by.

Oft as memory's glance is ranging  
 Over scenes that cannot die,  
 Then I feel that all is changing,  
 Then I weep the days gone by:

Sorrowful should I be, and lonely,  
 Were not all the same as I,  
 'Tis for all, not my lot only,  
 To lament the days gone by.

Cease, fond heart,—to thee are given  
Hopes of better things on high,  
There is still a coming heaven  
Better than the days gone by;

Faith lifts off the sable curtain  
Hiding huge eternity,  
Hope accounts her prize as certain,  
And forgets the days gone by;

Love, in grateful adoration  
Bids distrust and sorrow fly,  
And with glad anticipation  
Calms regret for days gone by.

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### The Crisis. 1829.

HUSH—O heaven! a moment more,  
A breath, a step, and all is o'er;  
Hark—beneath the waters wild,  
Save, O mercy, save my child.

Swiftly from her heaving breast  
The mother tore the snowy vest,—  
Her little truant saw and smiled,  
Turn'd,—and mercy saved the child.

Thus, the face of love can win  
Where fear is weak to scare from sin;  
Thus, when faith and conscience slept,  
Jesus look'd,—and Peter wept.

## Lament. 1837.

ALAS! poor Muse, thy songs are out of time;  
 Thy lot hath fallen on an iron age,  
 When unrelenting war the sordid wage  
 Against thee,—counting it no venial crime  
 To fling down in thy cause the champion's gage,  
 And utterly scorning him, who dares to rhyme:  
 O that thy thoughts had fill'd an earlier page,  
 And won the favouring ears of holier men!  
 Whose spirits might with thee have soar'd sublime  
 Far above selfish Mammon's crowded den:  
 Thou hadst been more at home, and happier then  
 Yet be thou of good courage; there are still  
 Those "left sev'n thousand," whose affections will  
 Yearn on thy little good, and pardon thy much ill.

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 Down with Foreign Priestcraft. 1851.

CHRISTIAN England! where so long  
 Freedom's trumpet, clear and strong,  
 Still has stirr'd the patriot song—

Down with foreign priestcraft!  
 England! Truth's own island-nest,  
 Pure Religion's happy rest,  
 Ever shall thy sons protest

Down with foreign priestcraft!

What! shall these Italian knaves  
 Dream again to make us slaves  
 From our cradles to our graves  
 With their foreign priestcraft?

Out on every false pretence !  
Common right and common sense  
Shout against such insolence,  
Down with foreign priestcraft !

Aye,—insidious fawning foe,  
Little as you thought it so,  
England's wrath is all aglow,  
Scorning foreign priestcraft—  
Take our Jesuits, if you will,  
England's heart rejects their ill,  
And her mouth is thundering still,  
Down with foreign priestcraft

Hark ! in ancient warmth and worth,  
East and west and south and north,  
Flies the loyal spirit forth,  
Loathing foreign priestcraft ;  
Evermore with Rome to cope,  
We will bate nor heart nor hope,  
But our shout shall stun the Pope,  
Down with foreign priestcraft !

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### The Cathedral Mind.

TEMPLE of truths most eloquently spoken,  
Shrine of sweet thoughts veil'd-in with words of power,  
The "Author's mind" replete with hallow'd riches  
Stands a Cathedral: full of precious things,—  
Tastefully built in harmonies unbroken,  
Cloister, and aisle, dark crypt, and æry tower:  
Long-treasured relics in the fretted niches,

And secret stores, and heap'd-up offerings,  
 Art's noblest gems, with every fruit and flower,  
 Paintings and sculpture, choice imaginings,  
 Its plenitude of wealth and praise betoken:  
 An ever-burning lamp portrays the soul;  
 Deep music all around enchantment flings;  
 And GOD's great Presence consecrates the whole.

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### Politics in 1839.

CHILL'D is the patriot's hope, the poet's prayer:  
 Alas, for England and her tarnish'd crown,  
 Her sun of ancient glory going down,  
 Her foes triumphant in her friends' despair:  
 What wonder should the billows overwhelm  
 A bark so mann'd by Comus and his crew,  
 "Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm?"  
 Yet, no!—we will not fear; the loathing realm  
 At length has burst its chains; a motley few,  
 The pseudo-saint, the boasting infidel,  
 The demagogue, and courtier, hand in hand  
 No more besiege our Zion's citadel:  
 But high in hope comes on this nobler band,  
 For GOD, the sovereign, and our father-land.

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### On a Premier.

HOLD thy rash hand!—for Briton is no slave,  
 Thus to be forced against her word and will;  
 Her voice is terrible, her heart is brave,  
 Her lion-nature free and fearless still:  
 Why make this reckless haste to compass ill?

Be, if thou canst, deliberate and grave:

For, hark! I hear upon the burden'd wind

From fell and field and town and dale and hill,

That gathering tempest of the Nation's mind,

No peace with Rome! no league with crafty Rome!

Down with the traitor! who would smoothly bind

Her chains around us,—and whose deed would mark

With the foul beast our every hearth and home,

Changing our glorious Light to utter Dark.

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### Protesting Truth.

PROTESTANT saints, is it the truth, indeed,

That cold negations merely, or in chief,

Make up the sorry texture of your creed —

A torn and flimsy robe of non-belief?

No! freely as your fathers would ye bleed,

Positive witnesses for truth and good;

Worshipping GOD, instead of stone and wood,

Pleading all merit solely in His Son,

Spurning each other fabulous help, and aid,

And mediation — for there is but One!

Moreover, this: none ever stoutly stood

Against the False, but that his temper'd blade,

Pruning that bitter shoot, strengthen'd the bud,

The bud of Truth, whose bloom shall never fade.

### The unholy Alliance.

YES, we protest! In just and generous strife  
 We combat Rome, the idolatrous and proud:  
 How should the adulteress and the married wife  
 Together walk adown the vale of life,  
 In a false peace and union disallow'd?  
 True, there be some pure Abdiels in the crowd,  
 Faithful among the faithless; here and there  
 A Fenelon, a Pascal, whom to love  
 Were joy, and privilege to meet above:—  
 Accidents all, as angels scant and rare:  
 Far other, carved in rock, and dyed in black,  
 Stand in the sun Rome's evil qualities—  
 Fraud, force, extortion, pride, the stake, the rack,  
 Blaspheming guilt, and mad idolatries!

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### Expediency. 1839.

Do ill that good may come,—so Satan spoke:  
 Woe to the land deluded by that lie,  
 Woe to its rulers, for whose evil sake  
 The curse of GOD may now be hovering nigh:—  
 Up, England, and avert it! boldly break  
 The spells of sorceress Rome, and cast away  
 The cords of bad expedience: is it wise,  
 Or right, or safe, for some chance gains to-day,  
 To dare sure vengeance on to-morrow's skies?  
 Be wiser thou, dear land, my native home,  
 Do always good, do good that good may come;  
 The path of duty lies before thee plain,  
 Turn from the harlot speech of papal Rome,  
 For none who go that way return again.

## Good Shepherds.

YE seek not praise from man,—nor fear his face ;

Then let my words be few. Before your Lord  
Commended, as establish'd by His grace,

Faithful ye stand to reap a just reward :

True shepherds of the flock, whom power and place

Have not corrupted from that lowlier mind

Which dwelt in HIM,—we love in you to trace

The likeness of His zeal, in you to find

Martyrs for truth amid these perilous times.

Thunders, with fire and hail, are threatening round,

And good men tremble at their rulers' crimes ;

And Babylon must rise once more to fall :

Yet is there hope ; whilst ye are faithful found,

Zion is safe behind her sevenfold wall.

# American Ballads.

1849

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## To Brother Jonathan.

Ho! Brother, I'm a Britisher,  
A chip of heart of oak  
That would n't warp or swerve or stir  
From what I thought or spoke,—  
And you — a blunt and honest man,  
Straightforward, kind, and true,  
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,  
That you're a Briton too.

I know your heart, an open heart,  
I read your mind and will,  
A greyhound ever on the start  
To run for honour still;  
And shrewd to scheme a likely plan,  
And stout to see it done,  
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,  
That you and I are one!

There may be jealousies and strife,  
For men have selfish ends,  
But petty quarrels ginger life,  
And help to season friends;

And pundits who, with solemn scan,  
Judge humans most aright,  
Decide it, testy Jonathan,  
That brothers always fight.

Two fledgling sparrows in one nest  
Will chirp about a worm,  
Then how should eaglets meekly rest,  
The children of the storm?  
No! while their rustled pinions fan  
The eyrie's dizzy side,  
Like you and me, my Jonathan,  
It's all for Love and Pride!

"God save the Queen" delights you still,  
And "British Grenadiers,"  
The good old strains your heartstrings thrill,  
And catch you by both ears;  
And we,—O hate us if you can,  
For we are proud of you,  
We like you, Brother Jonathan,  
And "Yankee Doodle" too!

There's nothing foreign in your face,  
Nor strange upon your tongue,  
You come not of another race  
From baser lineage sprung;  
No, brother! though away you ran,  
As truant boys will do,  
Still true it is, young Jonathan,  
My fathers father'd you.

Time was,—it wasn't long ago,  
Your grandsire went with mine  
To battle traitors, blow for blow,  
For England's royal line;

Or tripp'd to court to kiss Queen Anne,  
Or worship mighty Bess,  
And you and I, good Jonathan,  
Went with them then, I guess.

Together both,—'twas long ago,  
Among the Roses fought,  
Or charging fierce the Paynim foe  
Did all knight-errants ought :  
As Cavalier or Puritan  
Together pray'd or swore  
For John's own Brother Jonathan  
Was only John of yore !

There lived a man, a man of men,  
A King on fancy's throne,  
We ne'er shall see his like again,  
The globe is all his own ;  
And, if we claim him of our clan,  
He half belongs to you,  
For Shakspeare, happy Jonathan,  
Is yours and Britain's too !

There was another glorious name,  
A poet for all time,  
Who gain'd the double-first of fame,  
The beautiful-sublime ;  
And let us hide him as we can,  
More miserly than pelf,  
Our Yankee brother Jonathan  
Cries halves in Milton's self !

Well, well : and every praise of old,  
That makes us famous still,  
You would be just, and may be bold  
To share it if you will,—

Since England's glory first began,  
Till—just the other day,  
The half is yours! but, Jonathan,  
Why did you run away?

O Brother, could we both be one  
In nation and in name,  
How gladly would the very sun  
Lie basking in our fame?  
In either world to lead the van  
And go ahead for good,  
While earth to John and Jonathan  
Yields tribute gratitude!

Add but your stripes and golden stars  
To brave St. George's cross,  
And never dream of mutual wars  
Two dunces' mutual loss;  
Let us two bless where others ban,  
And love when others hate,  
And so, my cordial Jonathan,  
We'll fit, I calculate.

What more? I touch not holier strings  
A loftier strain to win,  
Nor glance at prophets, priests, and kings,  
Or heavenly kith or kin;  
As friend with friend, and man with man,  
O let our hearts be thus,  
As David's love to Jonathan,  
Be Jonathan's to us!

"Ye Thirty noble Nations."

YE Thirty noble Nations  
 Confederate in One!  
 That keep your starry stations  
 Around the Western Sun,—  
 I have a glorious mission,  
 And must obey the call,—  
 A claim! and a Petition!  
 To set before you All.

Away with party blindness,  
 Away with petty spite!  
 My Claim is one of Kindness,  
 My Prayer is one of Right;  
 And while in grace ye listen,—  
 For tenderness, I know  
 Your eyes shall dim and glisten,  
 Your hearts shall thrill and glow

For, on those hearts is written  
 The spirit of my song,—  
 I claim your love for Britain,  
 In spite of every wrong!  
 I claim it for — your mother,  
 Your sister, and your spouse,  
 Your father, friend, and brother,  
 The "Hector" of your vows!

In spite of all the evils  
 That statesmen ever brew'd,  
 Or busy printers'-devils,  
 Or Celtic gratitude.—

In spite of politicians  
And diplomatic fuss,  
Your feelings and traditions  
Are cordially with us!

O yes! your recollections  
Look back with streaming eye  
To pour those old affections  
On scenes and days gone by;  
Your Eagle well remembers  
His dear old island-nest,  
And sorrow stirs the embers  
Of love within his breast!

Ah! need I tell of places  
You dream and dwell on still?  
Those old familiar faces  
Of English vale and hill,—  
The sites you think of, sobbing,  
And seek as pilgrims seek,  
With brows and bosoms throbbing  
And tears upon your cheek!

Or should I touch on glories  
That date in ages gone,  
Those dear historic stories  
When England's fame was won,—  
The tales your children thronging  
So gladly hear you tell,  
And note their fathers' longing  
And love that longing well!

For language, follies, fashions,  
Religion, honour, shame,  
And human loves and passions,  
Oh! we are just the same;

## "YE THIRTY NOBLE NATIONS."

You, you are England, growing  
To Continental state,  
And we Columbia, glowing  
With all that makes you great!

Yes, Anglo-Saxon brother,  
I see your heart is right,—  
And we will warm each other  
With all our loves alight;  
In feeling and in reason  
My Claim is stow'd away,—  
And kissing is in season  
For ever and a day!—

And now in frank contrition,  
O brother mine, give heed,—  
And hear the just Petition  
My feeble tongue would plead;  
I plead across the waters,  
So deeply crimson-stain'd,  
For Afric's sons and daughters  
Whom freemen hold enchain'd!

I taunt you not unkindly  
With ills you didn't make,  
I would not wish you blindly  
In haste the bond to break;  
But tenderly and truly  
To file away the chain,  
And render justice duly  
To Man's Estate again!

O judge ye how degrading,—  
A Christian bought and sold!  
And human monsters trading  
In human flesh for gold!

When ruthlessly they plunder  
 Poor Afric's homes defiled,  
 And all to sell—asunder!  
 The mother and her child.

O free and fearless Nation,  
 Wipe out this damning spot,  
 Earth's worst abomination,  
 And nature's blackest blot;  
 Begin and speed the rather  
 To help with hand and eye  
 The children of your Father  
 Beneath His tropic sky.

HE—HE who form'd and frees us  
 And makes us white within,  
 Who knows how Holy JESUS  
 May love that tinted skin!  
 For none can tell how darkly  
 The sun of Jewry shed  
 Its burning shadows starkly  
 On JESU's homeless head!

And lo! One great salvation  
 Hath burst upon the World,—  
 And GOD's Illumination  
 Like noonday shines unfurl'd;  
 Shall bonds or colour pale it?  
 Candace's Eunuch—say!—  
 The first, though black, to hail it,  
 And love the Gospel Day!

Columbia, well I note it,  
 That half your sons are strong  
 Against this ill, and vote it  
 A folly and a wrong;

Yet, lurks there not a loathing,  
 Ay, with your best inclined,  
 Against that sable clothing  
 Of Man's own heart and mind?

I charge you by your power,  
 Your freedom and your fame,  
 To speed the blessed hour  
 That wipes away this Shame:  
 By all life's hopes and wishes  
 And fears beyond the grave,  
 Renounce these blood-bought riches,  
 And frankly free the slave!

So let whatever threaten,  
 While God is on our side,  
 Columbia and Britain  
 The world shall well divide,—  
 Divide?—No! in one tether  
 Of Anglo-Saxon might  
 We'll hold the world together  
 In peace and love and right!

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### John's Reply.

HUZZAH for guessing—brother mine!  
 I guess'd we loved each other;  
 Huzzah! I scarce can drop a line  
 Without the tag of—brother;  
 Huzzah! for all the kind Replies  
 Wherewith you bless and love me,—  
 They thrill my heart and fill my eyes  
 With thanks to God above me!

From East to West, from North to South,  
Through all your boundless regions,  
The staves that tumble from my mouth  
Have stirr'd your thousand legions;  
Have made the hearts of women ache,  
The minds of men to flutter,  
Because you felt before I spake  
The words that I would utter!

You felt that Britain loved you still,  
Your foolish fond old mother,—  
And gave her,—not against your will,—  
The love you cannot smother!  
You felt that you, though new, are Old  
As England's ancient glories,—  
You throb'd to feel YOUR triumphs told  
In all her strains and stories!

O yes! dear brethren o'er the sea,  
Your verses, loves, and letters  
Have been a mix'd account with me  
Where both of us are debtors;  
I owe you gratitude and praise  
For gratitude and praises,  
And when in thanks your heart you raise  
His thanks my heart upraises!

Not that, good Jonathan, we try  
The game of mutual scratching,—  
You, Yankee true, and John Bull I  
Breed fowls of purer hatching;  
We tell the truth; not less nor more;  
So be it kindly spoken;  
For thus, no heart was e'er made sore,  
No head was ever broken.

When Pegasus I sit astride  
I fill my saddle squarely,—  
No fence so high, no ditch so wide,  
But I will take it fairly;  
I hate the namby-pamby plan  
Of lounging upon pillions,—  
What I would say to one plain man  
I'll sing to fifty millions!

No truckling tricks will do for us,  
The this-and-that-way swerving;  
If John is pleased to praise you thus,  
It's that you're well deserving:  
But should he fawn your faults forsooth?  
Such meanness—I abhor it,—  
No,—since in love I speak the truth,  
Come, kiss your brother for it!

Now, lately, with a faithful hand  
I touch'd, in love and lightness,  
The one black spot upon your land,  
The shadow to your brightness;  
I know how hard it is to cure  
That sore,—and how you rue it,—  
But, Jonathan, of this I'm sure,  
You'll soon and somehow—do it!

More haste less speed; so speed apace,  
As prudent duty bids you;  
'Twill be indeed a year of grace  
That of this scandal rids you:  
The land of liberty and light,  
The Beacon on the Waters,  
Shall soon be quit of blame and blight  
For Afric's sons and daughters!

You best know how, and why, and when;  
For us, we cannot teach you;  
But simply,—by the rights of Men  
And Women,—we beseech you!  
Take copy, brother, only here,—  
By Britain's good intentions;  
For all beside a conscience clear  
We've got but bad inventions!

Our faults were haste, and wanton waste,  
Disinterested ruin!  
Don Quixote stood to tilt for good,  
And lo! his own undoing:  
But Jonathan, a shrewder man,  
A very early riser,—  
I credit you to find a plan  
To manage matters wiser!

The wise, my Jonathan, he knows  
That all things here need mending;  
And best of friends are always those  
Who never fear offending;  
O blind, and halt, and full of fault  
Are men of every nation,  
Then how should we, true friend, be free  
From that which dims Creation?

Never again shall we two part  
In hatred or rejection,—  
Nor ever meet, but either heart  
Shall beat with true affection;  
Our "brother banners" we will rear.  
For Fatherland and Sonland,  
Because, Columbia near and dear,  
We twain are truly one-land!

Ay, Jonathan,—take John for this,  
 Your brother staunch and steady,  
 The very mind and man, I wis,  
 To like old “Rough and Ready!”  
 Then — cheers for TAYLOR,—great and wise  
 Because *un-glory-bitten*,—  
 And — yes, I see it in your eyes,  
 Nine more for VIC. and BRITAIN!

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### A Stave for the South.

I KNEW it, I guess'd it! you do what you can;  
 It's hardly your fault if you can't:  
 You wish better things; but a man is but Man,  
 And often must wait and must want:  
 For System, and matters and things as they are  
 Have order'd and settled it so,  
 That we who are judging your case from afar  
 Know little — how little we know!

Ay, glad would ye be, (let me credit you this,)  
 If on your American shore  
 Slavery never had been as it is,  
 And never should be any more!  
 But how to get rid of so ancient an ill,  
 And safely and sagely to heal  
 A canker so deep, is the mystery still,  
 And who shall its riddle reveal?

Moreover,—and, Conscience, I give thee this nudge,  
 A sinner, but yesterday shriven,  
 How dare he set up in the seat of the judge  
 The culprit so lately forgiven?

But yesterday, half Britain's colonies rung  
With slavery's echoing chain,—  
And ill it becomes us with Pharisee tongue  
To mock at a planter again!

Yet more: for that planter's own father—and our's,  
This sin as a legacy left,  
A fly in the ointment, a snake in the flowers,  
An Achan's inherited theft!  
O Britain, thy child, thy Columbian child  
Received at thy step-mother hand  
The gain—or the curse, that we hold him defiled  
If he leaves, as he found, in the land!

And well do I gather, O friends in the South,  
That zealots dishonestly rave  
With bitter intent and a slanderous mouth  
Of the woes that you deal to the slave;  
Not cruel, not careless of body or mind,  
Not heartless, nor heedless are ye,—  
But good and true masters, indulgent and kind,  
Ay, kinder than we to the free!

For sadly I note that on Liberty's coast  
The Briton may starve at his toil,  
Though loud be profession, and principle's boast  
That here are no serfs of the soil!  
Ah, tell me how freedom is freedom, if Life  
Depends upon servitude stern?  
And perishing children and famishing wife  
Live only so long as you earn?

No! words are not things: unfairly we speak  
As if freedom were freedom indeed;  
While pallid and hollow is poverty's cheek,  
And deeply her bosom doth bleed:

Let Britain and Erin. and all the world o'er,  
Though boasting of liberty still,  
Be humble and dumb, when the weak and the poor  
Drain Slavery's bitterest ill!

And more: for of old a mysterious curse  
Dark Canaan mark'd for its prey;  
And Prophecy knew that their lot should be worse,  
"The servants of servants" are they!  
And if the glad Gospel has scatter'd that harm  
With a Catholic message of peace,  
It is not at once that it shatters the charm  
And calls on the sorrow to cease!

So then, loving brother! consider my speech;  
I judge not, I dare not condemn;  
But let the great nations of History teach  
How slavery's curse ruin'd them!  
Let Babylon, Persia, and Athens, and Tyre,  
And Egypt, and Carthage, and Rome,  
Declare the dark doom that they saw drawing nigher,  
As slavery swarm'd in the home!

With shame I confess that so late and so long  
We, Britons and Christians and all,  
Against our Father and brethren did wrong  
By holding those brethren in thrall:  
Yet now have we turn'd from the sin and the shame  
And tenderly pray and expect  
The child whom we love to do sagely the same  
Before he be ruin'd and wreck'd!

Move wisely and warily; haste is but waste  
Of mercy, and safety, and wealth:  
Remember that prudence was never misplaced,  
And good may be compass'd by stealth:

For Prudence is Providence all the world o'er,  
And wiser than we were, be ye;  
Teach, train, and instruct, ere you open the door  
To let the born bondman go free.

In wisdom and mercy, redeem when you can;  
Let good willing service be paid;  
Remember the rights and the wrongs of a Man,  
And that "of one blood we are made;"  
Hold sacred Affections, in black as in white;  
No babe from the mother divide;  
And welcome, as friendly, Religion's true Light;  
And lay the red lashes aside!

Then, in the full season, with caution and care  
Join England in freeing the slave;  
And all the degenerate world shall not dare  
Take from him the gift that WE gave!  
If glorious Columbia with Britain unite  
In killing this hydra of earth,  
Oh! MAN shall have gain'd more of Good and of Right,  
Than all California's worth!

---

"Yet once again."

YET once again, my Jonathan!  
Your loving brother greets you,  
To do you all the good he can,  
Yes, every time he meets you;  
To speak with true and tender tongue,  
Not like a scolding Stentor,  
But (though a year or so too young)  
A frank and faithful Mentor.

See! from my tassell'd wrist upsprings  
 No falcon with its jesses,  
 But a fair dove, whose silver wings  
 Were made for soft caresses;  
 Right glad the olive-branch to bear  
 Across the sounding ocean,  
 And find a welcome everywhere  
 In every heart's emotion!

And here to-day my carrier dove  
 Is burden'd with a packet,  
 Which, well inscribed with peace and love,  
 Has justice too to back it;  
 For many sterner souls there be  
 Who nurse their wrongs intently,  
 And well it were, if all, like me,  
 Could judge and chide you gently.

They say,—ay, many sorts of men,  
 In bitterness they say it,—  
 You borrow'd of the world, and then  
 Resolve you won't repay it;  
 That sundry of the thirty States  
 Which heap your giant nation,  
 Disgrace their honourable mates  
 By rank "Repudiation."

They say,—and make believe YOU say,—  
 "What fools they were to lend it;  
 We calculate that everyway  
 They gave it us to spend it:  
 And since it's sunk in road and rail,  
 Canal, and dock, and clearing,—  
 Our creditors are out of hail,  
 And we'll be hard of hearing!"

I don't believe it, Jonathan;  
 You're wiser, truer, better:  
 I know you'll pay us when you can,  
 And blush to be a debtor:  
 Not Illinois, nor Michigan,  
 Florida, nor Arkansas,  
 Nor Mississippi, to a man,  
 Would give such shabby answers:

I don't believe it; never did;  
 I'd buy your stocks to-morrow;  
 I only wish my purse could bid  
 For all that you can borrow;  
 I'd lend in faith and patience too,  
 But cannot quite afford it,—  
 Because in lending cash to you  
 I know we do but hoard it.

For, men must wait at any rate  
 (It stands to rhyme and reason,)  
 Till Labour in a rising State  
 Produces in its season;  
 Till banks, canals, and roads, and rails  
 Are well in working order,  
 And better hap and prosperous gales  
 Are every one's rewarder.

Now then!—Behold that better hap!  
 A mighty store of treasure  
 Is pour'd into Columbia's lap  
 In Californian measure;  
 Commerce, and labour, land, and gold,  
 And spirited migration  
 Now bless your shores an hundred fold  
 And—shame Repudiation!

Up, worthies all! up, kindly stock!  
 Up, all my honest hearties!  
 And bring to shame's own whipping-block  
 The few defaulting parties:  
 Why should a tythe of all your States  
 Throw scorn upon the others,  
 And lay dishonour'd debts as rates  
 Upon their better brothers?

No! ten long years is long enough  
 Without a longer dating:  
 And times are smooth that once were rough.  
 And all the world's awaiting:  
 And many sneers at Jonathan  
 Will no more get a hearing,  
 And spite have lived its little span  
 In bygone pamphleteering:

And many a widow's heart for joy  
 Will brighten into gladness,—  
 And many an orphan girl and boy  
 Forget their years of sadness,—  
 And many an honest poor old man  
 Shall have outlived his ruin,  
 If you, my brother Jonathan,  
 Be only up and doing!

Pull one, pull all! and break away  
 From this reproachful halter,  
 Let not one witling have to say,  
 One Yankee's a defaulter:  
 Kick out the rogues, if rogues there be;  
 Why should they blot your brightness?  
 And let all Europe shout to see  
 Your honour and uprightness!

O children of a noble race,  
Go on and prosper greatly !  
I love your Anglo-Saxon face,  
A British face so lately ;  
Let Spain alone be found in fraud,  
And scorn be found upon her :  
But stand with us, and blaze abroad  
In Anglo-Saxon honour !

---

## Rocks ahead !

A WORD TO A GREAT NATION.

STEADY, steady, gallant vessel !  
Hard aport,—obey the helm ;  
Lest the breakers round thee wrestle,  
Lest the billows overwhelm :  
Though so pleasant just at present  
Be the voyage thou hast sped,  
There is peril, stark and sterile,  
Look you ! in the Rocks ahead !

See, that license of opinion  
Stifle not zeal's holy flame,  
Till Religion's pure dominion  
Dwindle feebly to a name ;  
Greed of gain, and sordid senses  
Tempt the waywardness of youth,  
And it needs the blest defences  
Of the citadel of truth.

See, that no pernicious panic  
 Scare the good from duty's post,  
 Lest, by power grown tyrannic,  
 Liberty be but a boast;  
 Let the greatest, best, and wisest  
 Calmly guide thine eagle course,  
 Or no more to heaven thou risest,  
 Headlong flung with downward force!

Let the Press, with truth enlighten'd,  
 Nobly lead the People's mind,  
 That, while public wrongs are righten'd,  
 Private names go unmalign'd;  
 Let not evil spirits pander  
 To the passions of the mob,  
 Nor the pen be dipp'd in slander,  
 God and man of love to rob.

If, all clamour overriding,  
 Law supremely rules the land,—  
 If domestic love abiding  
 Guides at home with patriarch hand,—  
 If refinement chastens pleasure,—  
 If fair dealing hallows gain,—  
 If wise intervals of leisure  
 Soothe the heart, and clear the brain,—

If, both justly and discreetly  
 From reproach thy fame to save,  
 Not too rudely, not too fleetly,  
 Soon thou settest free the slave,—  
 If UNITED, *now and ever*,—  
 Thou shalt grow so great to be,  
 That the wondering World may never  
 Through all time thine Equal see!

Yes!—as now, let Patriots steer thee,  
 Undismay'd by men or things,  
 Let Religion's cherub cheer thee,  
 As aloft she sits and sings,—  
 So an Eden, not an Edom,  
 Shall thy happy name be read,  
 And the glorious ship of Freedom  
 Weather all the rocks ahead!



## A Stair.

(BY REQUEST,)

*On behalf of the Floating "Church of the Redeemer." Philadelphia, 1851.*

ARK of refuge, House of pray'r,  
 Floating Island of the blest,  
 Church of the Redeemer, where  
 Jesus gives the weary rest,—  
 Where the soul may get true gain,  
 Richer than the spoil of kings,  
 And, set free from Satan's chain,  
 Find its life in Heavenly things,

Modest little floating Church,  
 Wisely points thy spire on high,  
 Winning every heart to search  
 For the treasures of the sky;  
 For all purity and peace,  
 Grace below, and bliss above;  
 For the storms of Sin to cease,  
 'Hanging to the calm of Love!

In the midst of clustering ships,  
    Busy wharves and Mammon's leaven,  
Here Religion's heart and lips  
    Consecrate one spot to Heaven:  
Yet, alas! for zeal grown cold,—  
    Feebly burns her altar-fire,  
And the mist of lacking gold  
    Overclouds this humble spire!

Wealthy city, great and fair  
    Prosperous child of plain old Penn,  
Named by his paternal care  
    Full of Brother's-love of Men,—  
Use thy greatness and thy wealth  
    For thy Brethren's weal aright,  
That their hearts rejoice in health,  
    And their minds be glad with light!

Simple Children of the Sea,  
    Bred on board of ship or boat,  
These desire to bend the knee,  
    In a Sailors' Church — afloat;  
Give their natural wish success,  
    Seal to them this House of pray'r,  
And with Christian bounty bless  
    The Floating Church of Delaware!

## Niagara.

I LONG'D for Andes all around, and Alps,  
 Hoar kings and priests of Nature, robed in snow,  
 Throned as for judgment in a solemn row  
 With icy mitres on their granite scalps,  
 Dumb giants, frowning at the strife below,  
 I long'd for the Sublime!

Thou art too fair,  
 Too fair, Niagara, to *be* sublime:  
 In calm slow strength thy mighty floods o'erflow,  
 And stand a cliff of cataracts in the air,—  
 Yet, all too beauteous water-bride of Time,  
 Veil'd in soft mists, and cinctured by the bow,  
 Thy pastoral charms may fascinate the sight,  
 But have not force to set my soul aglow  
 Raptured by fear, and wonder, and delight.

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## Our Day.

A SONNET FOR THE TIMES.

O, BUT how great a thing it is, how glad,  
 To live in this our day! when plain strong sense,  
 Free knowledge, and Religion's influence,  
 Build up a wall against the false and bad,  
 And give the good both temple and defence:  
 To live—when ancient enmities intense  
 Turn to new brotherhood till now unknown;  
 When science and invention bless the world,  
 Banishing half our pains and troubles hence;  
 When time seems lengthened, distance nearer grown;  
 When tyranny from every throne is hurled;  
 When Right is Might, and Reason holds her own:  
 O, happy day! for prophets, priests and kings  
 Have longed in vain to see such glorious things!

## The Missionary Jubilee Hymn:

FOR JUNE 16, 1851.

~~~~~  
BY REQUEST.
~~~~~

(*Tune, as Psalm 149,—O praise ye the Lord, &c.*)

O COME, let us sing,  
Give thanks, and rejoice,  
To GOD, the great King,  
With heart and with voice!  
All honours and praises  
To JESUS belong,  
To Him the Church raises  
Her Jubilee Song.

Again, in swift race  
The years have sped round,  
And still, in His grace  
Our blessings are found;  
By seven times seven  
He gives evermore  
For earth and for heaven  
A bountiful store!

O well may the world  
This year spread abroad  
The legend unfurl'd  
Of "Thanks to the LORD;"  
O well may each nation  
With brotherly voice  
For Gospel Salvation  
Together rejoice!

From England the Old  
To England the New,  
From Labrador's cold  
To tropic Peru,  
From Afric's Liberia  
Till China be reach'd,  
From Scinde to Siberia  
The Gospel is preach'd!

And thrice, in the sound  
Of every tongue  
All the world round  
The trumpet hath rung;  
Our Jubilee's warning  
Proclaims from above  
The blaze of the morning  
Of Freedom and Love!

Ye freemen of light,  
Ye peace-lovers all,  
As brethren unite  
On JESUS to call;  
One fold and one Pastor,—  
O now let us raise  
To Thee, Blessed Master,  
Our Jubilee praise!

## Gratitude.

I NUMBER you by thousands, unseen friends,  
 And dearly precious is your love to me:  
 Yea, what a goodly company ye be!  
 Far as the noble brotherhood extends  
 Of English hearts and tongues o'er land and sea:  
 How rich am I in love!—the sweet amends  
 For all whatever little else of pain  
 Some few unkindly cause;—most rich in love,  
 From mine own home to earth's remotest ends:  
 Let me then count my store, my glorious gain,  
 This wealth, that my poor merit far transcends,  
 Your loving kindness,—echoing from above  
 The Highest Blessing on my works and ways,  
 "*Eu doule agathe*," my FATHER'S praise:

Yea, let me thank you; let my heart outpour  
 In humbleness its earnest gratitude  
 To all whose yearnings follow me with good,  
 Loving my mind and all its simple store:  
 O generous friends!—a cordial multitude  
 Hived in the West, upon that busy shore  
 Where fair Columbia, Britain's child, is throned  
 Imperial, yet with empire all unown'd,—  
 O generous friends!—another cordial band  
 From far Australia to the Arctic Seas,  
 And crowds around me in mine own dear land,  
 What thanks to pay for mercies great as these?—  
 Felt from the heart, and by the tongue confest,  
 Be the deep love of one so nobly blest!

Ay: blest indeed above the mass of men  
 And rich in joys that reach the true sublime!  
 For that the frequent droppings of my pen  
 Have comforted the Good in every clime  
 And help'd the Right,—(O solace beyond time!)  
 Therefore my soul is glad: judge me, my friends,  
 Is there not happier treasure in such joys  
 Than all the world can win from all its toys?  
 And, as the poet's dynasty extends  
 To children's children, reigning in the mind,  
 Is he not crown'd a king among his kind?  
 Ah me! not so: this thought of pride destroys:  
 Give GOD the praise: His blessing sends this store  
 Of unseen friends by thousands evermore!



### Thus Far.

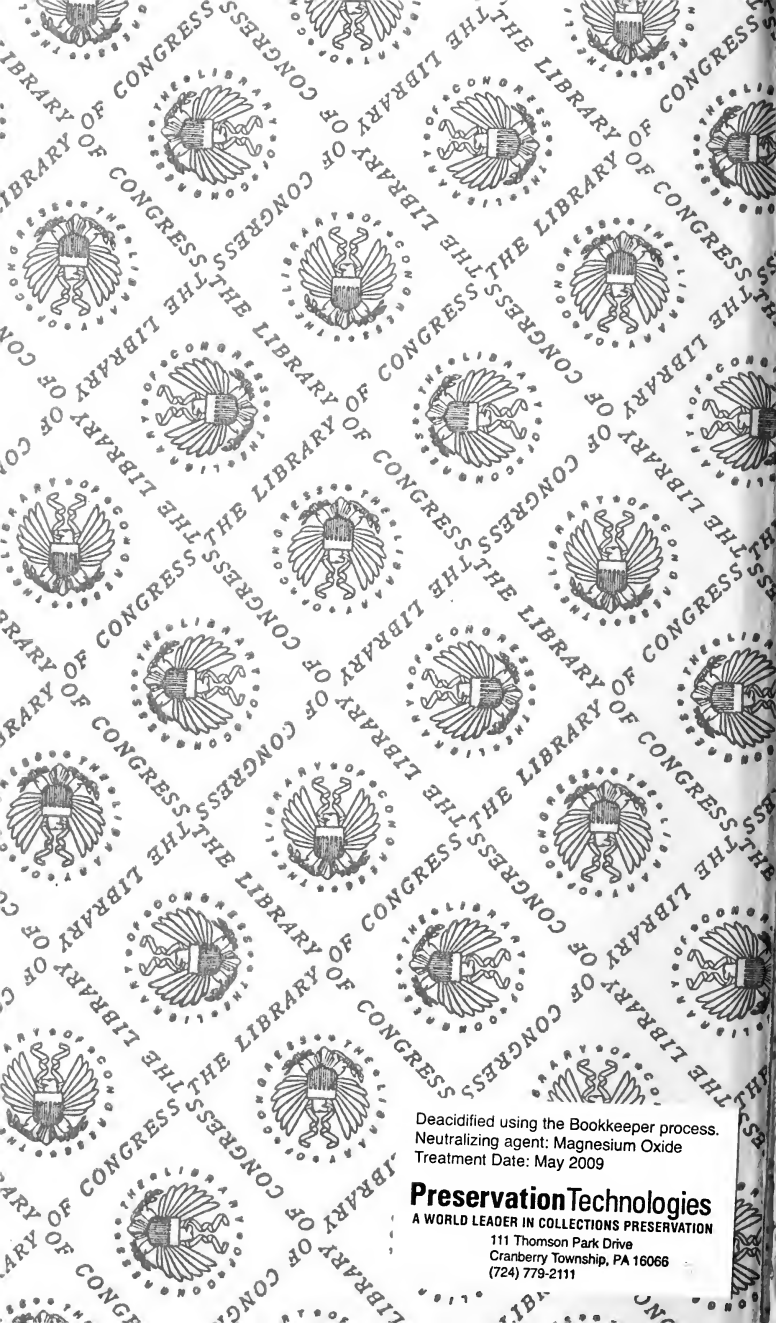
**THUS FAR:** a few of my less faulty flowers  
 Dropt on the highway for the passers-by;  
 In grace and charity, good world of our's,  
 Leave not the foundlings freezingly to die;  
 They have bloom'd thus within my fancy's bowers  
 Willing as weeds, perchance as little worth;  
 Yet have I hoped them not all things of earth;  
 For fervently beneath my flashing pen  
 As quicken'd sometimes by angelic powers  
 Thoughts have shot out to hit the hearts of men,—  
 Whilst on mine own the spirit of light and love  
 So winningly hath shed his heavenly showers,  
 That my glad songs have fill'd no toilsome hours,  
 But happy moments lent me from above.

C 74' 89









Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: May 2009

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